*Sept. 14, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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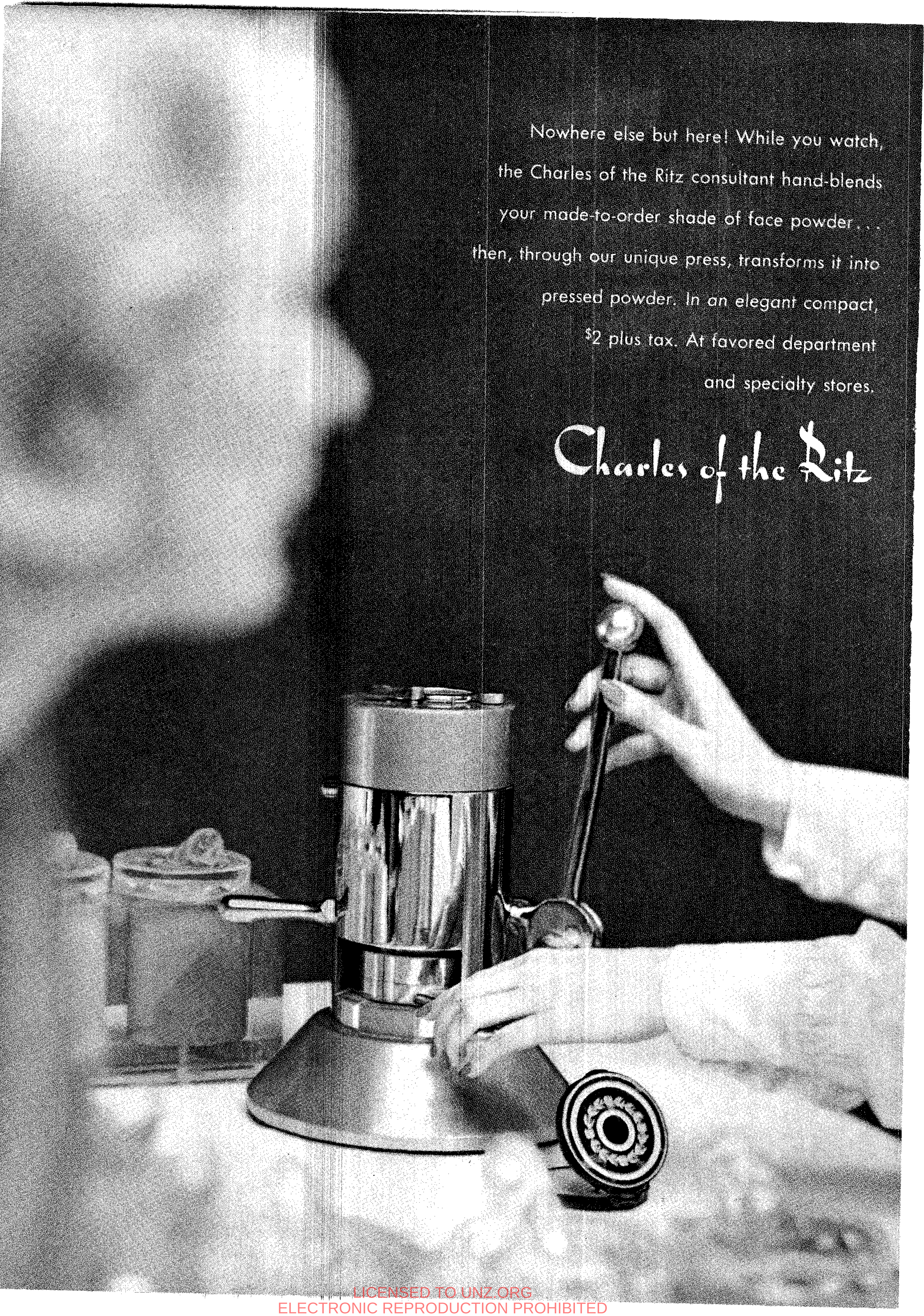

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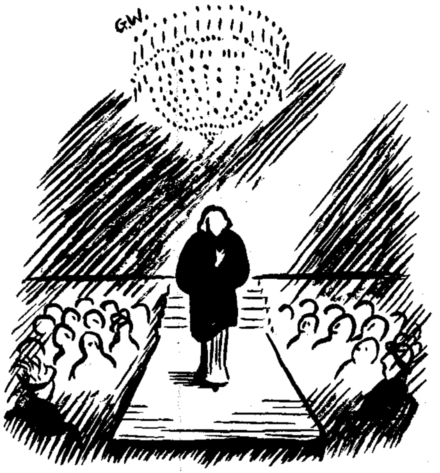
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero and beautifully acted by Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see for some time. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Separate Tables—The first play in this double bill by Terence Rattigan is a more or less routine effort, but the other, a study of two beaten people saved by their neighbors' compassion, is mature and sensitive. Eric Portman and Geraldine Page have the leads in both offerings. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 28.)

Simply Heavenly—A Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with incidental music by David Martin and with Melvin Stewart and Claudia McNeil figuring in the cast. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tunnel of Love—Tom Ewell gives a very nice performance in this gag-ridden but occasionally diverting comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual carryings on in Westport. Kaye Lyder, Darren McGavin, and Elizabeth Wilson support him attractively. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—A funny account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard, as the astral visitor, is endlessly amusing, and so, for that matter, are Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, Sibyl Bowan, and Edward Andrews, who give him a hand. Mr. Ritchard is also responsible for the astute direction. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**auntie mame:** An adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. Rosalind Russell is in the title role, and she is aided by Polly Rowles, Ann Summers, James Hickman, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **no time for sergeants:** Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force. At present, Wynne Pearce has the part of the hillbilly hero, and Rex Everhart and Tucker Ashworth fill subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 14.)

MUSICALS

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill turned out the generally excellent songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter are enormously winning at the head of a cast that features George Wallace and Cameron Prud'homme. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Betty Garrett and Larry Parks (filling in for Judy Holliday and Sydney Chaplin, who will return on Monday, Sept. 9) in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. The cast also includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **damn yankees:** Devra Korwin plays a demon, Nathaniel Frey her employer, and Ralph Lowe her earth-bound suitor in this musical derived from the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **happy hunting:** Ethel Merman in a musical about a lady who wants her daughter to follow in the footsteps of Grace Kelly. Fernando Lamas is visible as Miss Merman's fellow-principal. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **li'l abner:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." With Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Helon Blount. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in an adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Mask and Gown—Female impersonator T. C. Jones, supported by a cast of four, in a revue devised and directed by Leonard Sillman. Ronny Graham and Sidney Carroll are responsible for the continuity, and Jim Russell staged the musical numbers. Produced by Mr. Sillman and Bryant Haliday. Opens for a five-week engagement on Tuesday, Sept. 10. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel," with Howard Keel, Barbara Cook, and Victor Moore. Preview Tuesday, Sept. 10, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Sept. 11, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 29. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Reopens Thursday, Sept. 12, with "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET

The Royal Ballet (formerly the Sadler's Wells Ballet)—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct.

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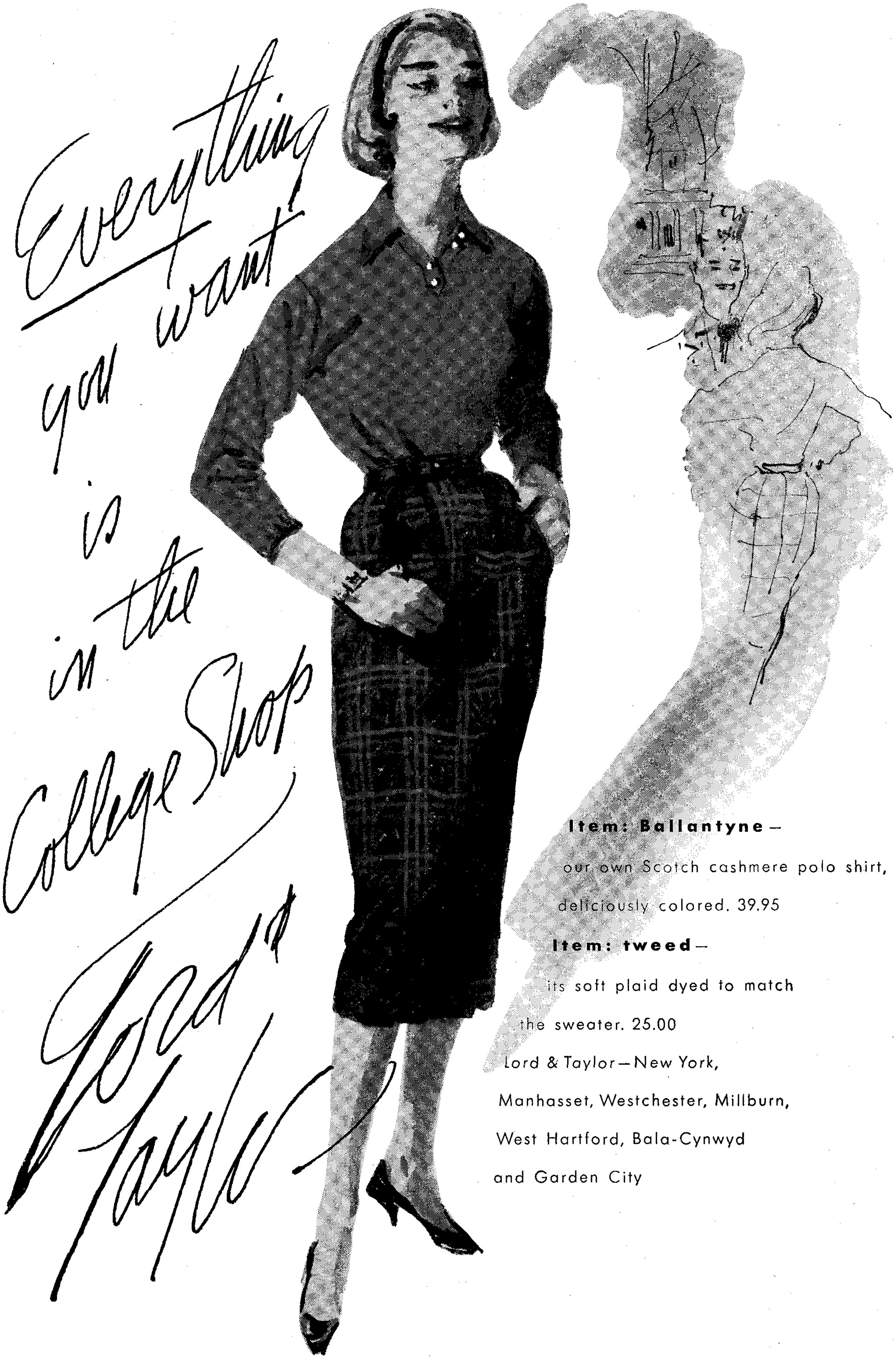
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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6—Sunday evening, Sept. 8, and Tuesday evening, Sept. 10: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Sept. 11-12: "Les Patineurs," "Petrouchka" (American première of the company's new production), and "Birthday Offering" (American première).... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 13, and Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 14: "Sylvia." (Metropolitan Opera House. LA 4-2049. Opening-night curtain at 8; evenings thereafter at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre Under the Stars—Gian-Carlo Menotti's musical drama "The Consul," with Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane. (Wollman Memorial Theatre, Central Park. LE 5-7373. Nightly at 8:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 8.)

Ice Show—The eighteenth edition of "Ice Capades," this one with Ronnie Robertson, Cathie Machado, and Bobby Specht. Included are such production numbers as refrigerated versions of "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly" and a salute to Gershwin. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Sept. 15.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Andy Devine, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-7992. Closes Saturday, Sept. 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, practically the last survivor of the Park Avenue showplaces, is playing it safe and sane; that is, dinner music until ten and dancing after that. The after-that bit is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The biggest movie lot east of Coldwater Canyon, and one that TV will never be able to kill off, should resume shooting pictures on Tuesday, Sept. 10, with Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room will reopen on Tuesday, Sept. 10. No floor show this time, though; just the happy dance music of an orchestra run by Joseph Sudy and a few passages-at-arms by a posse of violinists. Closed Mondays.... ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group, which is generally Stanley Worth's. From time to time, Renato Rossini strums a guitar that whispers hotly of moonlight in Venice. He'll be away on Sunday, Sept. 8, and will finish up his tour of duty here the following night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance tunes of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen start at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then do dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Eddie Lane's orchestra, a hunk of standard equipment, serves up the ingredients for mass movement at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Paradise enow, always with a jug of wine (bottled at a good château, of course), is available in the Maisonette, where one prances all evening to the gossamer music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. The ritual is broken during dinner and supper by Constance Moore, a soignée blonde whose songs discuss the problems of being healthy, wealthy, and unwise. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for exercise.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge reopens Friday, Sept. 6, with Buddy Morrow's band for dinner and supper dancing. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Plant life and ant life in the open-air garden, Weather Bureau permitting, after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, to say nothing of dance music by North and South American bands. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Count Basie's large assortment of bandsmen, all of them cats on a hot tin roof, are throwing caution to the four winds of the Starlight Roof. Two singers benefit by the Basie exuberance—Sarah Vaughan, who can mop, bop, or just break into simple plainsong without change of pace, and Joe Williams, whose sob songs are down in the depths of the blues. The Béla Babai gypsy orchestra plays for dancing, and so do Basie's boys now and then. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's gang plunks down dance music from eight until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a well-known hill, presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A most coöperative apartment, with everything the urban heart requires for a fine evening at home—built-in bar, built-in kitchen, and polite piano, this last by Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper. Paul Morse is the Sunday pianoman.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Quite a few owls who are in the public domain see the night through on these premises. The accompaniment is Kurt Maier's piano. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the blithe piano of the owner. The sound begins at cocktail time. Closed Mondays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A new setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, who looks down, a sadder but a wiser and wittier woman, upon mankind's unequal struggle with that lamentable affair called love. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also is at the piano whenever Don Evans, a drawing-room technician who resorts to none of the customary parlor tricks, takes a breather. Miss Mercer arrives around ten-thirty; the other music begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): How to do as the Romans do, in one nourishing lesson. Among the *plats du jour* (or *nuit*) are Teo Fanidi's lilting choir of circumnavigating violinists, who keep going all evening, and a vocalist or two after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Few of the East Side antique shops can match it in antiquarian splendor, and none of them set the same sort of table. The man at the piano is Fred Witmer, who keeps fairly late hours. Closed Sundays.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Old oaken panelling with a bar in lieu of an old oaken bucket. In the midst of this *royaume* is Rack Godwin, seated at the baby grand from five-thirty to eight and again from nine to twelve-thirty every night but Sunday, and adding considerably to the gaiety of the nation.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as selective. He's around this miniature Vanity Fair from five-thirty to eight and again from ten to one-thirty, or even later. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): What is probably the oldest and happiest of the Spanish settlements on this continent has been reactivated on a six-day week. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, principally singing and dancing. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Crusaders' National Guard must once have used it as an armory. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): Until ten, the amusement is the roguish art gallery of damsels in distress, all figments of an errant imagination; after that, it is the crackling jive of the Lee Evans trio, which has Denzil Best at the drums. Another trio fills in the blanks. Closed Sundays.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Three candelabra grow where only one grew before, and plush flows like water. Piano, violin, and voice are among the many condiments. All this is available every evening but Sunday.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those wayside inns that exist only in postcard albums. Sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbalons, and other quaint Central European artifacts abound. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The speaker of the evening is Joe E. Lewis, who has often been led into temptation (wine, women, and race horses), from which he has drawn some remarkable conclusions. You needn't bother with much of anything else, but you should be amused by the dancing

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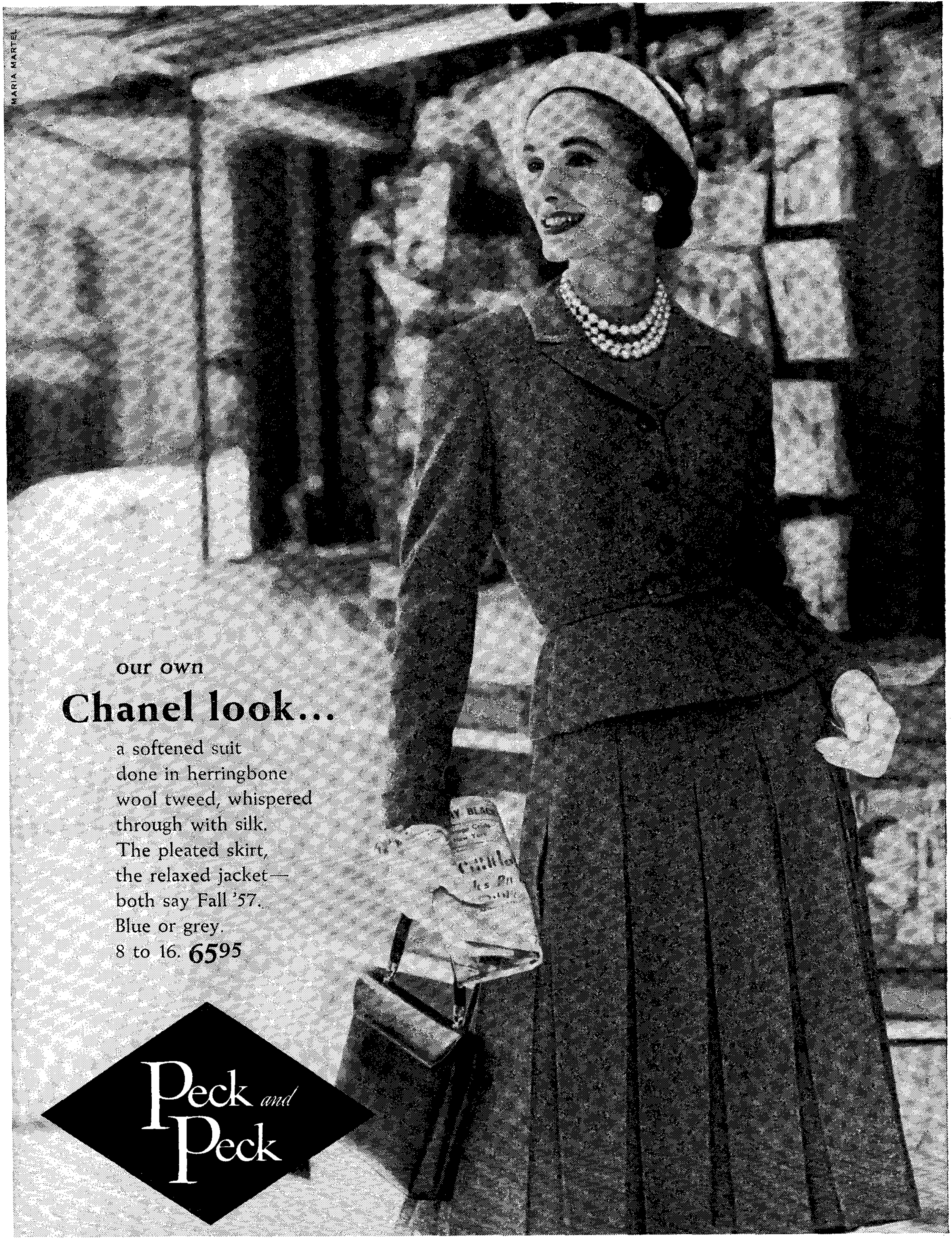

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

girls, whose efforts lead mostly to pretty confusion.

SUPPER CLUBS

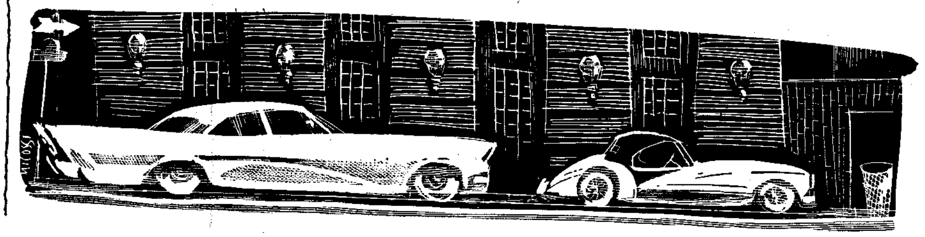
(No dancing, unless noted.)

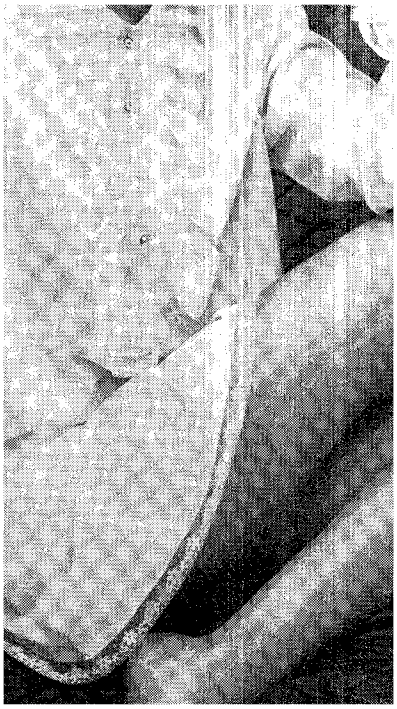
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The silly season has just been resumed here by Carol Burnett, an elf with a song about wanting John Foster Dulles for Christmas. Among others: George Matson, impersonator of people we all know; the Accidentals, whose youthful vocal exercises come in four parts; and Luc Poret, a mildly disarranged French troubadour with a sound track in pidgin English. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; Nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyons trio from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A minute Garden of Eden inhabited, just for the hell of it, by two imps of Satan—Blossom Dearie and Annie Ross—who put on angelic expressions as they trifle with the ditties that won them a small but definite renown on the east side of the Atlantic. Julius Monk, the inventor of the G. of E. brand of educated merriment, plays piano, and there's more music by Francy Boland and Eddie De Hass. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Reopening Friday, Sept. 6, for another season of harum-scarum, helter-skelter. The foolery will be in the hands of Charlie Manna, who serves his guests his very best jokes, all from private stock; the team of Tony and Eddie, loud-singing cuckoos not always aware of their own strength; and the Three Flames, who are manic musicians. The rear will be commendably brought up by Felicia Sanders, whose ballads are frequently small gems of emotional crisis, and Jimmie Daniels, a declaimer of boulevardier ditties. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The permanent party in the bar is Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who have been playing piano since the Year 1. The transients are Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, who work hand in hand and tongue in cheek. Sundays, when Miss Cedrone and Mr. Mitchell are away, there are silent movies. This young couple, by the way, will probably end their visit on Monday, Sept. 9.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Exactly the right kind of music for muskrats to ramble to is being made by Wild Bill Davison, Vic Dickenson, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and the perpetual guest artist, Mr. Condon, who always has a good table down front. Between sets, Cliff Jackson keeps the piano as warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chris Connor will finish husking that nice, cloudy voice of hers on Sunday, Sept. 8; Stan Free's trio and Slim Gaillard, whose relationship to jazz is less firmly established, depart the same night. On Sundays, at 4:30 P.M., a jazz concert by whatever musicians are in residence, plus another session in the evening; Mondays, the place is closed. On Tuesday, Sept. 10, the quintet headed by Horace Silver, a rising modernist, will check in. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This temple of the lively arts will be graced through Saturday, Sept. 7, by the quartet of Phineas Newborn, Jr., a young man with a piano and a future. The Alex Kallao trio will be staying on a while longer. On Monday, Sept. 9, Dorothy Donegan's trio will start off with a bang, which is Miss D.'s idea of how to handle a Steinway. This music begins at eight-thirty, and there is also cocktail and dinner piano every day; on Sunday nights, guest musicians hold the fort. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the winter quarters of Billy Maxted's hot potatoes. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and others of the faith turning time back to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights—by the Finger Lakes Five on Sept. 9. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Mary Lou Williams, who comes back to earth no oftener than Halley's comet, is expounding on her piano the music of the far-out spheres she moves among. Her trio and the threesome of Marian McPartland, who can pass a couple of miracles herself on the keyboard, inhabit the rear room after nine. The Williamses hide out on Sundays, the McPartlands on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are on tap from six to around nine every evening but Saturday; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The music is good (Stan Getz's quintet) and loud (Maynard Ferguson's huge band); the audience is rapt. A new deal on Thursday, Sept. 12, when the firm will declare an extra dividend—the band of Dizzy Gillespie, who is quite capable of leading us all to the Promised Land, plus the quartet of Max Roach, which can wander down interesting bypaths. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The bright light in the middle of the oval bar is Toshiko Akiyoshi, a mere slip of a Japanese schoolgirl who has got the theory and practice of American jazz down cold, or cool. Her piano and her two sidemen report at ten every evening but Monday. . . . **BOURBON STREET,** 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): Turk Murphy's septet does a good job of reconstructing the Old South, a land it is too young to have known first-hand. The lads, all willing workers, stay home Sundays, which are visiting nights. The visitor on Sept. 8 will be Wild Bill Davison's quintet. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, J. C. Higginbotham, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. . . . **JAZZ CITY,** 157 W. 49th St. (CI 5-0890): The acoustics are off in a corner, muttering to themselves, so it's not always easy to hear precisely what intricate trickery Kai Winding's septet is up to. This group doesn't arrive until ten, which gives the acoustics a big head start. Its last night is Monday, Sept. 9. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Silver tones among the brass when Bobby Hackett takes a solo flight on his trumpet. He is surrounded in this colossal drill hall by such valuable assistants as Ernie Caceres, Buzzy Drootin, and John Dengler, who injects a rare note (tuba) into the Early Americana on display. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): It's not all beer and skittles. Behind the foaming flagons is music from the past, dished up at the boiling point. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, it will come from Charlie Shavers, Jo Jones, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Bohemia indeed, operating





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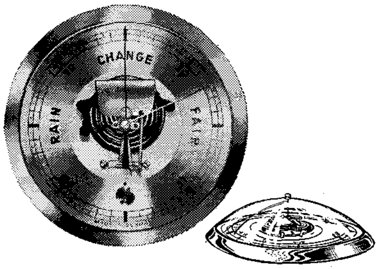

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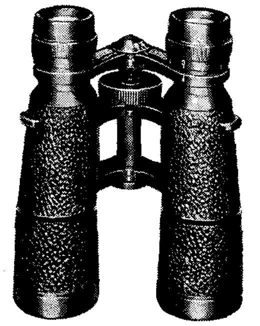

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on a timetable subject to change without notice. Ronnie Bright's trio and Buddy Rich's quartet may be there now; if they are, their prognostications of the future are worth a listen. Two facts, though, are incontrovertible—the room is closed Tuesdays, and the musicians in general hold that the end justifies the means.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (WEIls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLEN COVE, L.I.:** Villa Pierre, formerly Villa Victor (GLen Cove 4-2890); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . ¶ Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); piano every evening. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANTOINE BOURDELLE—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through Friday, Sept. 13. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Nicolai Cikovsky and Philip Evergood are two of the contributors to an exhibit of oils, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, Sept. 14. . . . **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Drawings by six artists, including George Ratkai and Sol Wilson; through Sept. 30. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Stuart J. Davis, William Chaiken, and Stanley Twardowicz; through Friday, Sept. 6.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HERVÉ**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Marie Laurencin, Matisse, Jansem, and other painters; through Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: Water colors and drawings by Jankel Adler, Louis Bunce, George Constant, and others; through Sept. 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Homer, Courbet, and Pissarro are among the artists represented in a showing of American and French paintings and drawings; through Sept. 28. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, with examples by Afro, Lynn Chadwick, Stuart Davis, and others; through Friday, Sept. 13. (Closed Saturdays.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Modern painters, including Chagall, Utrillo, and Pascin; through Oct. 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sept. 29.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. . . . ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman. . . . ¶ Impressionist and modern paintings, on loan from private collections, by Gauguin, Renoir, Modigliani, and so on; through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The final section of the exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing works done from 1925 to the present; through Sunday, Sept. 8. . . . ¶ A showing of sculptures, paintings, and drawings by David Smith, running concurrently with one of paintings and drawings by Matta; starting Wednesday, Sept. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and other Euorpeans; through Oct. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second part of a show of recent acquisitions and works on loan, including paintings, drawings, and sculptures by twenty artists, among them Brancusi, Kandinsky, and Modigliani; through Oct. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A selection of more than sixty pieces from the Museum's collection, including sculptured figures and objects from various places, in wood, clay, ivory, gold, and turtle shell; through Oct. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC—Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson's trio, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Roy Eldridge, Stan Getz, Sonny Stitt, Lester Young, Illinois Jacquet, Coleman Hawkins, J. J. Johnson, Flip Phillips, and Jo Jones. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, Sept. 5, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Sept. 10, at 8:15, and Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, at 2. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, Sept. 6, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7-8, at 2.

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sunday, Sept. 8.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (The Country Club, Brookline, Mass. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 9-14.)

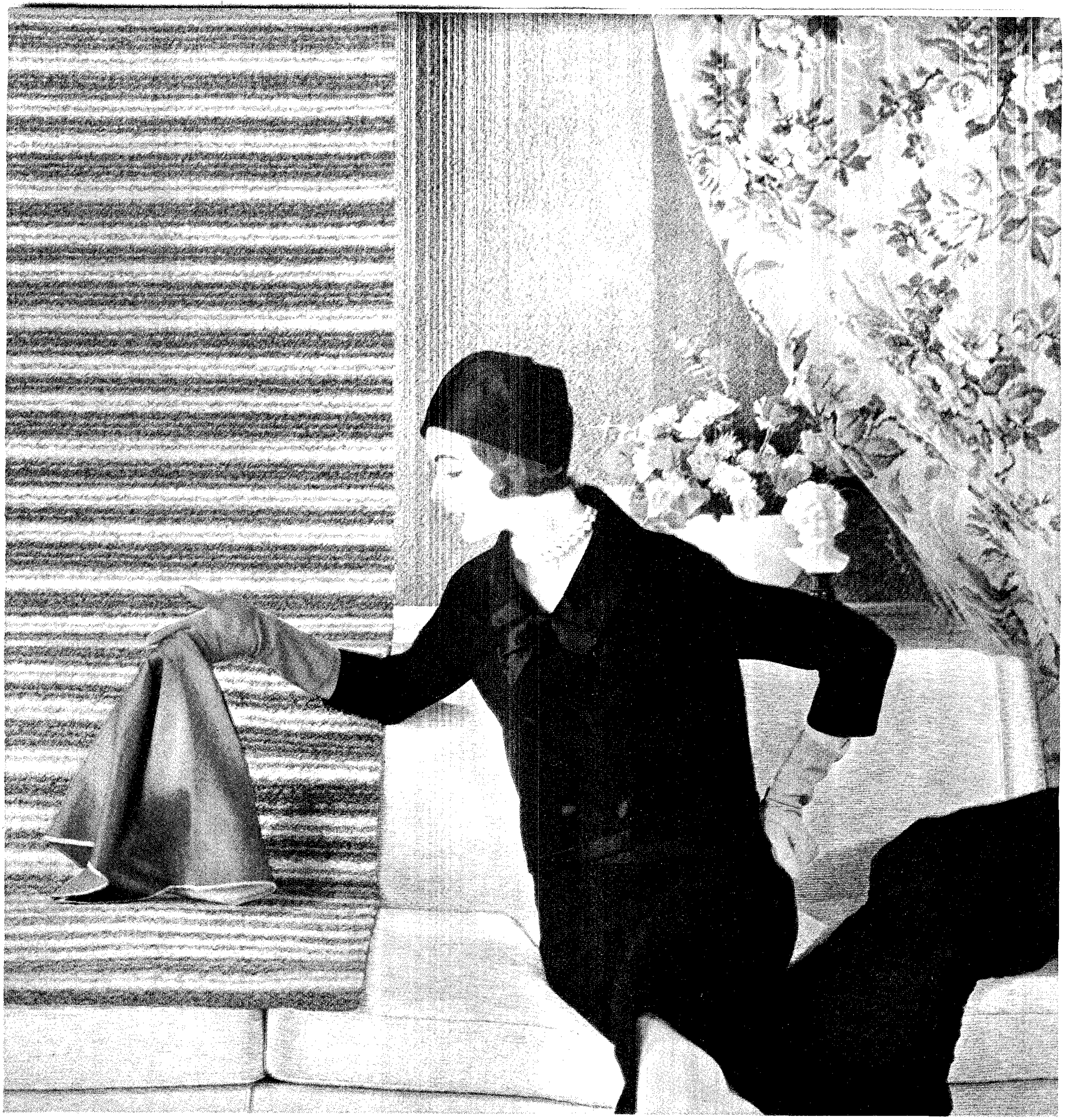
HORSE SHOWS—Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Through Friday, Sept. 6.). . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 5-8.). . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 12-15.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 7, and Saturday, Sept. 14.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—Marathon race around Manhattan Island. (Sunday, Sept. 8.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 14. The Sysonby, Saturday, Sept. 7; the Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 11; and the Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays



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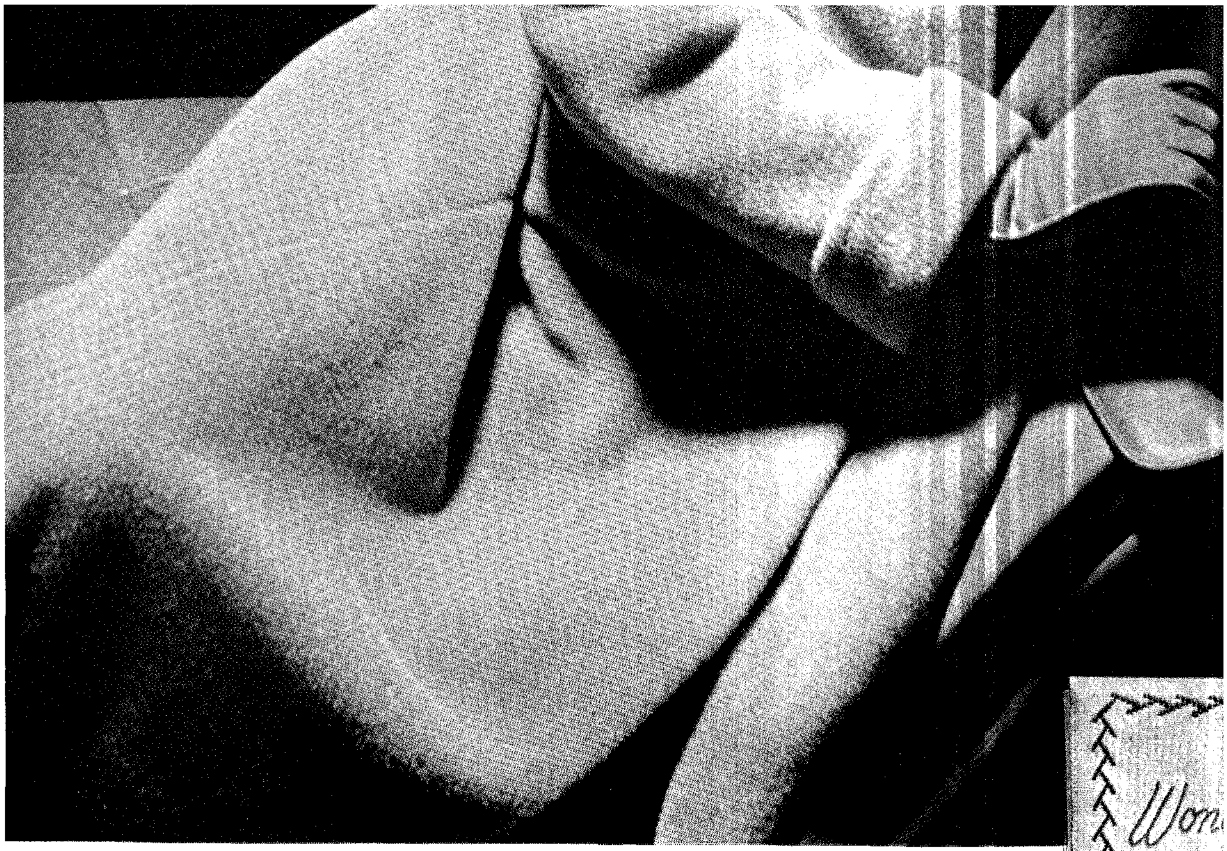

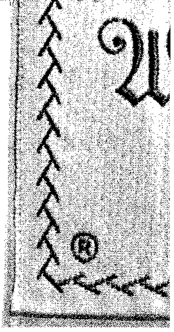

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through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 5. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 14. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

TENNIS—National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, Sept. 8. Tickets may be obtained at John Jarrell's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, Sept. 5, through Saturday, Oct. 12.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Through Sunday, Sept. 8.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The eleventh session of the General Assembly is scheduled to resume on Tuesday, Sept. 10. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

MAYFLOWER II—A replica of the ship that started the New England real-estate boom is on display here, along with a model Pilgrim village and various related exhibits. (Pier 81, W. 41st St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 10:30, and Sundays, noon to 10:30; through Nov. 15.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Earth, Air, and Space," explains the part astronomers are playing in the International Geophysical Year; through Sept. 30. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Sept. 15, Sept. 17-18, Sept. 20-22, and Sept. 25.... EBBETS FIELD: Sept. 20-22 and Sept. 24.... POLO GROUNDS: Sept. 28-29.... WORLD SERIES: Presumably starts Oct. 2, if there are no tie playoffs.

BOXING—Sugar Ray Robinson vs. Carmen Basilio, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium. Sept. 23.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Some early games of the season—SATURDAY, SEPT. 28: Army vs. Nebraska, at West Point; Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis; Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, OCT. 5: Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge; Penn State vs. Army, at University Park; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven. ... SATURDAY, OCT. 12: Army vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia; Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton; Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover; Harvard vs. Ohio University, at Cambridge; Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven.

DOG SHOWS—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury, L.I. Sept. 29.)... ¶ Devon

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 5.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Pelham Country Club, Pelham Manor. Sept. 17.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Sept. 24-26.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Ridgewood Country Club, Ridgewood, N.J. Sept. 30-Oct. 5.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden starting Oct. 16.

Horse Show—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Oct. 4-6.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Sept. 21.) . . . ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 2 and Oct. 5.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sept. 21-22.)

Racing—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 9-Nov. 11. . . . UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: Oct. 15-16.

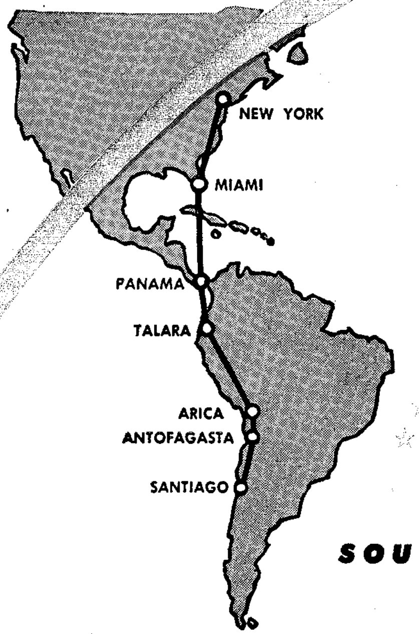
Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.: Sept. 21. . . . BRIDGEHAMPTON, L.I.: Sept. 28-29. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 6.

Music—OPERA: New York City Opera Company, at the City Center (CI 6-8989), Oct. 9-Nov. 10. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): Opening performance of the Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Symphony Orchestra of the Florence Festival, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Symphony of the Air, Oct. 15. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Carlos Montoya, guitar, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Fredell Lack, violin, Oct. 14. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (CO 5-6811): The Regimental Band, the Massed Pipers, and the Highland Dancers of the Black Watch, Royal Highland Regiment, Sept. 21-22.

Dance Programs—Shanta Rao and her Dancers and Musicians of India, at the ANTA Theatre, Sept. 29-Oct. 12.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: William Saroyan's new comedy, "The Cave Dwellers," starring Eugenie Leontovich. . . . ¶ Ann Todd and Peter Cookson in "Four Winds," a play by Thomas W. Phipps. . . . ¶ "West Side Story," a musical with a book by Arthur Laurents, music by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and choreography by Jerome Robbins. Included in the cast are Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Art Smith. . . . ¶ "Look Back in Anger," John Osborne's play, brought over from London, with Mary Ure and Kenneth Haigh. . . . ¶ Shelley Winters, Alex Nicol, and Joseph Wiseman are the whole cast of a play by Jack Dunphy called "The Saturday Night Kid." . . . ¶ "Miss Lonelyhearts," a play by Howard Teichmann, based on the novel by Nathanael West; Pat O'Brien, Fritz Weaver, and Ruth Warrick head the cast. . . . ¶ Emlyn Williams in a two-week engagement of his one-man show "A Boy Growing Up," derived from the stories of Dylan Thomas, including "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Dog" and "A Prospect of the Sea." . . . ¶ A play by Molly Kazan, "The Egghead," in which Karl Malden and Phyllis Love will appear. . . . ¶ Another play imported from London, "Romanoff and Juliet," written by and starring Peter Ustinov. . . . ¶ "Compulsion," an adaptation by Meyer Levin of his novel on the Leopold-Loeb case, with Roddy McDowall and Dean Stockwell in the leading roles.

Other Dates—National Homefurnishings Show, at the Coliseum, Sept. 12-22. . . . ¶ Federal estimated income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 16. . . . ¶ The twelfth session of the United Nations General Assembly will convene here on Sept. 17. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 25-Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 5 elections, Sept. 28, Sept. 30-Oct. 3, and Oct. 7-12. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 14-19.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Andy Griffith is the diverting protagonist of this account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture is pretty superficial, but it moves briskly enough until it starts skidding into Grade B nonsense at its climax. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 10-11.)

It Happened in the Park—It all happens in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome, in five episodes, all of them beguiling and all concerned with Roman love of one kind or another. There is a splendid cast on hand, including Vittorio De Sica, Franca Valeri, Giulia Rubino, Anna Maria Ferrero, and a carriage horse called Mazzini. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Love in the Afternoon—Gary Cooper, as a rich and somewhat jaded American, tries to resist the allure of Audrey Hepburn, as a young and delightful French girl, but he has not got the stamina and she gets him in the end. A great deal of the film takes place in the Ritz, in Paris. Maurice Chevalier plays Audrey Hepburn's father, an unkind cut. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Man on Fire—Bing Crosby, as a divorced man who is devoted to his son and obstinate about giving custody to his ex-wife. An honest film, with honest writing. Malcolm Brodrick is superb as the son, and Anne Seymour is persuasive as a domestic-relations judge who takes her job seriously. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; Sept. 5.)

The Pajama Game—Some fun at the Sleeptite Pajama Factory, where the goal of the workers is a seven-and-a-half-cent raise and the goal of the boss is to not let them have it. A really gay musical, with Doris Day, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Jr., John Raitt, and a lot of other high-spirited and talented people. George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the script, and Mr. Abbott and Stanley Donen were in charge of the direction and production. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Roots—Four stories, all sombre and some of them stark, about life among the Mexican Indians. Filmed in Mexico, with almost entirely native casts. There is some glorious scenery, and something more than a hint of the dignity of Mexico. In Spanish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

La Strada—This strange Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, deals with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. The picture is full of sharp passages, even if it is too long. With English dialogue. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sept. 8-10, tentative.)

The Sun Also Rises—A reasonably literate version of the book. They're all there—Jake Barnes, and Lady Brett Ashley, and Paris, and the bullfights, and Mike Campbell. With Ava Gardner, Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and a carriage horse called Napoleon II. In accentuated color. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Key—Jack Hawkins as a Scotland Yard gumshoe plodding along after a murderous safe-cracker. An English film not long on excitement but pretty interesting as it goes about explaining the methods policemen have at their command. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Sept. 11.)

12 Angry Men—A lively explanation of how an oddly assorted group of jurors stumble to a verdict in a murder trial involving an eighteen-year-old boy who is accused of doing in his father. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden are included in a very strong cast. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Sept. 7, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's deer. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 5, tentative.)

Call Northside 777 (1948)—A pseudo-documentary concerning a reporter's efforts to get a scrubwoman's son out of a penitentiary. With James Stewart and Lee J. Cobb. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 8-9.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 10-11.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—The Hemingway book in Technicolor. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 8-10, tentative.)

Johnny Belinda (1948)—Jane Wyman as a deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres as a charitable young doctor. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 10-11.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 8-9.)

Marie du Port (1951)—A village barmaid helps a world-weary big-city fellow out of his ennui. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 8, tentative.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 10-11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Three programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through Sept. 7: "La Libération de Paris" (1944 newsreels); and "Le Retour" (1945). . . . ¶ Sept. 8: "The Battle of the Rails" (1945). . . . ¶ Sept. 9-11: "The Barrel Maker" (1945); "Le Tempestaire" (1946), directed by Jean Epstein; and "Spanish Gypsies" (1947). (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"3:10 to Yuma," Glenn Ford, Van Heflin.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Jeanne Eagels," Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler.

Central, B'way at 47th. (JU 2-4778)
"Battle Hell," Richard Todd, Akim Tamiroff.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE PAJAMA GAME.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Man of a Thousand Faces," James Cagney, Dorothy Malone.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
THE SUN ALSO RISES.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Sept. 5: **MAN ON FIRE.**
From Sept. 6: "Tip on a Dead Jockey," Robert Taylor, Dorothy Malone.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Chicago Confidential," Brian Keith, Beverly Garland.

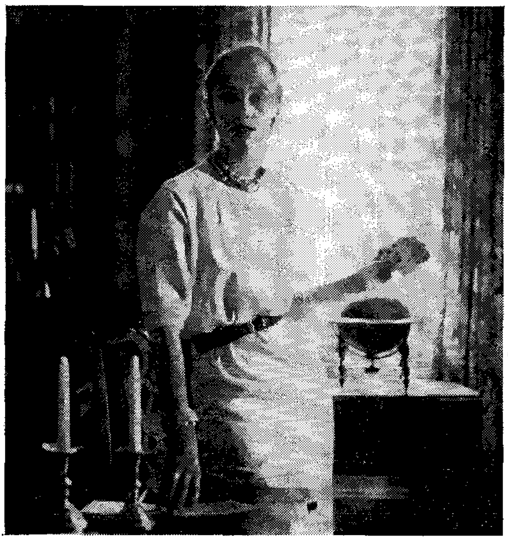
Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays at 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK (in French).

C. M.'s wife wears B. H. Wragge

The newest kind of coat in the world and the greatest. B. H. Wragge's very own temperature coat in Domino plaid wool. Worn over a knit jersey slim dress; light and easy over anything. Grey rock plaid over a graphite grey dress, woodbrook brown plaid over a beige dress. Sizes 8 to 16. Dress and coat together $119.

The once-in-a-lifetime sweater for looking outdoorsy or fireside chic. Hip-length and fitted in a hand-loomed cobblewalk knit. Graphite grey, bark beige. Small, medium, large. $45. Skirt of Westport flannel with side pleated front and back panels. Graphite grey, woodbrook brown. Sizes 8 to 16. $39.95.



The Wragge way to look elegant without half trying. A dress of Westport flannel, all ease and flattery with a wonderful stitched calf belt. Unbleached white, colony blue, ebony black. Sizes 8 to 16. $69.95.

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SOFT TEMPO CREPES . . . .

SOFT TEMPO CREPE OF ACETATE AND RAYON curved and draped in the new softer manner. It's this year's preferred look—acetate crepe sums it up beautifully. Dress by Filcol. Fabric by Schlanger. Green, royal, gray, red, beige, navy, mink brown, black. Sizes 8 to 20. About $50. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Godchaux's, New Orleans; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Frost Bros., San Antonio. For more stores see last page. Celanese Corporation of America, N. Y. 16. Celanese®

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Ovalliptic... Juliette Marglen's new *oval* lipstick of simple grace and beauty, contoured to your lips in nature's own oval...sheathed in a slender golden case that's a masterpiece of precision engineering—a joy to behold, a delight to use.

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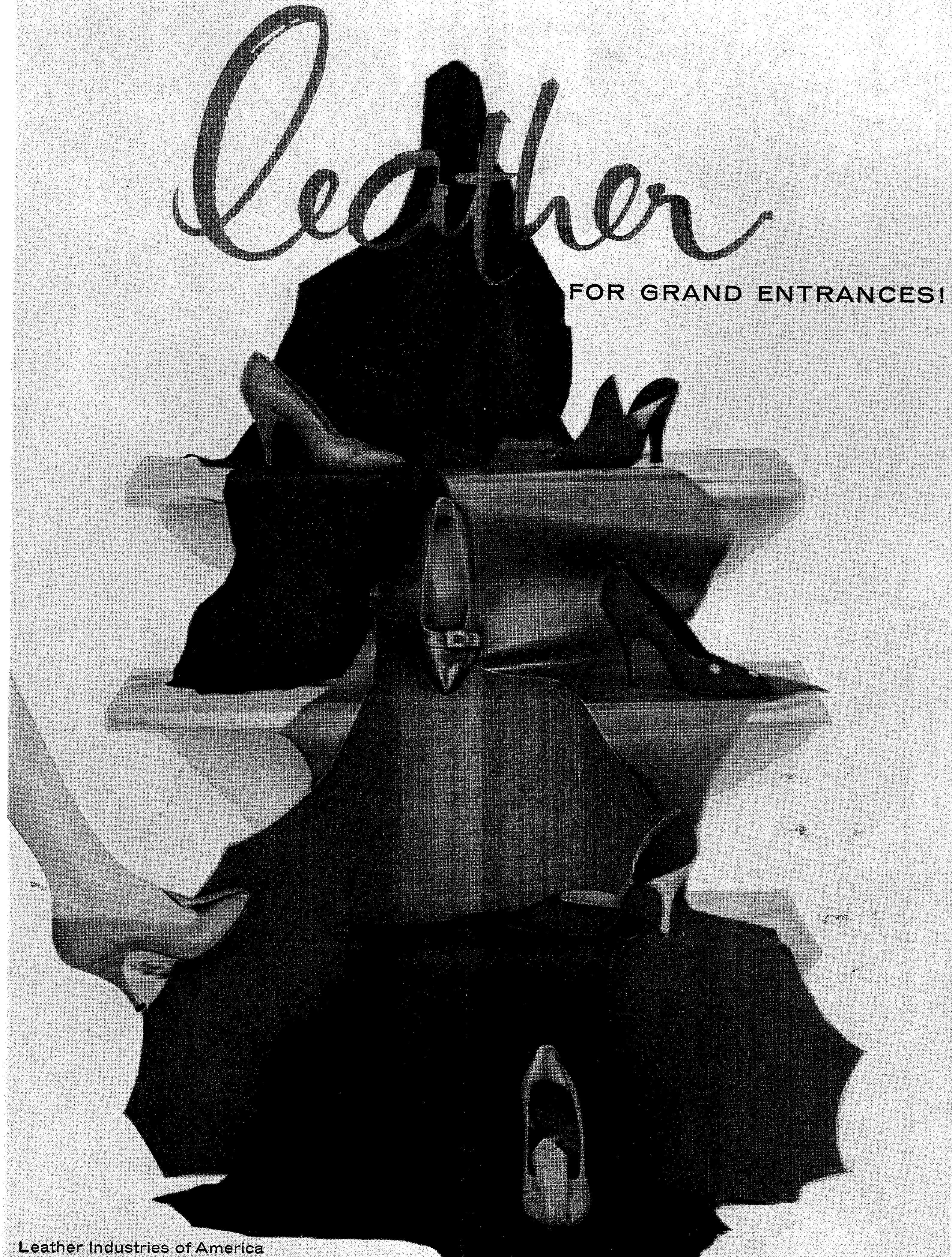
Juliette Marglen,
for your wonderful
new oval lipstick...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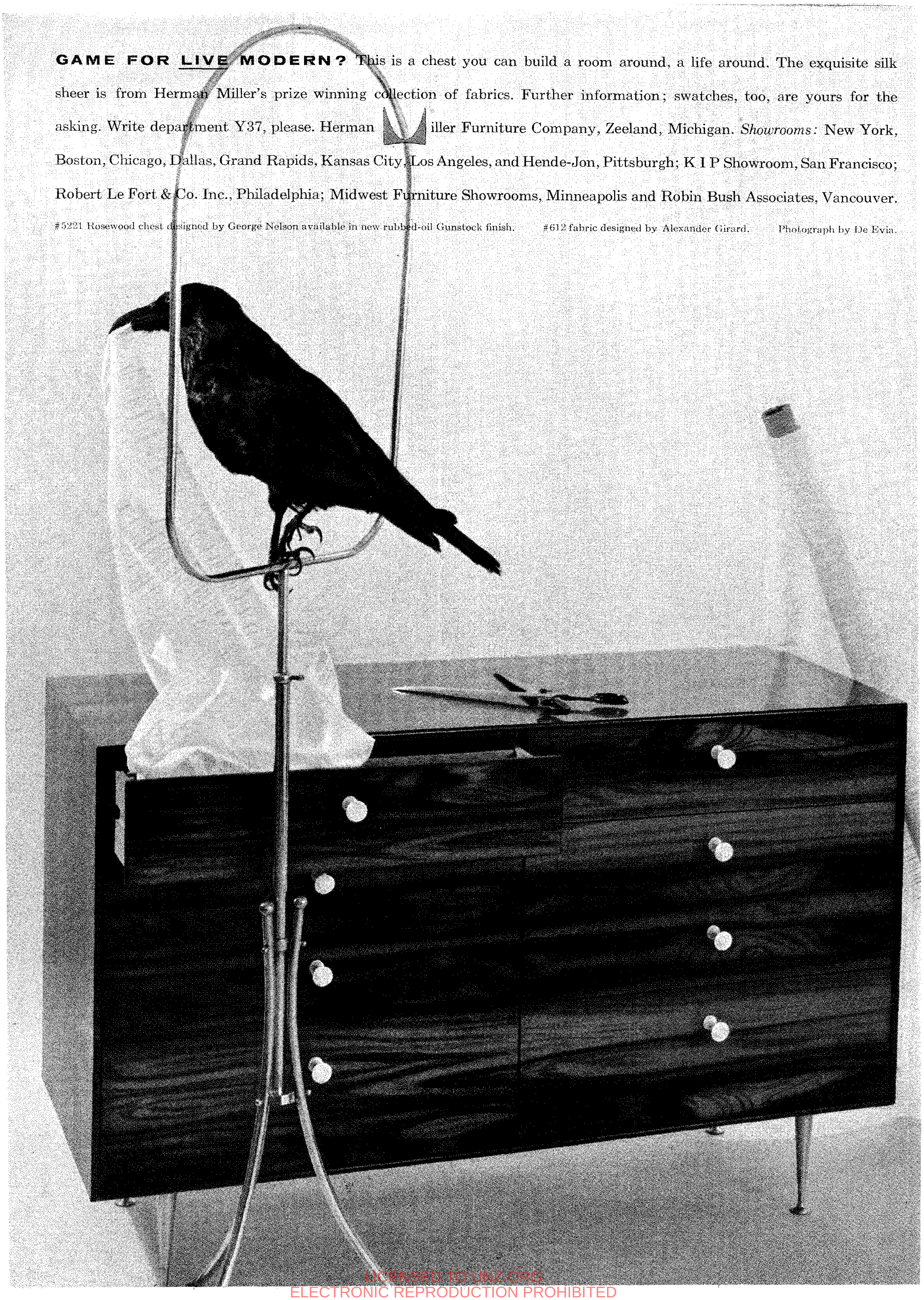
#5221 Rosewood chest designed by George Nelson available in new rubbed-oil Gunstock finish. #612 fabric designed by Alexander Girard. Photograph by De Evia.



Chipp Clothing

The gentleman shown is having a "basted fitting" for his Chipp Custom Tailored suit cut along the lines of our unique and conservative natural shoulder model. The fabric chosen comes from our fine selection of Imported English cashmeres, hand woven shetlands, fleece flannels, clear cut worsteds and unfinished worsteds.

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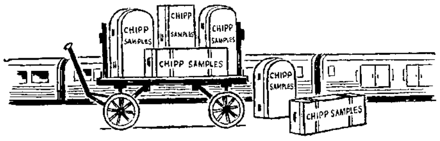
Chipp representatives are now on the road with Fall and Winter samples displaying our merchandise. We commend the schedule below to your attention, knowing that a visit to our exhibit in your city will enable you to select from our three clothing categories and also our complete line of furnishings and accessories designed to complement Chipp clothing.

We would be pleased to add your name to our mailing list—for brochures and advance notices—let us know your address.

chipp travellers on the road



Chipp representatives are now on their Fall visit to many cities throughout the country. They will be exhibiting many new imported fabrics and exciting patterns. These can be tailored into custom and special cut clothing for men. Also custom made clothing for women. Our line abounds in different and exclusive accessories for men.

Listed below for your convenience are the hotels and dates in cities where we will show up to and including our Christmas trip. Schedule for 1958 will be sent upon request.

Atlanta • Dinkler Plaza Hotel
Sept. 26-27, Nov. 7-8, Dec. 13-14

Baltimore • Southern Hotel
Sept. 5, Oct. 17, Nov. 26

Bethlehem • Lehigh University
Dates upon request

Buffalo • Hotel Statler
Sept. 16-17, Oct. 21

Charleston • Daniel Boone
Sept. 16, Oct. 28

Charlotte • Hotel Charlotte
Sept. 25, Oct. 30

Charlottesville • University of Virginia
Dates upon request

Chicago • Hotel LaSalle
Sept. 9-10-11, October 21-22-23, Dec. 2-3-4

Cincinnati • Netherland Plaza
Sept. 5-6, Oct. 16-17, Dec. 11-12

Cleveland • Hotel Statler
Sept. 20-21, Nov. 1-2, Dec. 13-14

Clinton • Hamilton College
Dates upon request

Columbia, S. C. • Hotel Jefferson
Sept. 26, Oct. 31

Dallas • Adolphus Hotel
Sept. 9-10, Oct. 21-22, Nov. 22-23

Dayton • Van Cleve Hotel
Sept. 19, Oct. 31

Denver • Albany Hotel
Sept. 12-13, Oct. 24-25, Nov. 18-19

Detroit • Sheraton Cadillac
Sept. 16-17, Oct. 28-29, Dec. 16-17

Easton, Pa. • Lafayette College
Dates upon request

Evansville • McCurdy Hotel
Sept. 12, Oct. 24, Dec. 5

Hamilton, N. Y. • Colgate University
Dates upon request

Houston • Rice Hotel
Sept. 3-4-5, Oct. 16-17, Nov. 25-26

Indianapolis • Lincoln Hotel
Sept. 7, October 25-26, Dec. 9-10

Ithaca • Cornell University
Dates upon request

Kansas City, Mo. • Hotel Muehlebach
Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Nov. 11-12, Dec. 6-7

Los Angeles • Biltmore Hotel
Sept. 19-20, Oct. 31-Nov. 1
Beverly Hills • Beverly-Wilshire
Sept. 21-Nov. 2

Louisville • Brown Hotel
Sept. 17-18, Oct. 29-30, Dec. 9-10

Lynchburg, Va. • Virginian Hotel
Sept. 23, Oct. 28

Memphis • Peabody Hotel
Sept. 21, Nov. 2

Midland, Texas • Scharbauer Hotel
Sept. 23, Nov. 4

Minneapolis • Radisson Hotel
Oct. 4-5, Nov. 15-16, Dec. 11-12-13

Nashville • Dinkler Andrew Jackson
Sept. 19-20, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Dec. 11-12

New Orleans • Roosevelt Hotel
Sept. 23-24, Nov. 4-5, Dec. 16-17

Oklahoma City • Hotel Biltmore
Sept. 25-26, Nov. 6-7, Dec. 2-3

Omaha • Hotel Fontonelle
Oct. 2-3, Nov. 13-14, Dec. 9-10

Philadelphia • Bellevue Stratford
Sept. 12-13, Oct. 24-25, Dec. 5-6

Philadelphia • University of Pennsylvania
Dates upon request

Pittsburgh • Penn Sheraton
Sept. 3-4, Oct. 14-15, Nov. 25-26

Princeton • Princeton University
Dates upon request

Rochester • The Sheraton
Sept. 18, Oct. 22

St. Louis • The Chase Hotel
Sept. 13-14, Oct. 18-19, Dec. 6-7

San Antonio • Gunter Hotel
Sept. 6-7, Oct. 18-19, Nov. 27

San Francisco • St. Francis Hotel
Sept. 16-17-18, Oct. 28-29-30

Savannah • Hotel De Soto
Sept. 27-28, Nov. 1-2

Toledo • Commodore Perry
Sept. 18, Oct. 30

Tulsa • Hotel Mayo
Sept. 27-28, Nov. 8-9, Dec. 4-5

Washington • Willard Hotel
Sept. 10-11, Oct. 22-23, Dec. 3-4

Wilmington • DuPont Hotel
Sept. 4, Oct. 16, Nov. 25

Winston-Salem • Robert E. Lee Hotel
Sept. 24, Oct. 29

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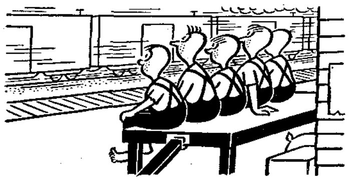
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"FROM the time when, as a lad in Camden, S.C., he watched the trains go by he always wanted to own a railroad," wrote Arthur Krock in a *Times* book review of Bernard Baruch's autobiography. Touched by this glimpse of a typical American boy and his dream, we cannot help filling out the scene. In our mind's eye there arises a small-town nineteenth-century Carolina railroad station, with a row of freckle-faced boys in overalls, their bare feet dangling from the baggage truck on which they sit, watching in awe as the fast freight to Charleston thunders by.



"Gee," says one moppet after it has passed, "when I grow up, I want to be an engineer."

"Naw," says another, "I want to be a fireman."

"Not me," pipes up a third. "I want to be a signalman and ride the caboose. How about you, Bernie?"

The tall, slim lad to whom the question is directed reflects briefly but shrewdly. If he says he wants to be the owner, he will get nothing but guffaws and a brisk knuckle-rub on the head for his pains. He therefore merely shrugs noncommittally. As soon as the boys part, however, he heads for the local optometrist's to be fitted for his first pair of pince-nez.

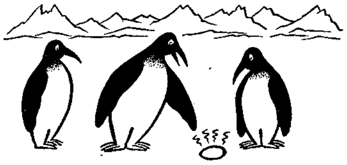
Wireless Eggs

FAR be it from us to suggest that Science is ever undignified. Truth is, of course, beauty. And the truth seems to be that a group of grown men have perfected a combination thermometer and radio transmitter tiny enough to be lodged in the egg of an emperor penguin, which egg, pressed against the warm bosom of a penguin who fondly believes that the radio is an embryo, will broadcast, over several square miles of lucid antarctic air, temperature changes as fine as a twentieth of a degree. This prank was made to seem partly reasonable to us by Dr. Sidney A. Schwartz, a thirty-one-year-old scientist in tortoise-shell spectacles and shirtsleeves. His face was familiar; we had met him two years ago, in connection with his praying-mantis farm—an enterprise that, happily, still thrives, under the supervision of his wife. Now he is employed as a physiologist for the Research and Development Division of the United States Navy Clothing and Textile Office, which produced the men's wear for Operation Deepfreeze. The room where we met Dr. Schwartz, at the Naval Headquarters in Brooklyn, was lined with dummies swathed in drab quilts.

"This egg affair began last fall," the Doctor explained. "I asked Dr. Orr Reynolds, then director of the Biological Sciences Division of the Office of Naval Research, for something we could use to record instantaneously the body-temperature changes of men swimming in water; the idea was to test the effectiveness of emergency-immersion suits in antarctic water. I was told that just a few days earlier Carl Eklund, of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, had asked Dr. Reynolds for some kind of gimmick that would make it possible to measure, from a distance, the temperature inside penguin eggs. Within six weeks, the American Electronic Laboratories came up with one solution to both problems—this little radio thermometer. It weighs just three ounces." It looked to us like one of the more inclusive vitamin pills.

"My need was obvious," Dr. Schwartz went on. "But why is the Navy concerned with penguin eggs? Well, certain animals and birds can exist in temperatures so low as to be fatal to other creatures, anatomically identical. For example, the arctic cod can be happy in water eight degrees colder than any other cod could tolerate. This is because an enzyme present in all cod has been altered in a very small but essential way in the arctic cod. It is hoped that a thorough investigation of penguin-egg temperatures may extend such knowledge into the field of warm-blooded animals.

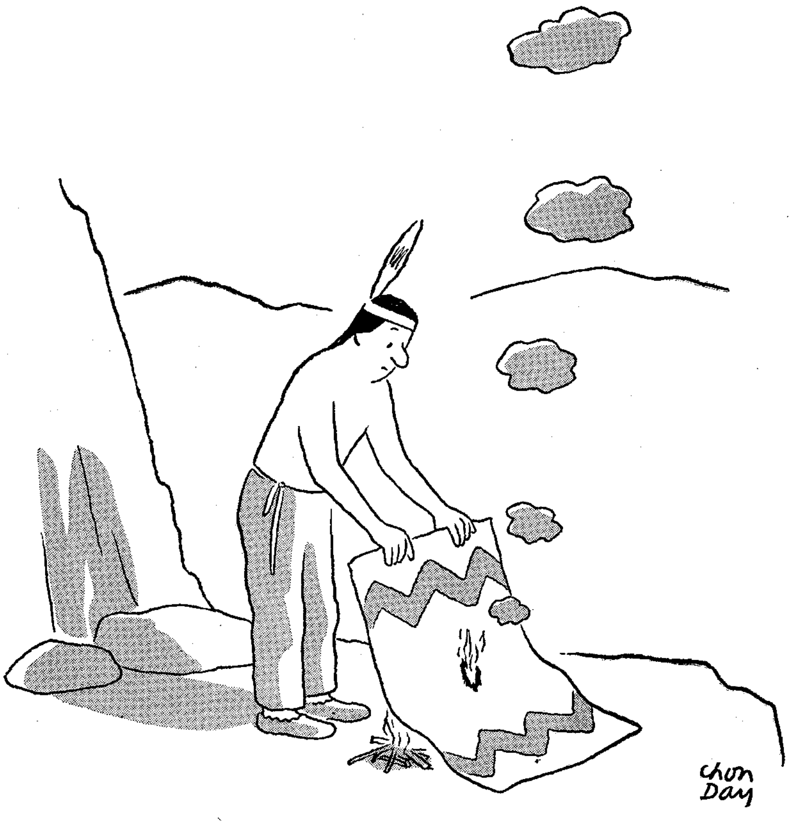
"Difficulties. First, there was the small size itself. Then, some penguins carry their eggs around with them, so the device had to be wireless. Third, we couldn't use a vacuum tube in the egg, because of the heat generated by its filament. Building a heat source into a thermometer is folly, aside from the fact that a penguin might be suspicious of an egg that generated an abnormal amount of heat. Rightly suspicious. Fourth, we couldn't use the usual radiated transmission, because the penguin's flesh and feathers would absorb the transmitted energy. Also, how could you build an efficient antenna into a penguin egg? As a matter of fact, the radio thermometer couldn't have been built at all if it hadn't been for some components only recently developed, such as the transistor, which takes the place of a vacuum tube. And instead of radiated transmission we used magnetic-field transmission. The finished thermometer has eight components, including a three-cell battery; the whole business fits cozily into an emperor-penguin egg, into a king-penguin egg, or even into a smaller skua egg.



"To start this project, they had to

wait until the antarctic winter—that is, our summer. For reasons best known to themselves, emperor penguins don't lay their eggs until the coldest period. Carl Eklund is the leader of the project down there. I haven't heard from him lately, but he should have got his egg data by now. His plan was to practice opening and resealing goose eggs in New Zealand. When goose eggs had no more to teach him, he was going to get a real emperor egg, open it up and take out the embryo, then put the radio in the shell, along with an albuminous substance resembling the white of the real egg. Next, he was to find a penguin standing with its egg—a penguin sort of stands, holding the egg against its belly with its feet, keeping it off the ice. Eklund planned to distract its attention and switch eggs. There would be no problem about luring the penguin away. The birds are so unused to man they are virtually tame. 'Indifferent' might be a better word. When I was down there, they always treated me as if I were just another penguin. Eklund would have to be gingerly handling the egg. If a penguin smells anything human on an egg, he disowns it. But an emperor penguin is about four feet tall, so his nose is four feet away. And it's so cold down there it's hard to smell anything anyway. Five hundred feet from the penguin, Eklund planned to have a booster station, which would transmit the temperature signals from the egg a few miles farther, to the camp. He would have to replace the radio in the egg every hundred hours.

"We're hoping Eklund has got a complete record of the incubation cycle. The information may come to be applied in ways very relevant to us. It could lead to the injection of a modified enzyme that would increase human adaptability to cold. Such injections might also enable doctors to lower the temperature of the human body for a longer period than is now possible; this would mean more time for certain operations, which require a slowing down of metabolism. But such applications are years in the future. Right now, we're concerned only with eavesdropping on the egg. Our one fear is that the penguins may be smarter than we think, and may have grown suspicious of the eggs and left them to the winds. After all this, what a catastrophe!"



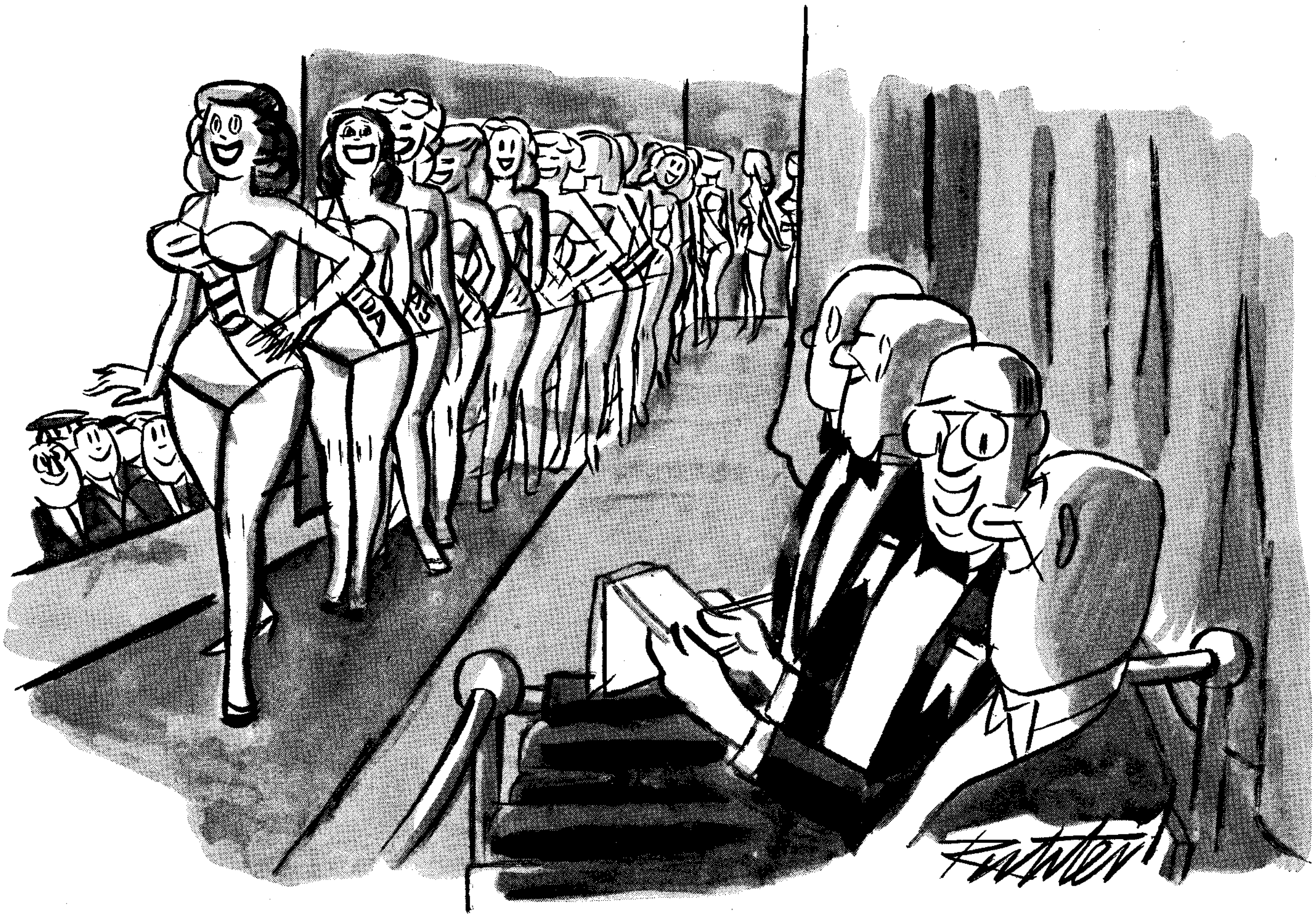
Misfit

AN American lady in London reports that she stopped in at one of the hamburger places that have been springing up around that city lately and ordered one of her native sandwiches, medium. "I'm sorry, Madam," the counterwoman replied politely, "but they are all the same size."

New and Old

IF you haven't been out to Idlewild Airport for a year or so, the chances are you'd scarcely recognize the place. Trees, grass, reflecting pools, and a lagoon have appeared, lights mounted on stylish, lyre-shaped struts now line the roads, a three-hundred-and-twenty-room International Hotel has been started and a huge International Arrival Building almost finished, and, in general, the whole compound has begun to take on a sleek, futuristic look, replacing the familiar bareness, which always suggested to us a landscape on the moon. We drove out there one day last week to have a look at the new Arrival Building, and after an unmanned machine had extended a claim slip to us and then courteously opened a gate to the parking lot, we parked and walked to the base of the control tower, to keep an appointment we had made with Milton Caine, the Port Authority's information officer for Idlewild. Mr. Caine greeted us cordially, and told us that construction of the Arrival Building had begun in October, 1955, and the dedication ceremonies had been scheduled for this July 31st, but a series of strikes during June and July had set the work back so much that the Port Authority now can't be sure exactly when the dedication will be. Once the building *is* finished, he said, it will contain all the federal inspection services and commercial concessions now in the temporary terminal building, and two wing buildings will contain the offices, ticket counters, and departure gates of all the foreign airlines using the airport. "Eventually, six or seven other buildings will go up, to perform the same functions for the United States airlines," he said. "As this is done, the temporary terminal building will gradually wither away."

Turning to face the south, Mr. Caine waved at a wide expanse of three-story glass, brick, and masonry construction, well along toward completion. "That's it," he said. "Counting the two wings, it's over half a mile long. Skidmore, Owings & Merrill designed the building for the Port Authority, but each of the airlines using it is entitled to design and decorate the interior of its own area, and some are spending pretty close to a million dollars to do it." Mr. Caine led us to what he said was the most remarked-upon feature of the design—a vaulted steel roof over the building's central lobby, supported by flying-buttresslike struts that are hinged to allow for heat expansion—and then into the health, immigration, and customs sections. Customs, he said, will use what the Port Authority likes to call the supermarket system of baggage inspection; that is, arriving travellers will bring their baggage to whichever of a number of lines is least crowded. No more lining up according to last-name initials. On the top floor of the



"Well, now comes the job of separating the wheat from the chaff."

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central section will be a restaurant. "Prestige place, of course," said Caine. "Why not, with a view of three runways?"

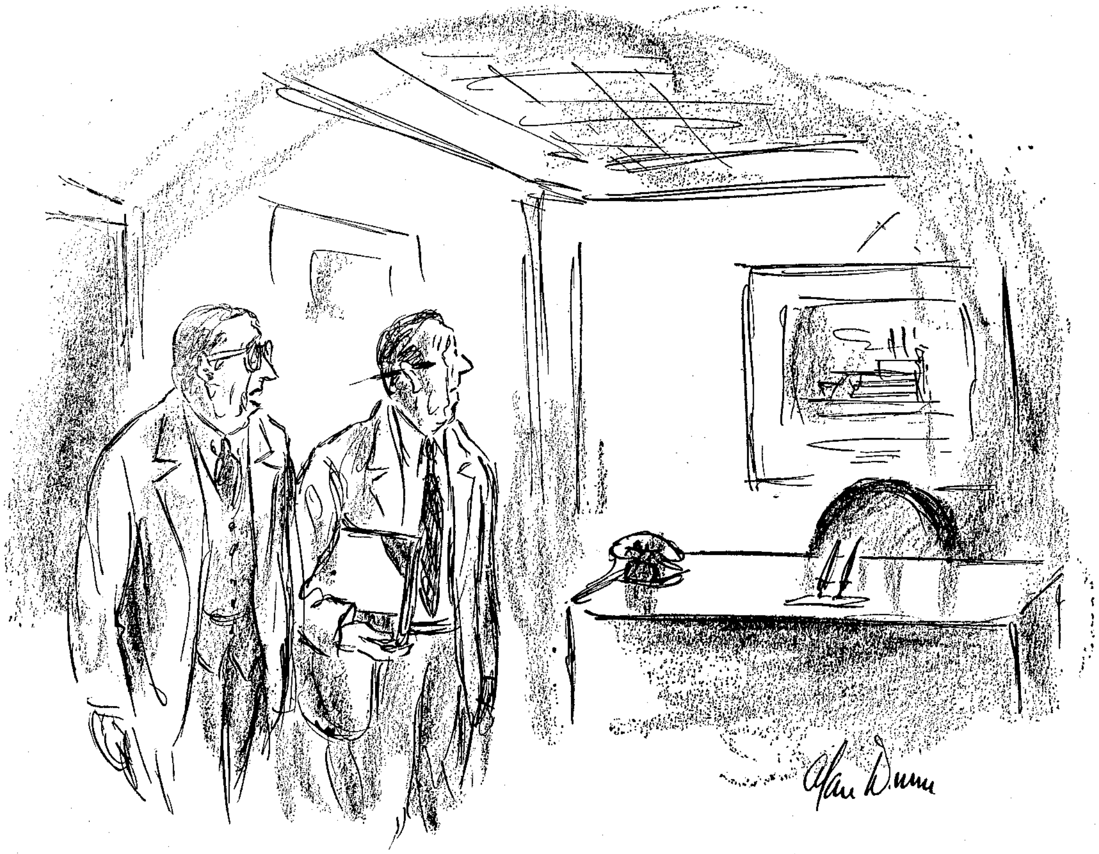
Mr. Caine took us on a short tour through a maze of scaffolding, cinder blocks, and partly finished murals in some of the future airline offices, and after that we thanked him and left to pay a sentimental visit to the temporary terminal building, which is still serving as headquarters for all the thirty-two airlines using the field. We found this inglorious and overcrowded structure as we have always found it—lacking in splendor but not in romance. We sat down at random on a sofa opposite the ticket counter of Icelandic Airlines, where a bulletin board announced a flight to Reykjavik, Gothenburg, Copenhagen, and Hamburg. Passing in the corridor between our seat and the Icelandic counter were nuns, men in a variety of military uniforms, and an extraordinary number of women in shorts. (Do women take wing these days for Rio, Saigon, or Ankara wearing shorts? Very possibly.) We settled down to listen to the almost constant patter of announcements and messages over the central public-address system. Joe Cotton was asked to come to the Lufthansa ticket counter. Eastern Air Lines announced the arrival of Flight 688 at Gate 17. Sabena announced an arrival from Brussels. "Mr. Debater, please," said a voice that did not identify itself. There was a Spanish announcement, incomprehensible to us. T.W.A., through a girl's bored, workaday voice, announced that a Super Constellation was about to leave for Los Angeles. "Bynas, report back to your office!" a male voice cut in excitedly. Pan American announced that Flight 72 was about to leave for Munich and Vienna. "Bynas! Bynas!" the P.A. system screamed as we left.

Service

WHILE strolling up Madison Avenue the other day, we observed, in the Forties, a double-parked car. The owner was leaning out of the window and shouting at a man in the doorway of a tie shop. "I want a gray-and-black for a wedding, for about two-fifty!" he said. "I'll ride around the block and pick it up when I get back here!" "Got you!" said the man in the doorway, and rushed inside to his counter.

Prodigy

THE latest prodigy of the chess world is a fourteen-year-old Brooklyn boy named Robert Fischer, who a few weeks ago, at a tournament held in Cleveland, upset some two hundred of his elders and putative betters, including a number of the country's top-ranking players, to win the United States Open Chess Championship. There have been chess prodigies in this country who flashed to prominence when considerably younger than Fischer, but none has ever captured a major title at such an early age. Honors are beginning to pile up for Robert. The United States Chess Federation has elevated him to the rank of master (some of the wits among his teen-age friends now address him as Master Master Fischer); he has been invited to be one of the ten distinguished players, from all over the world, who will participate in the highly regarded invitation tournament at Hastings, in England,



"Don't ask me. Nobody's seen hide nor hair of him since we gave him that kickoff lunch."

this Christmas; and shortly after that he is scheduled, if the Chess Federation's present plans work out, to visit the Soviet Union and show off his prowess before the world's most discriminating mass audience, the Russians having been notorious chess addicts for centuries.

Young Fischer took to the game of chess from the time the moves were first explained to him. This was when he was six, and his teacher was his elder sister, Joan. Before that, his only hint of precocity had been his authoritative way with jigsaw puzzles. He entered his first tournament at the age of nine, and has twice won the United States Junior Chess Championship. His most striking achievement before the United States Open Championship was winning the brilliancy prize last year in the Lessing J. Rosenwald Tournament here, for a game so inspired that it was hailed on the cover of *Chess Review* as "the game of the century." When he started playing in tournaments, he burst into tears each time he lost a game, but now he merely bites his fingernails and glowers. The United States Open Champion is at present in his second year at Erasmus High School. Though school tests have shown him to have generally superior intelligence, he does no better than average in his studies, displaying little interest in most of the subjects taught and being restless in class. His teachers are amazed when they hear of his chess victories—not so much at his revealing mental powers that they hadn't suspected as at his being able to sit still for the five hours a tournament game may last. "In my class, Bobby couldn't sit still for five *minutes*," one of them says. A chessboard, with pieces set up on it, is always beside his bed. From the moment he wakes up, he works at chess problems—even during meals and while watching television.

Most of this intelligence we gleaned from Robert's mother, Mrs. Regina Fischer, when we talked with her one evening recently. We also gathered that Mrs. Fischer, though proud of her son's triumphs, is by no means convinced that his devotion to chess is a good thing. "For four years, I tried everything I knew to discourage him," she said, with a sigh, "but it was hopeless." She told us that almost any evening during the summer vacation her son was to be found at the Manhattan Chess Club, on West Sixty-fourth Street—a venerable institution, with an imposing number of champions and chess masters in its membership. "That's Bobby's favorite hangout," Mrs. Fischer said. "Sometimes I have to go over there at midnight to haul him out of the place." Robert's mother and father have been divorced for some years.

After our talk with Mrs. Fischer, we made our way to the club. In the hushed, gray-walled main chamber, several games were in progress, but none of the men brooding over their boards came within three or four decades of resembling a teen-ager. A white-haired man in his sixties approached us with soft, slow steps and introduced himself, in a whisper, as Hans Kmoch, the club's secretary. When we asked about young Fischer, he whispered, "Bobby's out, getting a soda or something. He'll be back." In the club's tournament room—a small, square alcove just off the main room—an important challenge match was being played between Samuel Reshevsky, an international grand master, who is considered perhaps the finest player in the Western world, and was once himself a dazzling child prodigy, and Donald Byrne, a leading American player. We stepped into the alcove to join six or eight spectators of the game. Here the silence was solemn. The game had been in progress over two hours, and the players had made sixteen moves. It was Reshevsky's move now. A tiny man in his late forties, with a huge bald head, he sat with his hands tightly clasped in his lap, frowning at the board. Unclasping his hands, he half lifted one of them. The spectators leaned forward. The scorekeeper tensed, and picked up his pencil to write down the move. A minute passed, and then Reshevsky let his hand fall into his lap. The spectators settled back. The scorekeeper laid down his pencil. Suddenly, we heard a most unexpected sound from the other room—a burst of exuberant laughter. Stepping through the open doorway, we saw Kmoch making shushing gestures at a group of people gathered about a table in the far corner of the room. "Just can't keep those boys quiet," he muttered as we came up to him. "You want to see Bobby play? He's over there in the middle of that gang. They just came back." He led us to the group, introduced us, and then left us.

We sat down to watch what was going on. Young Fischer, whom we discovered to be a lanky lad with a mischievous, rather faunlike face, was playing against a stout, elegant man in his middle twenties—an Argentine named Dr. Dan J. Beninson, who, we were told, is scientific secretary of the United Nations' Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation. They were playing chess such as we had never seen before—making their moves with split-second rapidity, while exchanging banter with each other and the kibitzers, most of whom were of college age. Within a few minutes, they had finished one game and were launched on another, and Fischer was asserting, with a triumphant grin, as he pushed his queen, "You're dead now." "That's what you think, Bobby, my boy," Dr. Beninson answered, instantly bringing his bishop across the board—an unexpected stroke, apparently, since it caused young Fischer to clap a hand to his head and brought a burst of laughter from the kibitzers. Everybody seemed to be having a high time. Once, when Dr. Beninson lingered over a move for perhaps three seconds, Fischer threw up his hands in feigned disgust and groaned, "It's no fun to play chess if you take all year over a move."

We asked what they called this kind of hopped-up chess. "Blitz," replied Fischer, and added, making several moves in the course of his brief reply, "That's what we all play for fun. Much more fun than tough, slow chess." Every few minutes, the elderly Kmoch padded over to the group and whispered, ineffectually, "Sh-h-h, boys!" We watched the lad and Dr. Beninson breeze through a dozen of these lightning, carefree games, involving perhaps as many as a thousand moves, in the half hour or so we stayed there. On the way out, we looked into the tournament room. All was exactly as before—silent, solemn, tense. Checking the score sheet, we saw that Reshevsky still hadn't made his move.

Forum on Art

OUR Third Avenue correspondent reports that at Costello's, the other evening, an owlish, angular fellow in tortoise-shell glasses and a seersucker suit, who had had a few, started discussing the Picasso exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. "I have seen eternity right on Fifty-third Street," he observed to his neighbor at the bar, a broad-beamed, snub-nosed party in shirtsleeves. "For who's to doubt that Picasso is one with the ages?"

"You'll get no denial of that from me," said his neighbor pacifically.

"My God, when you think of the scorn and opprobrium that have been heaped upon him!" said the art lover.

"A hell of a note," said his neighbor.

"Genius, genius—who's to appreciate it?" demanded the art lover.

"Ah, but first you have to ask what *is* genius," said the shirtsleeved party. "Take the Irish, now. They never got around to painting much, but who can say that that was because of a shortage in the genius line? I remember there was a young fellow in Ferbane, County Offaly—a schoolmaster—who set himself up to do portraits, and every soul he drew tried to hit him over the head with his drawings. They couldn't stand the sight of themselves. So maybe if this Picasso is a genius, with his three-eyed women with their noses in their ears, then maybe my lad is, too."

"Picasso is, shall I say, a *sui-generis* genius," remarked the art lover gravely.

"Mr. Costello used to know the schoolmaster," said the shirtsleeved party. "Hey, Tim!" he called to the proprietor, who was dawdling by the cash register. "Remember the schoolmaster painter back home?"

"I do," said Mr. Costello. "He went to Dublin and got into the export business and married a hell of a saucy girl and never had a day's trouble afterward."

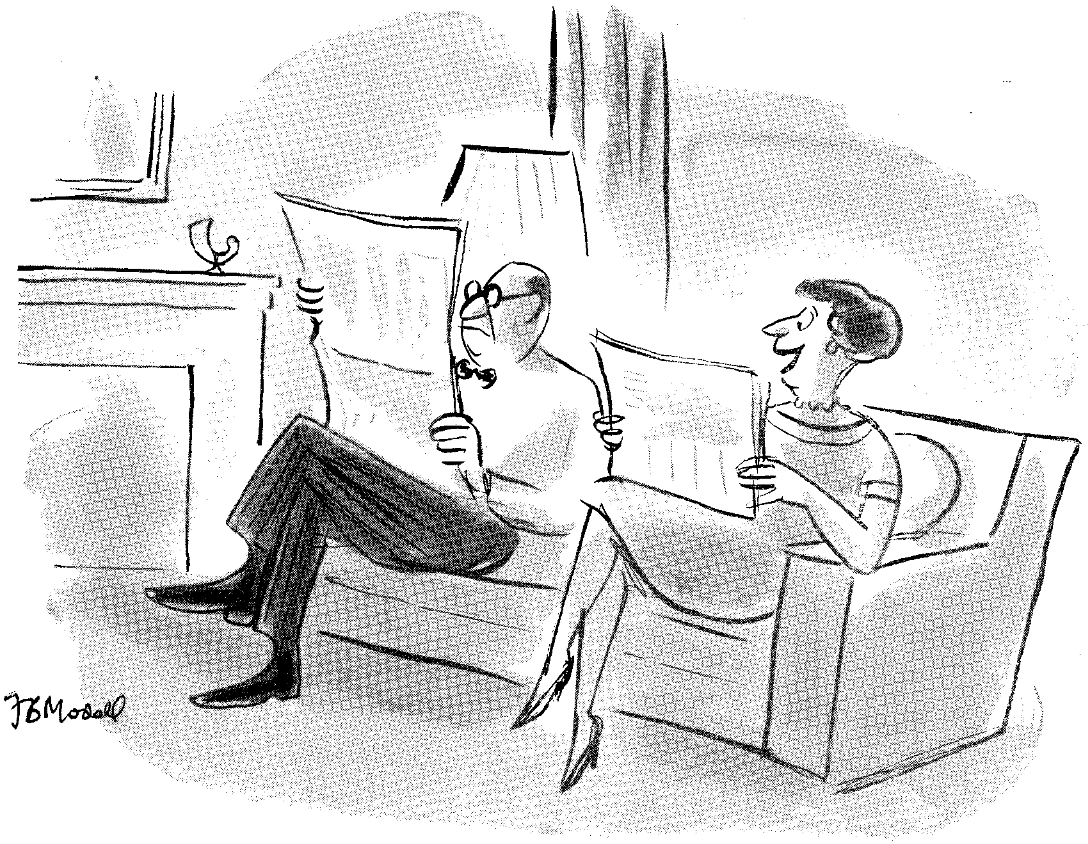
"All I mean," said the art lover, "is that an exhibition like this really gets you."

"What I'd like to see," said Mr. Costello, "is a man who could draw like Casey, who used to hang around the old speakeasy we had. One winter day, the chef turned on the oven when the cat was sleeping inside, and Casey drew the beast heading for the door to soak itself in the snow. It was a hell of a picture, but he tore it up. He claimed he hadn't got the expression right."

At this point, a waiter announced that he wanted a couple of Löwenbräus in a hurry. "Am I interrupting something?" he asked as Mr. Costello poured the beer.

"Only a cultural gathering," said Mr. Costello.

The friend of Picasso demanded his check.



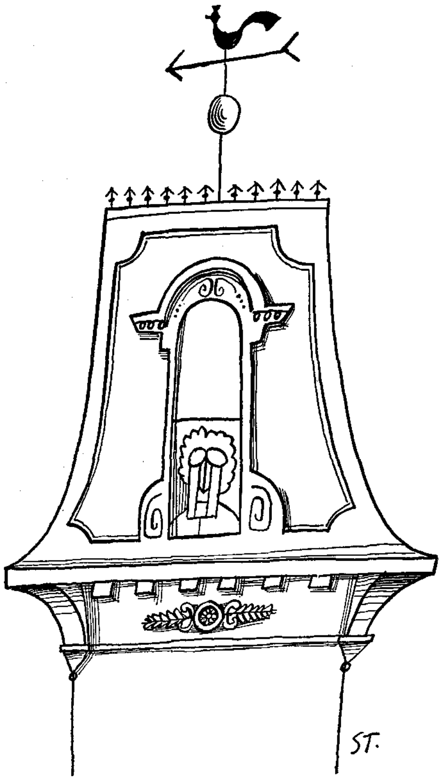
"My, it's a big week for everybody! The Russians have the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile, and we have the Edsel."

THE SIRENS OF THE POTOMAC

ONE afternoon in the spring of 1921, I was sitting at my desk in the basement of an office building overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue—the building that housed the Washington *Herald*—slowly turning over the pages of the current issue of *La Vie Parisienne* and translating to myself, with the aid of a French-English dictionary, the captions that accompanied the drawings. I was wearing a B.V.D. union suit, green lisle socks, high tan shoes, a single-breasted three-piece suit of blue cheviot, a brown-and-white-striped madras shirt, a white semi-stiff Arrow collar with long points, and a yellow-and-black foulard cravat tied into a fashionable four-in-hand knot about half the size of my Adam's apple.

A couple of months back, I had been promoted from mail clerk to stockroom clerk and given a raise in salary from seventeen-fifty a week to the dignified and symmetrical figure of twenty. The promotion had involved a descent; instead of being lodged at a counter in the ground-floor, marble-walled business office of the paper, where I had worked as mail clerk after graduating from the starting position of messenger boy, I had been placed, with the higher salary and the better title, at this desk in the basement, where the stockroom was. There was nothing else in that basement except the pressroom, and it was at the extreme rear of the building, half a block away from where I sat. The stockroom was partitioned off. Inside it, from floor to ceiling, were shelves that contained pencils, penholders, pen points, penwipers, blotters, rulers, erasers, rubber bands, paper clips, letterheads, envelopes, and various office forms such as Adv. 1, Adv. 2, and Adv. 3, which were first, second, and third notices for delinquent classified advertisers. I kept the stockroom door locked except when I was filling a requisition for somebody from upstairs. The key was always in the left-hand pocket of my pants, on a nickel-plated key ring I'd bought with my own money for that specific purpose. It had cost fifteen cents. The key to the stockroom was the only key I had. Having no motorcar, I was without a car key, and whenever I stayed out after eleven o'clock at night, which was rarely, my mother simply put the key to our house in Mt. Pleasant under the doormat on the front porch. I saw to it that the stockroom and its stores were in perfect order at all times. I maintained an up-to-the-minute inventory, and in a weekly report, which I delivered by hand to the office manager upstairs, I kept him informed as to how things stood in the stockroom. Still, I frequently found myself with time on my hands, and when I did I read the books and magazines that filled the left-hand bottom drawer of my desk. In addition to the French-English dictionary, I had volumes of Dickens, Jules Verne, Mark Twain, and O. Henry. I had brought them from my room at home. And I had copies of *Judge*, *Life*, *Smart Set*, and *La Vie Parisienne*. I'd purchased those at Brentano's, on F Street. My taste in periodicals encompassed wickedness but was not confined to it.

I had first been introduced to the pages of *La Vie Parisienne* by a boy named Alphonse. He was the son of the Second Secretary of the French Embassy, and had been a fellow-freshman at Western High School in 1918. We called him Al. After coming to this country, Al had discovered that American boys enjoyed looking at *La Vie Parisienne* in spite of the fact that they could read no French. An accommodating chap, he usually carried a copy of it in the pocket of his mackinaw or else stuffed inside his shirt. He told his friends he simply walked into Brentano's, picked up the current issue, and took it to the clerk, who always asked if he wished it wrapped. Al would say "*Oui*" to the clerk and it would be wrapped and handed over to him in exchange for twenty-five cents. Whenever he let it be known to his friends that he had a fresh copy in his mackinaw or in his bosom, a small bunch of us would go with him after school to a favorite spot behind some thick, tall shrubs that had been planted in the Mall to set off the beauty of the Lincoln Memorial. "What does it say under this one?" he would be asked as we looked over his shoulder at a pink-tinted drawing in which, for example, a number of French girls who wore little or no underwear under their swirling skirts were leaping around a kind of dormitory while a mouse sat grinning in the middle of the floor. "It says, uh, 'Look sharp! The mouse!' " he would explain.



On that spring afternoon at my basement desk, I was so engrossed in my copy of *La Vie Parisienne* that I was unaware of the approach of a living-and-breathing girl until it was too late to try to hide the magazine without creating a bad impression. The girl was Miss Sarah Hovic, of the classified-advertising department. I decided to be nonchalant—an imposture I frequently fell back on in those years. Although smoking in the basement was prohibited and I had never broken the rule before, I took a box of cork-tipped Melachrinos from the pocket of my jacket, selected one, and lit it.

"Why, Buster Brown!" said Miss Hovic, looking down at the outspread magazine on my desk.

"Don't call me that!" I said.

"You don't have to screech, sonny," she said. "What's this you got there, anyway?"

She picked up *La Vie Parisienne* and began looking through it.

"Oh, just a French magazine," I said, yawning. "You got a requisition or something?"

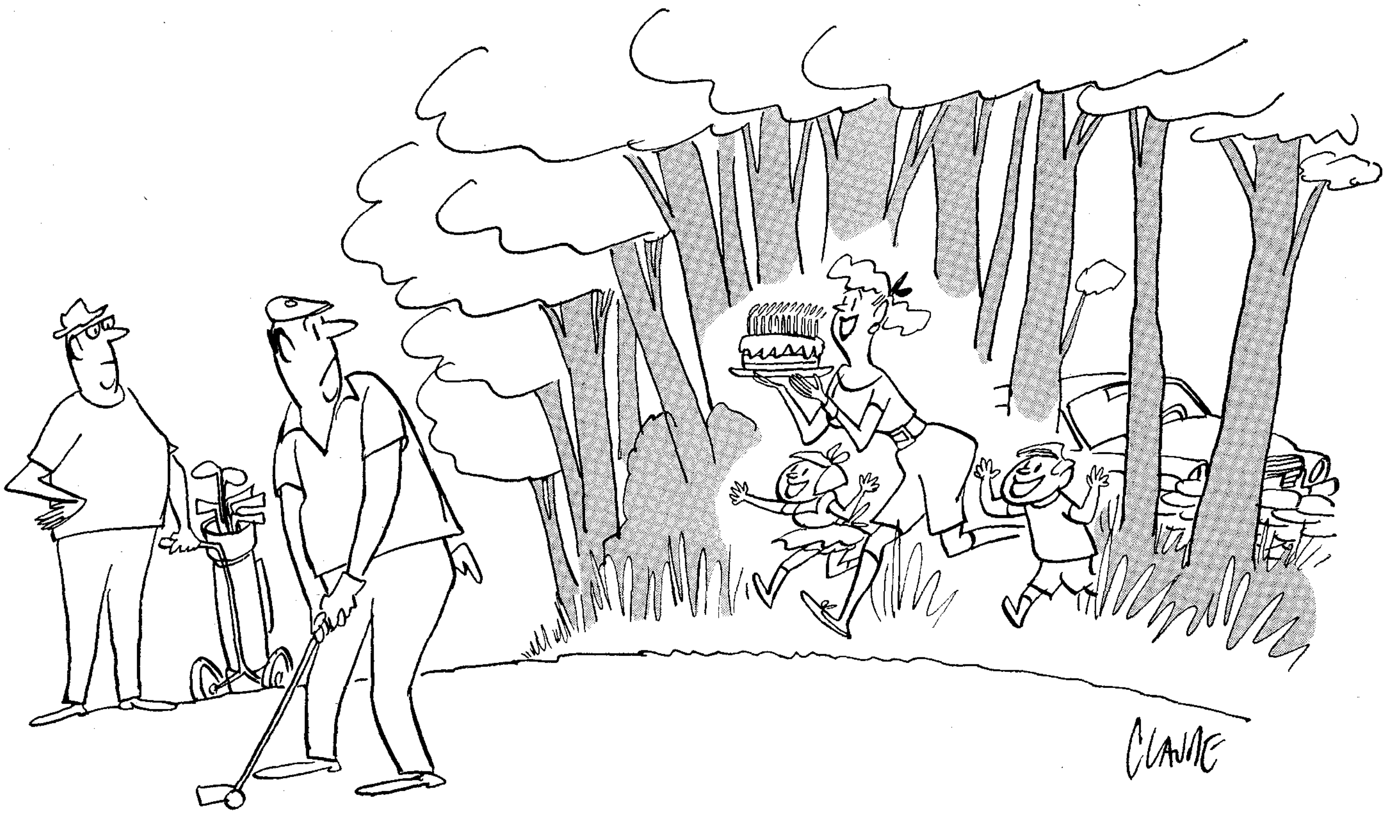
"Two dozen pencils, medium soft," she said, handing me the requisition. "What does it say under this one?"

"It says, 'Go away, devilish little breeze.' "

"How do you know what it says?"

"Oh, it's only simple French language."

I took out my nickel-plated key ring, put the key in the stockroom door, and unlocked it, leaving the key on the outside while I went in and got Miss Hovic the two dozen pencils. Miss Hovic interested and alarmed me. I was glad I had been able to adopt and successfully carry out the nonchalant pose. Most of the women who worked in the business office of the *Herald* were in their twenties; some of them were even in their thirties. Miss Hovic, I guessed, was not much more than eighteen. Although



"Happy birthday, dear Daddy, happy birthday to you."

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she was disfigured by a severe case of acne, an inner assurance of a sort that was a mystery to me seemed to make her unaware of her outer lack of what I would have called beauty. She was about as unlike Mary Pickford or Lila Lee as a woman could be. Yet I had noticed that some of my fellow-males upstairs seemed to find her alluring. I wasn't at all sure why they did. Her voice, let alone her complexion, didn't have the qualities that attracted the whole of me to a woman. One of her jobs in the classified-advertising department was to telephone rooming-house keepers who put ads in the *Herald* to run until further notice, failed to pay even after receiving Adv. 3 forms, and then claimed they had cancelled the ad anyway long ago and, furthermore, that they had got no results from it. Miss Hovic spoke to them continually on the telephone. She held the pear-shaped receiver to her ear by propping it on her left shoulder and, while she talked into the upright mouthpiece, used her hands to powder her nose and even sometimes to put rouge on her cheeks. She had an aggressive way about her that I found both frightening and exciting, and she wore her long, black hair braided and wound into a large knot on the back of her head, like my mother's. All the girls I knew socially had bobbed hair. When I handed Miss Hovic the pencils, she put *La Vie Parisienne* back on my desk and gave me a long, odd look. Then she went off upstairs without saying anything.

I had a date that night to take Nicky to a high-school fraternity dance at 2400 Sixteenth Street, which in those years in Washington was about what the Ritz was in New York. Although I needed no new collars, and certainly no new wing collars of the sort I would wear that night with my tuxedo, I stopped on the way home at my favorite haberdashers and looked over their Arrow supply. Actually, I suppose, I was just checking to make sure no new models had hit the market during the day. I can remember little about Nicky except that she was about half an inch taller than I was, belonged to an extremely solid Georgetown family, and, whenever we finished a dance, looked down into my eyes and murmured "Thanks." She would allow me to kiss her only once on a date and then only when she was standing on the doorstep of her home at the end of the evening. When I had kissed her that night, I rejoined my friend Phil, who had driven his girl and Nicky and me to and from the dance in his father's Ford, and who was now waiting to drop me off at my home. "What the hell," he said as I climbed into the front seat beside him. "It's only twelve-thirty, and I got a little stuff left in the flask. Let's have a nightcap, huh?" We stopped under some maple trees down the block from Nicky's house and finished in a couple of sips apiece the remains of his corn whiskey and fuel oil. And so home and to bed.

THE next day, an hour or so after lunch, Miss Hovic came once more to my desk in the basement and said abruptly that she wanted to examine the stock of classified-advertising forms and decide which ones she needed more of upstairs. I am able to give an accurate and detailed account of what happened then, because I have never been able to forget it. When I had unlocked the stockroom door and let her in, she walked a few steps in front of me and gave her skirts a deliberate twitch. They swirled up, and for an instant she looked exactly like a French girl beset by a mouse or a breeze. She smiled at me over her shoulder, and I moved toward her with both arms stretched out in front of me like a sleepwalker. "Shut the door," she said before I reached her. Wordlessly, I made my way back to the door and shut it. In that short space of time I could feel that I had begun to sweat all across my forehead, but nevertheless I started for her again. I came up to her and, leaning forward, kissed her on the corner of her mouth. I then put my right arm around her waist and, for some reason that hides itself from me to this day, clutched one of her elbows with my left hand as if I was about to help her over a curbstone.

"Did you lock it?" she asked, speaking so loudly that I jumped away from her.

I tried to think. "The key's on the outside of the door," I said, and started to leave her for another round trip to the door, but she took my hand and held it.

"I'm afraid," she said lightly.

"Are you?" I asked, and hiccuped.

"Aren't you?"

"Me? Hell, no! I'll go—lock door."

"No," she said. "Don't."

I obeyed her.

"Let's go out some night," I barked.

"Why, Buster Brown!" she said, and looked at me thoughtfully.

"Don't call me that!"

"Don't you shout at me!"

She left the stockroom, slamming the door as I started to stumble after her. I got to my desk, sat down, wiped my face with my handkerchief, and smoked a Melachrino. After a while, I walked to the telephone booth used by the pressmen at the other end of the basement and telephoned Cataldi's, a delicatessen on Florida Avenue, just off Connecticut, where my high-school friends usually hung out after school. I asked for Phil and he came to the phone. I suggested that, if he had the Ford, he might meet me at Huyler's soda fountain on F Street after I got off from the office.

"What for?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, maybe we could line something up for tonight," I said.

"You got any cash?" he asked.

"Don't worry," I said, having four dollars and a half.

At Huyler's, sure enough, we got into conversation with two girls we'd never met before. They turned out to be seniors at Central High. We arranged to call for them at their homes in northeast Washington after supper, and I paid out forty cents for the four sodas. Phil's girl was pretty and dark, and mine was pretty and fair, and though I liked everything about her, I don't remember her name or her face.

As we rode toward Maryland, Phil and his girl in the front seat and my girl and I in the back seat, the four of us talked about the high-school baseball season. Then Phil stopped the car on a quiet street on the outskirts of Georgetown and, although it was a clear night in May, began to put up the rain curtains. They were rubberized canvas curtains with small windows of isinglass, and they closed us in snugly. "Must have our privacy," said Phil, laughing, and we all laughed. He even had a curtain to divide the back seat from the front seat. It was one of the many Ford accessories listed in the Sears, Roebuck catalogue of 1921: "MAKE YOUR FORD LIKE A LIMOUSINE." Phil had bought that curtain without telling his father and kept it hidden in his room except when he was going out for an evening in the Ford, when he smuggled it downstairs and put it under the front seat with the other curtains. After we'd put all the curtains up, Phil drove on into Maryland and parked on a country lane near Bethesda, on the edge of an open field. My girl and I talked in low voices. I told her most of the story of my life, and she told me most of hers.

"I kind of like you," she said. "You're sort of—I don't know—different."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, just not the same as everybody else. I like that in men. You make me think of Wallace Reid, in a way."

HAY GRAIN & FEED

"Wally Reid? How do you mean?"

"Oh, kind of happy-go-lucky, like he was in his last picture."

"Oh, I guess I'm happy-go-lucky all right," I said, slipping my left arm along the top of the back seat. "I sure like the way your hair sort of falls over your ears."

"How do you mean?"

"Like locks or something."

"Sure enough?"

"They're so different—not like anybody else."

"Honestly?"

"I'd like to kiss you," I said confidently, letting my arm slide down over her shoulders.

"But don't get fresh," she whispered, lifting her lips to mine.

Boy and girl in front seat, boy and girl in back seat, we sat entwined in the curtained car beside the dark meadow, kissing gently and long as the screen lovers kissed, prevented by the girls from going beyond a certain point, enabled by the girls we had searched for and found to accept defeat with an equanimity that might have been badly shaken in those years by victory.

—St. Clair McKelway

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THUNDER ON THE LEFT

(ON READING IN AN OLD ISSUE OF "TIME" THAT, IN 1953, STANLEY L. MILLER, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF HAROLD UREY, HAD SIMULATED CONDITIONS THAT PREVAILED ON PRIMITIVE EARTH, AND HAD CREATED OUT OF ITS ATMOSPHERIC GASES SEVERAL ORGANIC COMPOUNDS THAT ARE CLOSE TO PROTEINS)

A horrid planet on its first career
Was Earth. Volcanoes, red and naked-new,
Spouted their belly-gas for atmosphere,
And furious constant thunderbolts shot through

The vapors, making thus amino acid,
Essential (need I say?) to the formation
Of proteins, which are basic to the placid
Process of all organic generation.

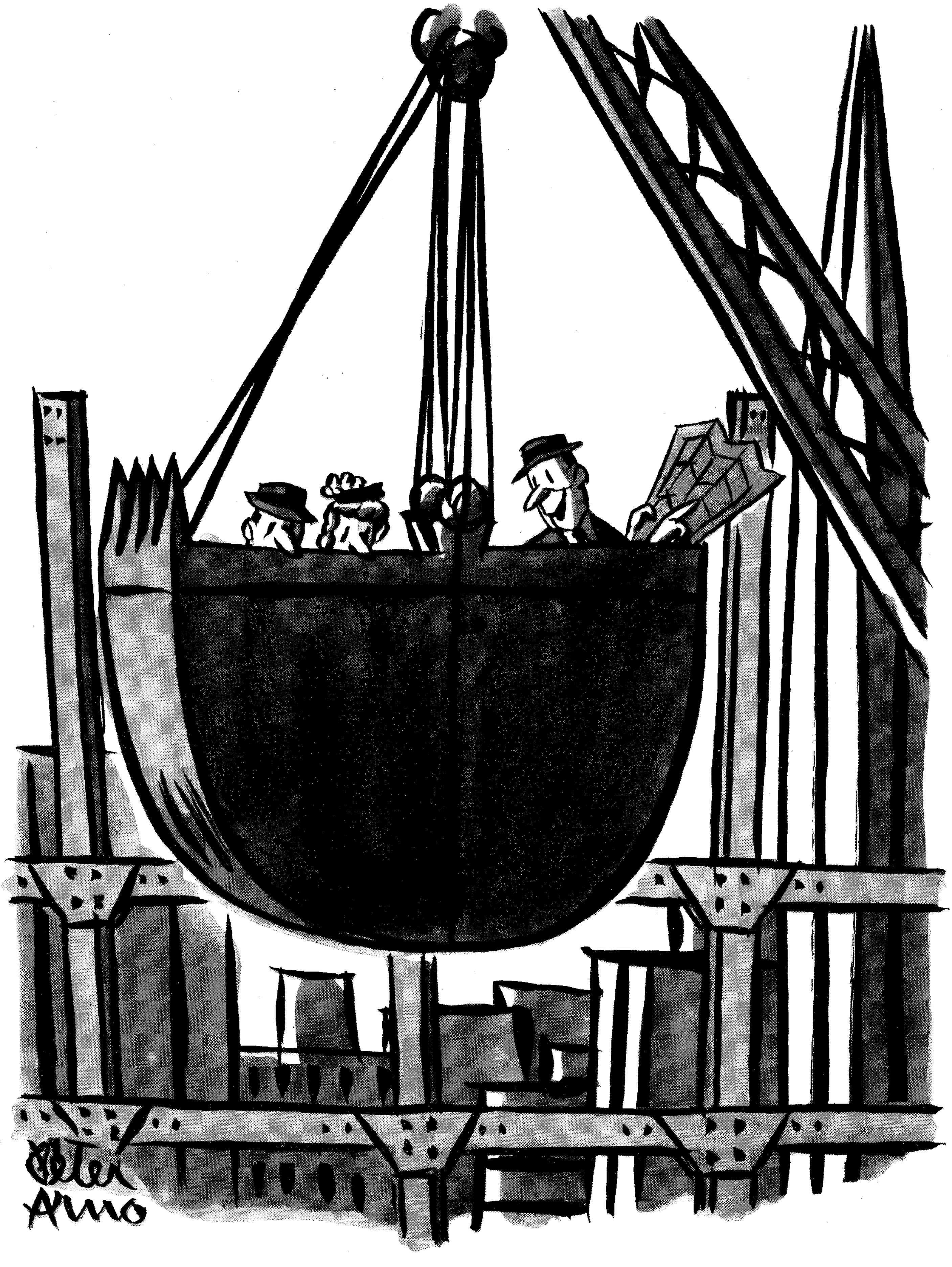
—I met a chemist, somewhat eminent;
And he came shouting with unseemly glee:
"I have performed the great experiment
Which Stanley Miller did in '53!

"Water, ammonia, methane, hydrogen
I first prepare, an interesting gas
Such as enwrapped our infant globe, and then
Through it electrical discharges pass—

"A laboratory lightning. I obtain
Glycine, of course, and alpha-alanine
And beta-alanine. I won't explain
The possibilities that supervene,

"But something like Creation has occurred!"
He capered in his bliss. The blazing sky
Was empty. But far off, by Jove, I heard
A fretful thunder. Quick, I said goodbye.

—Morris Bishop



"Right now you're standing just about in the dining-nook."

THE SEVEN STEPS TO HEAVEN

ON a critical afternoon in July, with the suffering city hanging in the balance outside his window, Dr. Joseph Link stood by the air-conditioner in his office, enjoying the two-minute breather he allowed himself between patients. He switched the machine to "EXHAUST" and lit a cigarette. A wispy vision of lung cancer drifted lazily into his mind as the smoke curled downward into the vent and disappeared. Who would his next patient be, in the long, long procession? A Mrs. Mooney, the card said. Mrs. Edward Mooney. What part of Mrs. Mooney would hurt? Where would her agony lie? What organ was deranged, what function failing? The short recess passed all too quickly. Dr. Link got rid of his cigarette, switched the machine back to "COOL," sat down at his desk, and buzzed. Sure enough, a Mrs. Mooney appeared—a fabulously commonplace little woman. Cute as a bug, he thought. Warm as a rose. Healthy, desirable, worried, eager to begin.

"Is it just the profanity?" asked Dr. Link a few minutes later. "Or does your husband have other disturbing habits?"

"His habits aren't really so bad," said Mrs. Mooney. "I mean, in some ways he seems normal enough. But the swearing is getting worse. If we had children, I don't know what . . ."

"How violent is it?"

"I can't tell you the words, Doctor. I couldn't possibly imitate Ed."

"Does he swear *at* something in particular?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Mooney. "There are a number of things that ruffle him. Is it true, Doctor, that extreme profanity is an indication of mental trouble? I read that in the paper. He gets so worked up over nothing."

"Give me an example."

"Well, do you ever look at the late news on Channel Two?"

The Doctor shook his head.

"Do you ever watch the Giants?"

"I'm afraid not. They're behind, aren't they?"

"Of course. But that isn't the point. The Giants are different than most teams, Dr. Link. I mean, you'd really have to see what happens, from time to time. Ed watches television a lot, Doctor. He doesn't like the little man going up the steps."

"Little man?" said the Doctor. "What little man?"

"The one carrying the wand. I tell Ed it's nothing to get so sore about. This little fellow marches up a flight of stairs, raising his knees very high, like a drum majorette, while the music goes down the scale. Ed can't stand him. He starts swearing and yelling and—"

"Why does that irritate him?" asked the Doctor.

"I don't really know. I sometimes think beer has become a symbol of defeat for Ed—on account of associating them together? The Giants mean a lot to my husband."

"What else irritates him?" asked the Doctor.

"The word 'birdbrain.' It's applied to Mr. Bocker when he does something stupid. I don't see why Ed should care so deeply. And he doesn't like the name on the letter box, either."

"What letter box?"

Mrs. Mooney sighed. Everything would be so much easier, she thought, if doctors were conversant with real life.

"It's part of a humorous commercial," she said patiently. "Ed doesn't like funny stuff, Dr. Link. He hates the humorous way the bottle of beer suddenly appears in Mr. Bocker's hand. With that pinging sound? I wish you could hear Ed, Doctor. It literally burns up the inside of your ears. It's frightening. That's why I'm here—I'm so frightened. Ed worries about the deeper meaning of things, and I think it makes him sick. 'Louise,' he said to me, 'what is going to happen to a nation when the people are rewarded for an act of stupidity with a cool refreshing drink?' Just worrying about civilization can make a person sick, can't it?"

"Very sick," replied Dr. Link. "What else doesn't he like?"

"Jean Sullivan for Blue Cross."

"Do you and your husband carry medical insurance?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Mooney. "Ed hates the guts of anything like that."

"Why?"

"Well, you know how she starts a sentence with 'You see—' as though she was really talking to you and being cozy?"

"Who?"

"Jean Sullivan. She's the pretty one. Do you know what Ed told me once? He said an expression like 'you see' is all worked out in advance by writers who know just when to put it in—to make it sound casual. Ed says he bets some of those writers are very sick men themselves, sicker than they realize. 'God damn it, Louise,' he said, 'I bet some of those writers have a liver that is as hollow as an old jack-o'-lantern.' Only he was much more profane than that."

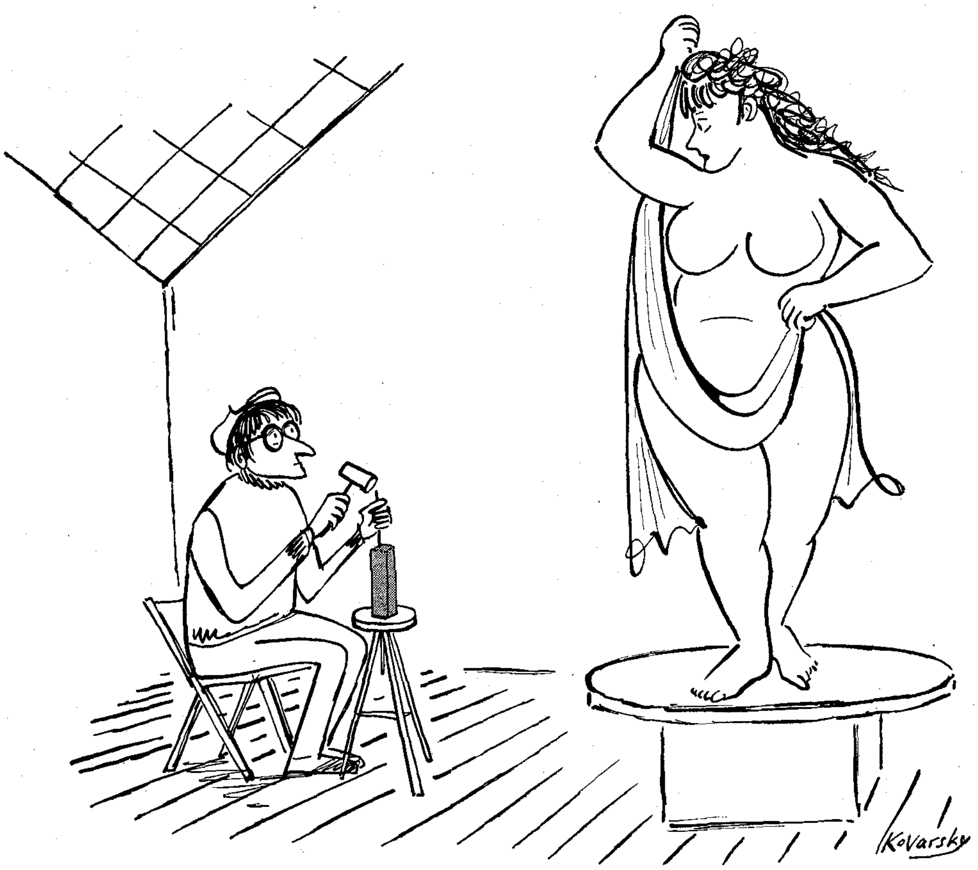
"You say she's pretty?"

"Who?"

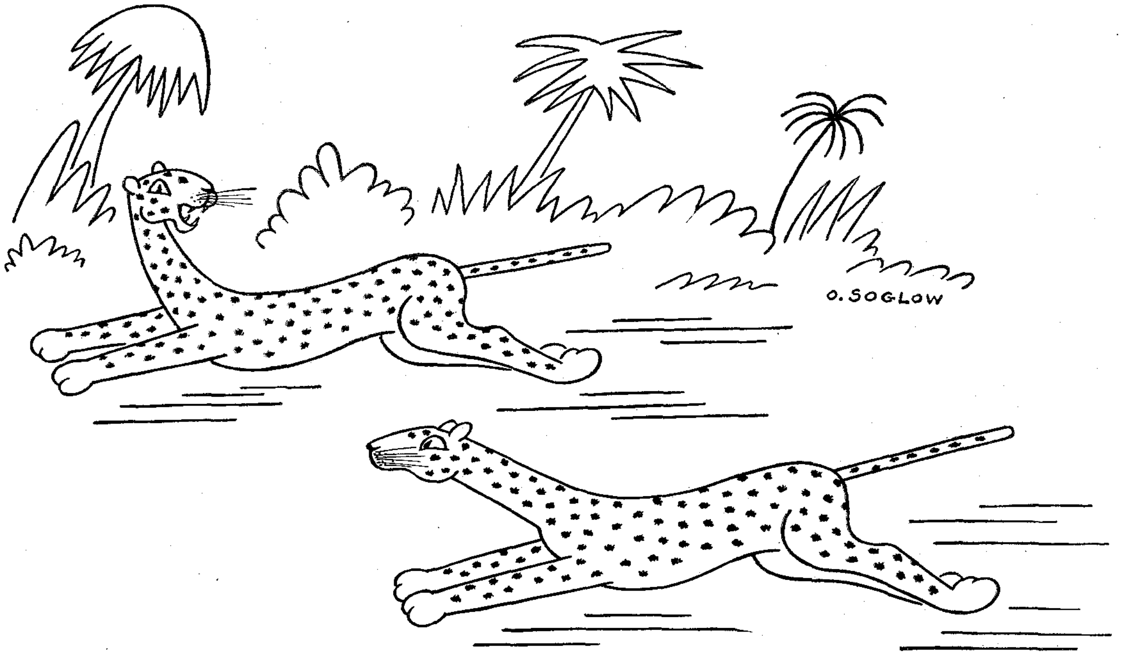
"This Jean Sullivan."

"Well, she's certainly prettier than Bill Rigney, and Ed can't stand him, either. You know how, when there's a double play, they send two thousand cigarettes to the veterans' hospital?"

"No, I didn't know that."



“Well, they do. The other night in the game with the Phillies, they had Lockman on second with two out, the way it always is, and they needed runs bad. Don Mueller hitting .226 is up, with Mays coming up next, and Rigney takes Mueller out and sends in Jablonski to face Simmons, who is a left-hander. ‘That’s wrong, Louise,’ Ed said to me. ‘Rigney should of left Mueller in.’ You see, Ed has a different philosophy about baseball than Rigney. I guess you would call Ed very unorthodox. He believes that there are intangible factors which enter into a situation like this, like how does Rigney know Jabbo wasn’t out last night eating a bad clam and can’t even see as far as the end of his bat. Ed says you have to have an instinct for the imponderables if you are going to manage a ball team. He uses the word ‘imponderables’ quite a lot. Well, as it turned out, Ed was right and Rigney was wrong. Jablonski went down swinging—a curve ball.”



“We must be doing seventy easy!”

• •

“You were talking about the veterans’ hospital, Mrs. Mooney.”

“I know. Well, Ed can usually tell what will happen to the Giants before it takes place; he just seems to know what is going to take place, and of course it drains a person emotionally. If you could hear the words he uses about Rigney. I think Ed is very sick. He broods and broods about the veterans. He told me once he was thinking of writing what he called a monograph on the relationship of the double play in major-league baseball to the incident of lung cancer in males. He said it would make a goddam good title.”

Dr. Link smiled. “I hope he’ll send me a copy.”

“Don’t worry, he won’t ever write it,” said Mrs. Mooney. “Ed talks a lot but he almost never does anything he says he’s going to do. But I love Ed, Doctor. There are some things I agree with him about, too, only I don’t see why you have to get so worked up. Like about Russ Hodges’s shirt? I don’t care for the shirt, either—the plaid is awfully big. But so what?”

DR. LINK felt the conversation slipping again. He found himself feeling mildly annoyed by this patient—a woman he had never seen before, coming in cold and putting her husband’s sanity up to him. His professional duty was clear, however; he must listen to her story, give her a bit of reassurance, and then urge her to send her husband in for examination. The hum of the air-conditioner was an irritant. The Doctor got up and switched it off.

“Of course,” continued Mrs. Mooney, “I’ve known for a long time there was something queer about Ed—ever since the day he used the carbon paper and it went off on its own.”

“Did what?”

“Ed wrote a letter, Doctor. It was a letter applying for a job, and he wanted to keep a copy, so he inserted a piece of carbon paper in the typewriter. Usually he gets it in backwards—I mean upside down—so it just marks up the other side of the original?—but this time he got it in right. I saw the copy with my own eyes. I saw it myself, so I know this is true.”

“Saw what, Mrs. Mooney?”

“Well, the first paragraph of his letter came out the same as the original, but the second paragraph was an account of the seventh inning of the game between the Giants and the Cubs.”

“Are you saying that your husband wrote one thing on his typewriter and something quite different appeared in the carbon copy?”

“No, just in the second paragraph. The first paragraph was O.K. Antonelli started for the Giants in that game and he was pulled out in the seventh. Ed was a little surprised himself when he saw the carbon, but he didn’t say much. He just stared at the carbon copy and said, ‘The times are out of joint, Louise.’ ”

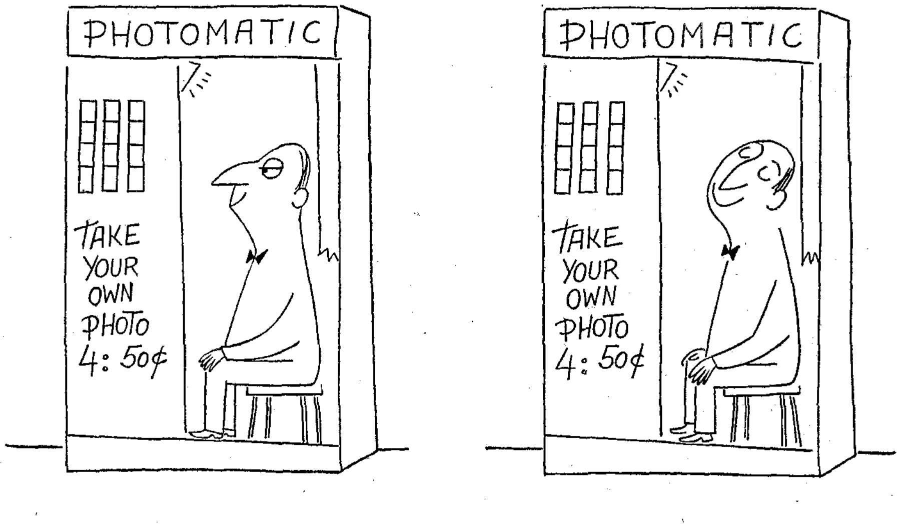
“Did he get the job?” asked Dr. Link, whose attention had been jogged by this part of the narrative.

“No, he didn’t. He’s had to hang around home, day in, day out. I guess the day the delicatessen made the mistake in my order was the worst. That was what really convinced me I had to see a doctor. It was really fantastic, because this man that runs the delicatessen knows Ed well and I just can’t believe he would have done what he did intentionally even if he *was* all out of Prior’s dark beer. Ed and I were watching TV—an afternoon game. Ed wasn’t working, as I have explained, Doctor. That’s another thing he blames Rigney for. Anyway, the Giants were coming to bat in the bottom of the eighth with the Braves leading four to nothing and the doorbell rang and it was the boy from the delicatessen with my order, so the boy put the carton down on the counter and I fished a tip out of the jelly jar for him and by the time I got back the first two Giant batters had struck out and Ozzie Virgil was coming in to bat for Worthington. ‘Louise,’ Ed said to me, ‘I think I will go out for a stroll, because for one thing I know goddam well what is about to transpire and I don’t propose to sit here in this goddam broken-down chair in these dismal surroundings and watch these monkeys tie it up and then throw it away in the ninth, which they will unquestionably do.’ Well, he got up from his chair, which isn’t broken at all—we have very nice furniture—and tightened his neck-tie and Virgil lifted an easy fly to right, which Crandall went for. Crandall is not really an outfielder, Dr. Link, but Andy Pafko was out with an injury. 'The outfielder will drop the ball, Louise,' Ed said to me, 'but do not be deceived, Louise, my dear darling wife, do not be deceived.' Then he started for the door and caught sight of the beer bottles sticking out of the carton and so help me God it was Knickerbocker beer, which of course I never allow in the house on account of the violent way my husband feels about the little man. Well, Ed's face got absolutely livid with rage and guess what he did, Doctor."

"I'm afraid you'll have to tell me. Briefly."

"He grabbed an opener and flipped the cap off one of the bottles, then he started to sing the music they play for the little man, and Ed turned the bottle upside down and went marching all around the apartment with this crazy look in his eyes and imitating the man by raising his knees very high, like a drum majorette, with the beer spilling out all over everything—my new slipcovers, the rug, he even poured some beer on me. It was a print dress. It was just horrible. I was so frightened, Doctor. I couldn't even scream. Then Ed threw the empty bottle clear across the room at the TV set, but he didn't hit it, luckily. He never can hit anything when he's really sore, and then he stamped out of the apartment still raising his knees high like the little man and slammed the door. And believe it or not, what he had predicted was absolutely right. Crandall had dropped the ball in the middle of all this confusion. Then Lockman singled and Trowbridge walked Danny O'Connell and that loaded the bases, then Willie singled, bringing in two. Of course, I could hardly look, because I was so worried about my husband, and I took my sopping dress off and while I was going around with a wet rag trying to get the worst of it off the furniture, Thomson singled, and then Spencer and then Mueller, and so it was all tied up—a bran-new ball game, just the way Ed said it would be. He really doesn't have to look any more, he knows the Giants so well. And of course I knew they were going to lose the game, otherwise Ed wouldn't have stalked out of the apartment, and they did. The Braves picked up two in the ninth."

Mrs. Mooney opened her handbag and took out a handkerchief. Dr. Link hoped this did not presage tears. The narrative that he had just listened to had held his attention without in any way clarifying his thoughts. He was always grateful when a patient steered clear of the weird tangle of internal organs that made the human body so perplexing and hateful, but in this instance he felt as confused and dispirited as though she had told a long, dull tale of gastro-intestinal malfunction. He had never watched a ball game in his life, and the formula of this woman's anguish did not appear, offhand, to be a simple one.



After a moment or two he said, "Mrs. Mooney, I take it you have come here to find out whether your husband is disturbed mentally, and it is very important, of course, that you should know. We can rule out the episode of the carbon paper—I feel sure it was a practical joke, at your expense. The violent profanity is significant, though not conclusive. I can't make a judgment without seeing the patient. You must get him to pay me a visit. If he needs psychiatric help, the sooner we know the better. From your account, I think perhaps he is just suffering, as many of us do these days, from emotional fatigue. The question here, medically, is the actual intensity of these attacks—I mean, we all have our petty irritations in this world; it's only when our responses are unusually strong that it indicates anything serious."

"*Petty* irritations?" said Mrs. Mooney incredulously. "The Giants?"

Dr. Link rose, as a signal that the interview was over. His estimate of Edward Mooney's condition was, as events were to show, wide of the mark. The episode of the carbon paper, which he dismissed summarily, was the clue, and he had failed to seize it. No practical joke had been involved (Mooney was no joker), and the paper had, in fact, picked up the seventh inning. Doctors, of course, are fallible. Link's unfamiliarity with the baseball scene was crippling: he failed to perceive that a personal identification with the New York Giants, which in tens of thousands of individuals is merely partial and unwholesome, in Edward Mooney was complete. It would be unfair to hold Dr. Link accountable for this error. The heat was intense—it was a ninety-seven-degree afternoon. As he stood up, a wave of dizziness lapped him, and he placed one hand on the desk to steady himself, and closed his eyes momentarily.

"It's not just profanity, either," continued Mrs. Mooney, who did not understand that she was supposed to go. "Ed is blasphemous also. He doesn't only hate Rigney, he can't stand Billy Graham, either."

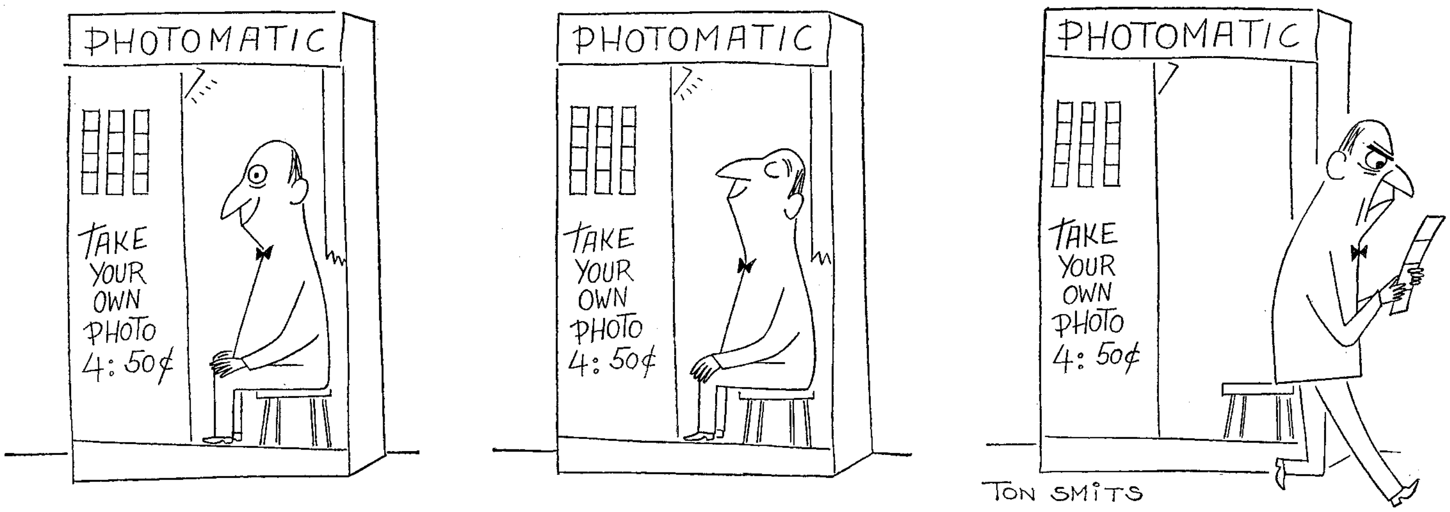
Dr. Link, in his despair, remained standing.

"You remember that time Billy Graham was in the Yankee Stadium—I think it was the night Nixon was there, too—and there was a man who pretended he was an usher and took up a collection, and they arrested him with the money—four hundred and ninety-one dollars?"

The Doctor nodded impatiently.

"Ed says there's no such thing as sin, that's why he can't stand this Graham. Well, a couple of days later the papers printed a story about how Graham went to see the thief, to offer to forgive him. 'I forgive you,' he said. 'This experience should drive you back to God.' And the thief replied, 'I'm in enough trouble already.' Well, you should have heard Ed when he read that. He let out a whoop and threw the newspaper at the ceiling and then he started laughing and he laughed in this wild sort of a way until I just couldn't stay in the apartment. Do you believe in sin, Doctor?"

Dr. Link walked to the air-conditioner and put it back on "COOL."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TON SMITS

Then he returned and stood in front of his patient. Warm as a rose, he thought. Mixed up as a . . . "My dear Mrs. Mooney," he said, "I believe in healing the sick, and I must see your husband. I can't do anything on the strength of these— these isolated episodes that you have related."

Mrs. Mooney nodded. She seemed spent by her recital. The Doctor looked exhausted, too. Mrs. Mooney rose, dusted herself off, and started slowly and sadly for the door. "He won't come, Doctor. Ed isn't going to come here. If I should suggest it, he would go higher than a kite. He would start swearing and it would be as bad as ever. He uses terrible words. I've never heard some of them anywhere else. He used one on the telephone the other day and I had to remind him that a person can get arrested. A person can, can't you?"

"I really don't know," said Dr. Link feebly.

"Goodbye," she said, turning to face him as she squeezed the doorknob. The Doctor studied her with a look that was both compassionate and curious.

"What channel did you say all this happens on?" he asked.

"Eleven."

After she was gone, Dr. Link tore a sheet of paper from a memo pad, wrote "11" on it, and tucked it in his pocket. Then he drew it out again hastily and added, "Gablonski."

LESS than a week after this visit, Louise Mooney's fears were confirmed. She was home, fixing dinner; the phone rang and it was the police. Ed had been arrested for creating a disturbance in the subway. He had been taken first to a precinct station, then to a hospital for observation. The shock was so great, Louise felt it hardly at all. She simply felt numb all over, numb and full of grim resolution. By pulling every string at her command, and with Dr. Link's help, she managed to get her husband shifted to a hospital near where they lived.

Ed Mooney's mental condition soon proved to be the least of his troubles. Not even money was his chief trouble, although it was serious. The affair in the subway hadn't amounted to much—merely a few offensive remarks evoked by the text of a shampoo ad that happened to be right in front of him as he clung to his strap. But in the hospital a routine physical examination showed him to be suffering from an astounding complexity of diseases and disorders. The body, as we know, contains four fluids—blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy. In Mooney, these had become so mingled as to produce a morbid state, so adulterated with the vapors of disappointment and defeat as to produce a fatal toxicity. It was here that Dr. Link took hold. He broke the news to Louise that Ed could not possibly live more than a few days.

Louise collapsed under this news, then quickly recovered and went to work with admirable vigor and courage. She borrowed two hundred dollars from the best-heeled of her many friends, took out a loan on her car, sold the one decent piece of jewelry she owned, and with this fund at her disposal got Mooney moved to a private room with a view. "Ed is going to have the best," she kept telling herself. She determined to dismiss money from her mind for the moment, and she succeeded. Day and night, almost continuously, Louise stayed with her husband in his room in the hospital. She considered renting a TV for the room, but the Giants were out of town, so she just brought her portable radio and they listened to the games through the long hot afternoons and sorrowful evenings. Under heavy sedation, Ed's vocabulary remained imaginative and lively, but it was pitched in a low key and was not bothersome. He died with Louise at his side during the ninth inning of a twi-night game with the Dodgers, just as Rhodes, hitting for Grissom, struck out looking at the 2-2 pitch.

Three days later, after a stopover in the neighborhood funeral home, Ed Mooney, who was without sin, entered the kingdom of heaven. To his immense surprise and amusement, he discovered that to get there you had to climb a short flight of stairs—seven steps, the same number used by Knickerbocker beer. Ed went up clowning all the way. It was a Saturday afternoon, between innings, and he could hear the music of the commercial. Ed and the little man climbed their stairs together, each his own peculiar flight, each to his own odd destination, each in his own strange world. They reached the top together: there wasn't a fraction of a second's difference in their times.

LATE that same afternoon, Louise Mooney sat alone in her living room. The strain she had been under had drained some of the color from her face, but she was an attractive little widow as she sat in repose, staring at the unlighted television screen while her mind darted in and out of the shadow of unpaid hospital bills and funeral expenses. On Monday morning she would start looking for a job. She regretted nothing. "I would play it the same way if I had it to do again," she said, half aloud.

It was peaceful in the room without TV—an unwonted peace, a muggy, brooding afternoon in August. She found herself savoring the new-found tranquillity of bereavement. Ed had left an indelible mark on every familiar object in the room, and it was as though he were sitting there with her. The Giants had returned from their tour; their presence in the room was strong, too. Around five-thirty, the phone rang; it was Ellie Snider, Louise's closest friend. Ellie and Sam had been wonderful through it all.

"I hesitated to call, Louise," said Ellie in a voice that sounded to Louise unnaturally tense. "But I just had to. I hope this isn't a bad moment, or anything?"

"No, certainly not, Ellie. I'm all right."

"I figured maybe you didn't have TV on—I mean, on account of being bereaved."

"That's correct, it's not on. It wouldn't be decent, Ellie. But what's the matter?"

"Listen, Louise, I don't know how to say this, and you're not going to believe it anyway, but it's true, so help me."

"*What* is true? You mean they beat Philadelphia?"

"Well, no, they didn't win, exactly. But that's not it, Louise. That's not what I'm talking about."

"Well, what *are* you talking about?"

"The money draw. Ed won the Giant draw. I just saw it myself. You're going to get a phone call, Louise, and I just wanted to warn you so it won't come as too much of a shock on top of everything else."

For a moment Louise Mooney sat impassively, holding the receiver. Then she said, "Well, you couldn't have seen it right, Ellie. There is something fishy about it. Ed never would have signed his name to one of those Knickerbocker ballots, you know that. It's impossible."

"Ed didn't, but Sam signed Ed's name. I think he was a little high when he did it, but I'm not complaining. Sam and I loved Ed, Louise, and ever since he got sick Sam has been drinking more than usual, and of course he knew you were stony broke with all the extra expenses and everything and I guess he thought it would be O.K. under the circumstances, Louise. It's not really like forgery. Anyway, he was over to the Freedonia bar the other night—I believe actually it was the very night Ed passed on—and Sam wrote Ed's name and address on a ballot and dropped it in. Honestly, Louise, I'm so upset by all this I just can't—"

"Ellie," said Louise, "the draw is based on the number of runs scored, isn't it?"

"Of course it is. *You* know that. The winner gets a hundred dollars a run."

"Well, Ellie?"

A WALK IN LATE SUMMER

I

A gull rides on the ripples of a dream,
White upon white, slow-settling on a stone;
Across my lawn the soft-backed creatures come;
In the weak light they wander, each alone.
Bring me the meek, for I would know their ways.
I am a connoisseur of midnight eyes.
The small! The small! I hear them singing clear
On the long banks, in the soft summer air.

II

What is there for the soul to understand?
The slack face of the dismal pure inane?
The wind dies down; my will dies with the wind.
God's in that stone, or I am not a man!
Body and soul transcend appearances
Before the caving-in of all that is;
I'm dying piecemeal, fervent in decay;
My moments linger—that's eternity.

III

A late rose ravages the casual eye,
A blaze of being on a central stem.
It lies upon us to undo the lie
Of living merely in the realm of time.
Existence moves toward a certain end—
A thing all earthly lovers understand.
That dove's elaborate way of coming near
Reminds me I am dying with the year.

IV

A tree arises on a central plain—
It is no trick of change or chance of light.
A tree all out of shape from wind and rain,
A tree thinned by the wind obscures my sight.
The long day dies; I walk the woods alone;
Beyond the ridge, two wood thrush sing as one.
Being delights in being, and in time.
The evening wraps me, steady as a flame.

—THEODORE ROETHKE

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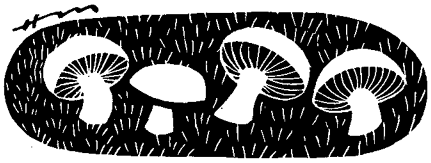
"You're not going to believe this, Louise. Did you see any of the game at all—I mean, did you catch an inning toward the beginning? Or has your set been off the entire time."

"The entire time. Please tell me, Ellie. How much did Ed win?"

"Well, the Phils scored two in the third, four in the sixth, and two in the ninth, so when the Giants came to bat in the ninth inning, naturally it was eight-nothing. You know how they always wait till the game is more than half over, Louise, before they start anything? I think that's what made Ed so sick."

"Please tell me the final score, Ellie."



"I am. That's just what I'm telling you. Eddie Bressoud led off and went for the first pitch and it was a beautiful double. He came into second standing up. That brought Valmy Thomas up and Rigney called him back and put Gail Harris in to hit for him."

"Ed wouldn't have liked that," said Louise softly.

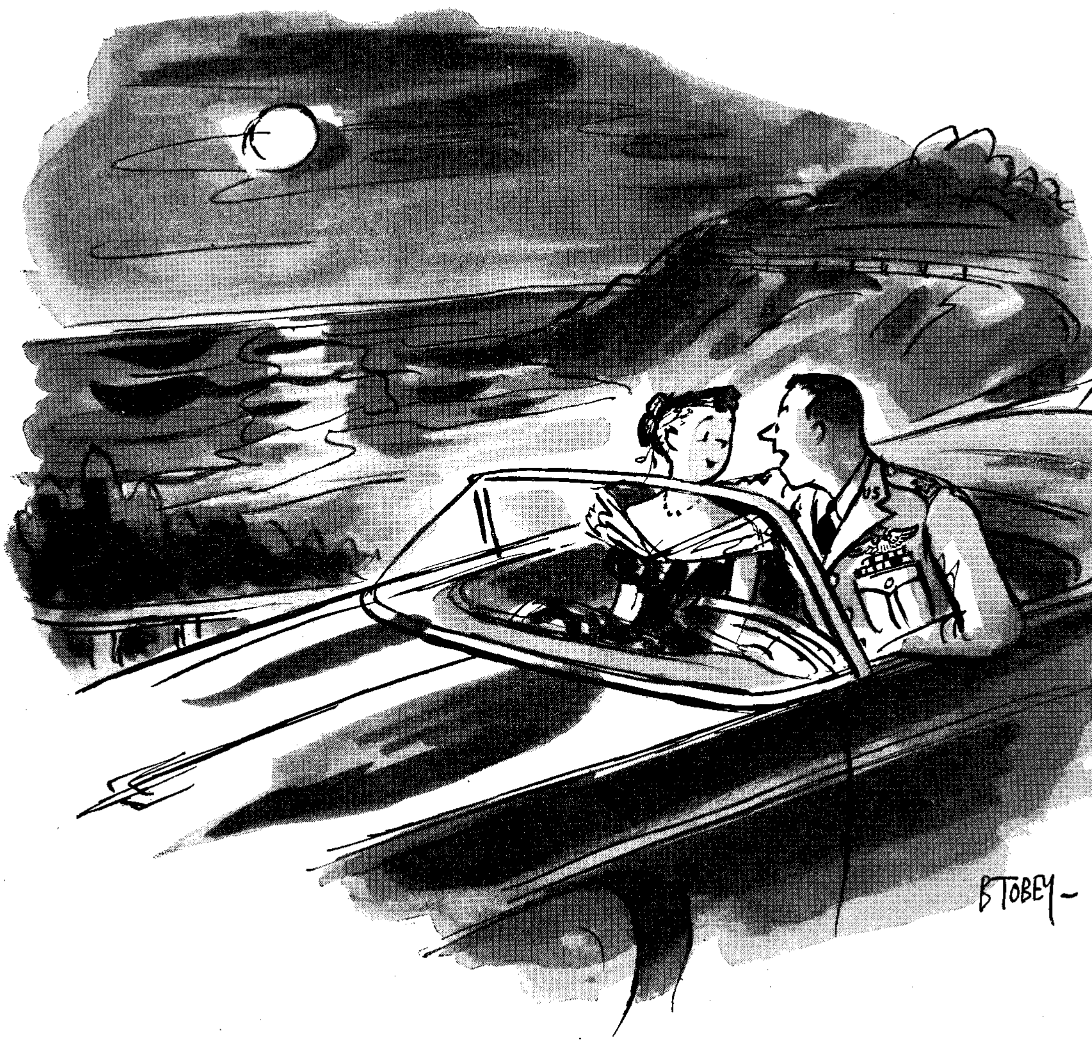
"I know it. But this is one time where Rigney was right. Harris looked at the first one, then he looked at the second one, then Roberts threw him a ball, then he fouled one back, and then he lined one up the middle, scoring Bressoud."

"That brings Worthington up?"

"That's right, Louise."

"And Jablonski goes in to hit for him?"

"That's right. Jabbo knocked one into the upper stands, a two-run hom-



"... *and Baby, every time I crack that sound barrier, I'm thinking of you.*"

er, so it's eight to three, and the top of the order."

"Who came in to pitch for the Phils? Farrell?"

"That's right, Louise. So Lockman is up—"

"With the outfield shaded to the right?"

"Yes. Whitey singled. Then Danny O'Connell got him to second on a real deep sacrifice fly taken by Repulski. And then, Louise, there were back-to-back homers by Willie and Bobby Thomson."

"That's funny," said Louise, "I wouldn't expect back-to-back homers when it's only one away."

"I know," replied Ellie thoughtfully. "I had the same reaction myself. But that's what happened."

"It's eight to six, isn't it, Ellie?"

"Yes."

"I suppose they got Spencer for the second out?"

"Yes, they did. But it was close. He went for the two-one pitch and lined one out between Solly Hemus and Ed Bouchee, and the ball looked so good they tried to stretch it to a double and Spencer got tagged out sliding into second, but it was close and Rigney comes stalking out to protest the call and there is a dickens of a rhubarb out around second base."

"Then what happened?"

"The Phils took Farrell out and Jim Hearn came in to relieve him. Ozzie Virgil singled, and then Bressoud walloped one and it was bye bye baby."

"That ties it up, Ellie. I suppose the next batter flied out?"

"That's correct, Louise. A little pop-up by Harris over by first base."

"Hold the phone a minute, Ellie. I want to get my cigarettes." Louise Mooney set the receiver down daintily. She walked slowly across the room, found a pack of Pall Malls, and walked slowly back. Placing a cigarette cautiously between her lips, she picked up the phone again. "Ellie?" she said. "What do you think I should do?"

"Do? What do you mean, Louise?"

"All this money—you know perfectly well where it comes from."

"Sure. From Knickerbocker beer."

"You know how Ed felt."

"But Louise, Ed is—" Ellie checked herself. "Louise, you haven't even let me tell you about the extra inning."

"Just tell me how many runs Philadelphia got, please, Ellie," said Louise.

"Three."

"And then the Giants went out in one-two-three order?"

"Yes. So it was an eleven-to-eight ball game. That's nineteen hundred dollars, Louise. Golly, if you had had Blue Cross, *too* . . ."

"Ellie!" shouted Louise. "Stop it!" She slammed the receiver down on its cradle.

Slowly she detached a match from the paper matchbook she held in her hand. As she struck it, she could see the familiar face of Russ Hodges as she and Ed had watched him so many times, lighting his cigarette for Pall Mall—his close-set eyes, his pleasant expression, the shirt Ed hated so. And for the first time since her husband's death Louise Mooney felt the crushing weight of her loss, and realized that she would never again be sitting with Ed in this beloved room, the two of them together, through the long, unhappy, predictable innings of play. The Giants are such a wonderful club, she thought—men like Mays, Antonelli, Spencer, Sauer—nothing wrong with them except that they don't win games. Sort of like Ed himself, so kind and gentle and concerned about the world, yet so ineffectual. A picture of San Francisco flashed into her head—she could get a little apartment there, brush up on her typing, find a job. Putting out her cigarette, she flung herself headlong onto the couch, her body racked with the sobbing that gave her for the first time a measure of relief. She lay there quite a while after it was over, until it was time to get up and fix herself the light supper that she would eat alone. She allowed the phone to ring five times before she walked over, picked up the receiver, and hopefully said, "Hello?"

—E. B. WHITE

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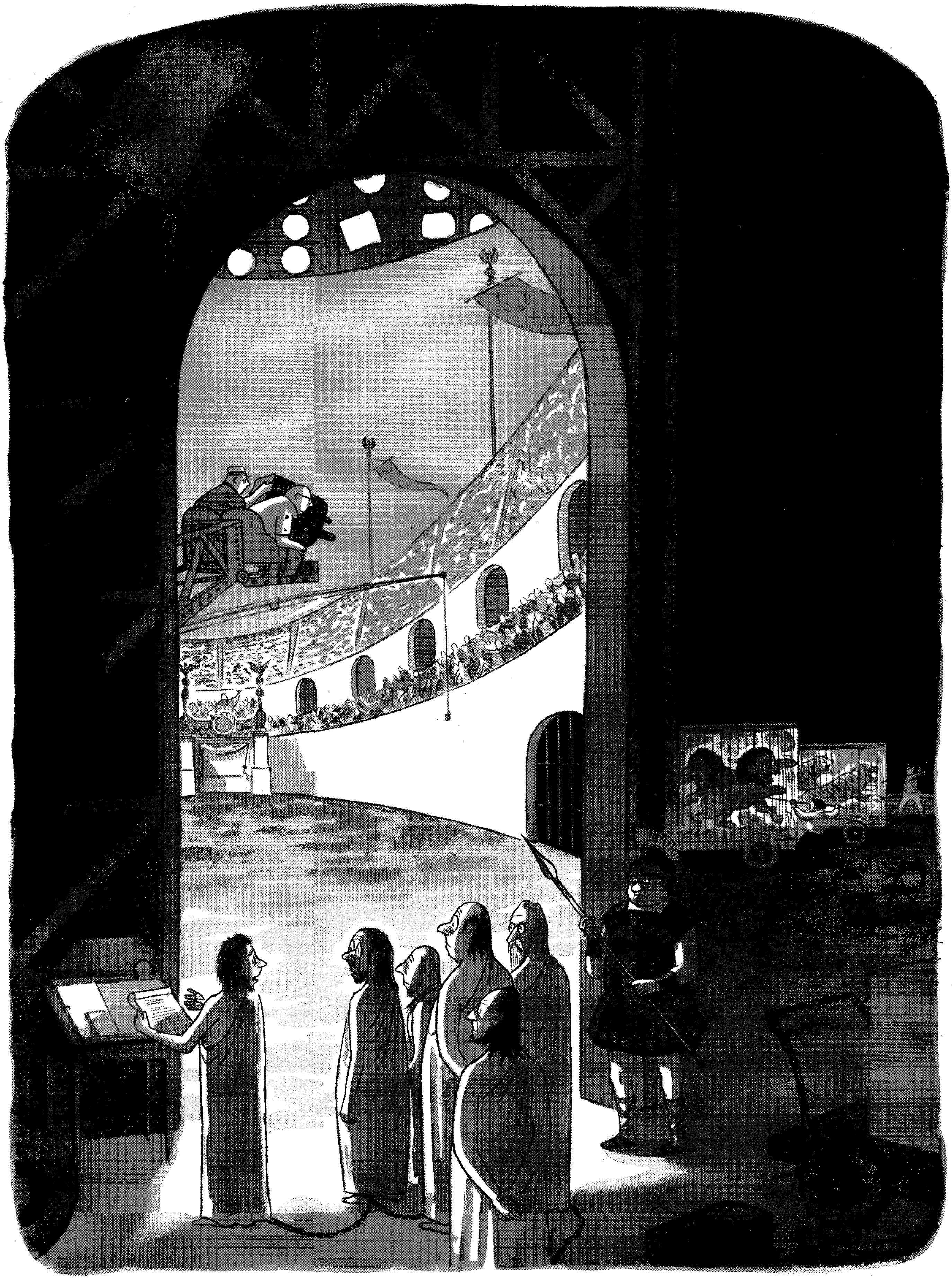
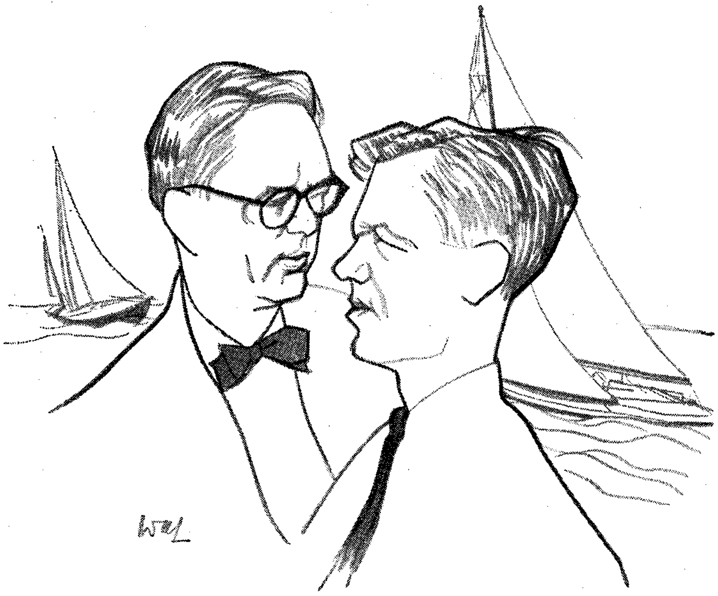


"Holy smoke! Have you guys seen this script?"

PROFILES

UP FROM CORKER—I



Olin and Roderick Stephens

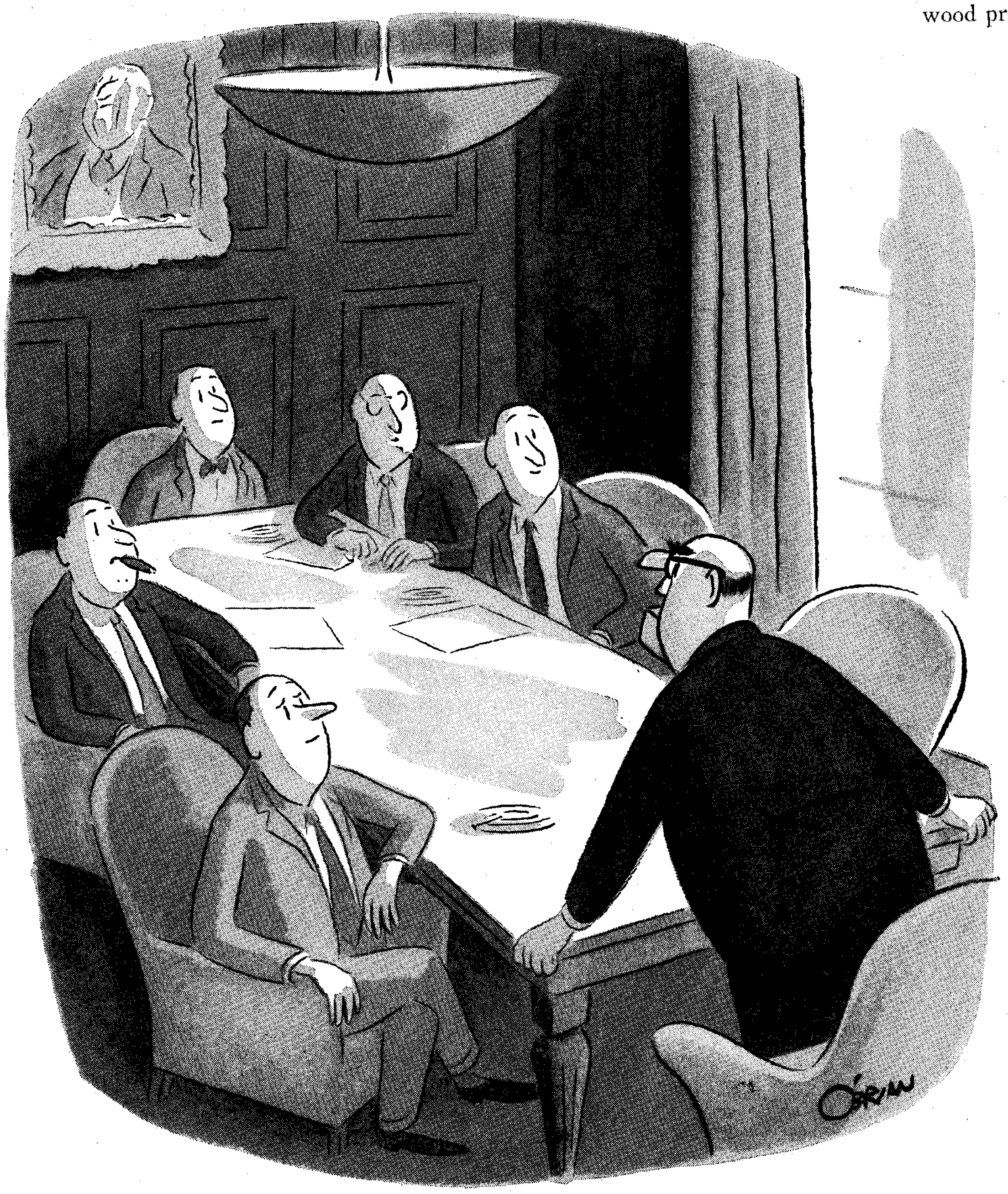
EARLY in the summer of 1920, Roderick Stephens, the president of Olin J. Stephens, Inc., a prosperous coal company in the Bronx, decided that his house in the borough's Mott Haven section was not the ideal place for his family to spend the hot-weather months. Accordingly, he set out with his brood for Cape Cod, where he had rented a cottage on Sandy Neck, a quiet and isolated peninsula that shelters Barnstable Harbor from the open waters to the north. To get the mail and do their shopping, the Stephenses somehow had to get to the town of Yarmouth, which was two miles away in a direct line across the harbor but ten miles away by road—if there had been a road. A boat was clearly a necessity, so Mr. Stephens, whose interests had previously been limited to selling coal and dabbling in Bronx civic affairs, bought a sixteen-foot sloop, named Corker, and a one-horsepower outboard motor, which he assumed would push her along if she got becalmed. Then, one morning, leaving his wife and five-year-old daughter, Marite, behind, he boarded Corker with his two sons—Olin J. II, who was just twelve, and Roderick, Jr., who was not quite eleven—and set sail for Yarmouth. For about an hour, all three delightedly experimented with handling the tiller and sails, and admired Corker's easy progress across the water. Then, without warning, the boat slowed down and came to a halt. They lifted moistened fingers to the wind, waggled the rudder, fiddled with the sails, and poked about with an oar; Corker mutinously refused to budge. The three mariners began to suspect that they were aground, and this suspicion was confirmed when the tide ran all the way out, leaving them high and dry on the broad sand flats of the bay. "Well, boys," Mr. Stephens said cheerfully, "we might as well walk home for lunch and come back for her this evening." So they furled the canvas, took off their shoes and socks, and trudged a mile across the wet sand to their cottage, not in the least humiliated or disgruntled, since they took it for granted that the same sort of thing was always happening to sailors everywhere.

More than once during the days that followed, Stephens and his sons walked home across the sand flats. Then, as they watched the less earthbound maneuverings of other sailboats on the bay, they came to realize that walking home was *not* the usual lot of every sailor, and they took to studying harbor charts and scheduling their trips at hours when the tide would favor them. Moreover, by trial and error they learned a few rudimentary things about handling a small boat so as to make the most of a light or variable wind. Mr. Stephens, who was then thirty-five, resisted any urge to run things himself, and let the boys do practically all the sailing—for the most part lending his weight only to hoist the mainsail. His idea was simply that he didn't want either of his sons to grow up into such a duffer as he had shown himself to be. As it turned out, few fathers have hit upon a happier way of training their offspring. Not only did Stephens' self-effacement enable his sons to leave the duffer class far behind but it determined the careers that both of them have successfully pursued all their adult lives, to the point of becoming just about the best there is in their closely related professions—Olin as the chief designer for Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., a New York firm of naval architects, yacht brokers, and marine-insurance specialists, of which he is also the vice-president, and Roderick as the company's field engineer, who supervises the construction and outfitting of the yachts his brother designs.

AN immediately arresting characteristic of the Stephens brothers—both of whom are married and live in Scarsdale, a good eight miles from the nearest anchorage on the Sound—is that each of them appears to be perfectly suited, physically and temperamentally, to his part in their collaborative enterprise. Olin, now forty-nine, is a man of intellectual inclinations, who wears tortoise-shell glasses, speaks through rather compressed lips, and, in general, has the air of a professor of literature at a small New England college. Roderick, at forty-eight, has the clean-cut facial planes and the narrowed, far-ranging eyes that are part of the conventional concept of the true sportsman; small, firm of muscle, and lean of flank, he is an amiable life-of-the-party whose happiest hours are spent working on or cruising in sailboats. Olin's idea of a perfect morning is one spent at his desk with a slide rule, some graph paper, and a scratch-pad, going over the tryout data of a scale model of a new hull. Roderick's idea of a perfect morning is one spent in blue jeans and a pea jacket at the helm of a boat on a test sail in the waters off City Island, with maybe a couple of opportunities to haul himself up the mast and adjust some flaw in the rigging. It is a combination of talents and traits that has paid off. During the nearly thirty years the brothers have been working together, sailboats bearing the small metal plaques that identify their work have won more than three hundred and fifty major trophies. In all, they have been responsible for about a thousand designs for pleasure craft, most of them sailboats—ranging from dinghies that can just nicely carry four people across an inlet to stately yawls and ketches that can graciously carry a dozen passengers across an ocean—plus a number of power cruisers for clients of a less sporting nature, and they also have a variety of commercial and military vessels to their credit. This year, Sparkman & Stephens (Drake Sparkman, the president of the firm, is in charge of the business side of things) has been commissioned to design thirty-seven sailboats, with a combined value of close to two million dollars, of which the company will receive the naval architect's customary ten per cent. Although this is a good deal less than half of the firm's prospective income for the year, it represents by far the most challenging part of its business.

EVEN under ideal weather conditions, sailboats probably rank second only to the oxcart as the slowest form of transportation employed by man. The swiftest of them (thought to be the shallow-draft bilge-board scows of the Minnesota and Wisconsin lakes) can make no better than twenty knots, or about twenty-three miles an hour—and then not always in the direction intended by their skippers—and many a yachtsman has spent whole weekends making no knots at all within hailing distance of his home port. From this, it might seem that sailboats would rank only one step above oxcarts in arousing the true sportsman's competitive instincts. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. The minute any two yachtsmen board their boats for a quiet sail around the bay, they are almost certain to be overcome by a desire to race. The Stephens brothers have long endeared themselves to their clients not only by providing them with boats that win races but by demonstrating that they themselves share the universal passion for competitive sailing. While some naval architects keep the seats of their trousers dry by resting them firmly on their draftsmen's stools, the Stephenses have always delighted in getting the seats of theirs soaking wet on the spray-swept decks of racing yachts, whether engaged merely in a midafternoon sprint around a nearby buoy in the Sound or in a gruelling transatlantic contest, and their seamanship is so superb that several prominent yacht owners have put off entering major races until they were assured of having at least one of the brothers in their crew.

On deck and in the thick of a race, the Stephenses run true to form; it is almost as if they had been type-cast by an excessively literal-minded Hollywood producer. No matter how acute the crisis of the moment may be, Olin sits calmly at the tiller, quietly calculating the strategic advantages of a starboard tack, perhaps, or pointing out to someone, in the steady voice he preserves even during times of intense inner excitement, the effect of the boat's low resistance characteristics on its ability to go to windward. Roderick, meanwhile, is in ceaseless motion, dashing fore and aft as he shifts the sails in response to every change in the wind, scrambling up into the rigging to scout the surface of the water for signs of a better breeze elsewhere, barking orders like an Ivy League Captain Bligh, and, in general, showing up in the field glasses of rival skippers as the most animated subject on the horizon. Typically, the brothers were in the thick of things during last year's Bermuda Race—the biennial run from Newport to Hamilton Harbor that is the Mille Miglia, the Kentucky Derby, and the Senior Prom of the yachting world, all in one. Olin, whose interest in sailboats is so objective that he prefers not to take on the responsibilities of owning one, went along as second mate aboard Bolero, a celebrated seventy-three-foot trophy-winning yawl he designed shortly after the war for John Nicholas Brown, at that time an Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Roderick



"All in favor say 'Great idea, Chief!'"

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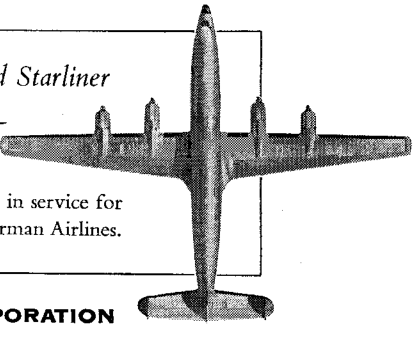

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NEITHER the great depression, which temporarily eliminated the demand for expensive sailing craft, nor the Second World War, which cut off the supply of pleasure boats at the source, appears to have in any degree diminished the atavistic urge that leads men to take to the open water in boats propelled by nothing more dependable than wind and currents. Lloyd's *Register of American Yachts*—an incomplete roster but the generally accepted authority on the subject—listed twenty-eight hundred sailing yachts in 1938 and four thousand last year. These figures are indicative of the change that has come over the sport of yachting since the days when J. P. Morgan is supposed to have said that any man who asks how much it costs to own a yacht can't afford one. They do not, however, even begin to indicate a much more drastic change that has come over the whole sport of sailing since the war: the fact that the increase in the number of sailing yachts has been overshadowed by a far greater increase in the number of smaller sailing craft. The sailing yacht so big that it requires a crew of a dozen paid hands is practically extinct, and the sport is being taken over more and more by enthusiasts of moderate means, who go in for so-called one-design day sailers—small boats built to standard specifications, like the houses in many suburban real-estate developments—which aren't intended to venture far from home, much less stay out overnight. Of the hundred or more major one-design boats in this country, two of the most popular are the Blue Jay, a sturdy thirteen-foot centerboard sloop that Olin designed in 1947, and the Lightning, a spry nineteen-foot centerboarder that he designed in 1939. As far as the Stephens brothers are concerned, the less said about the Lightning the

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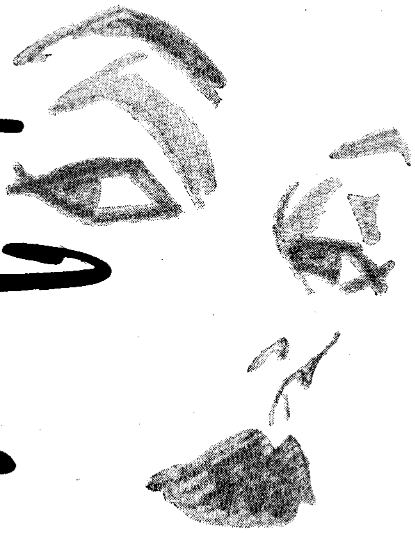

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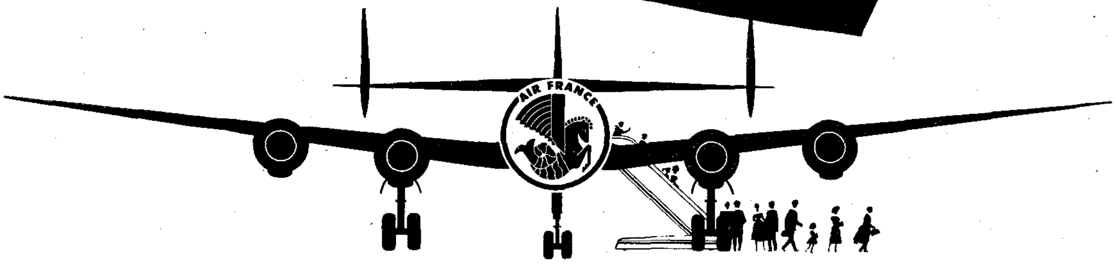

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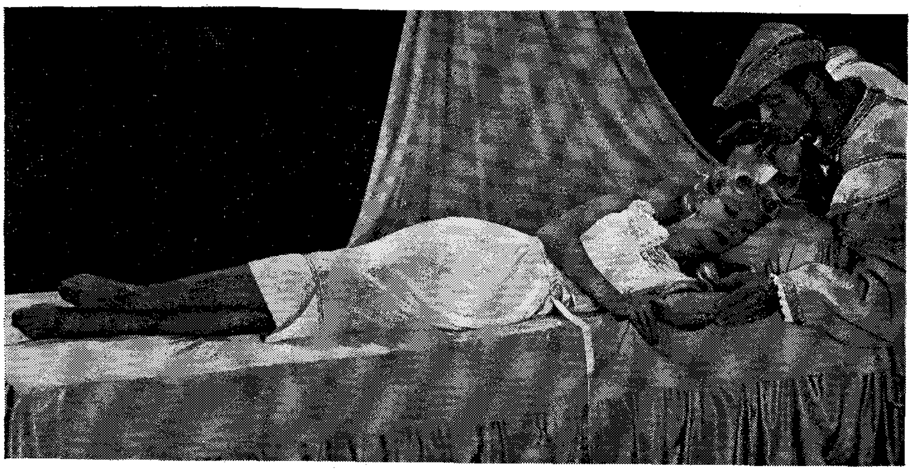

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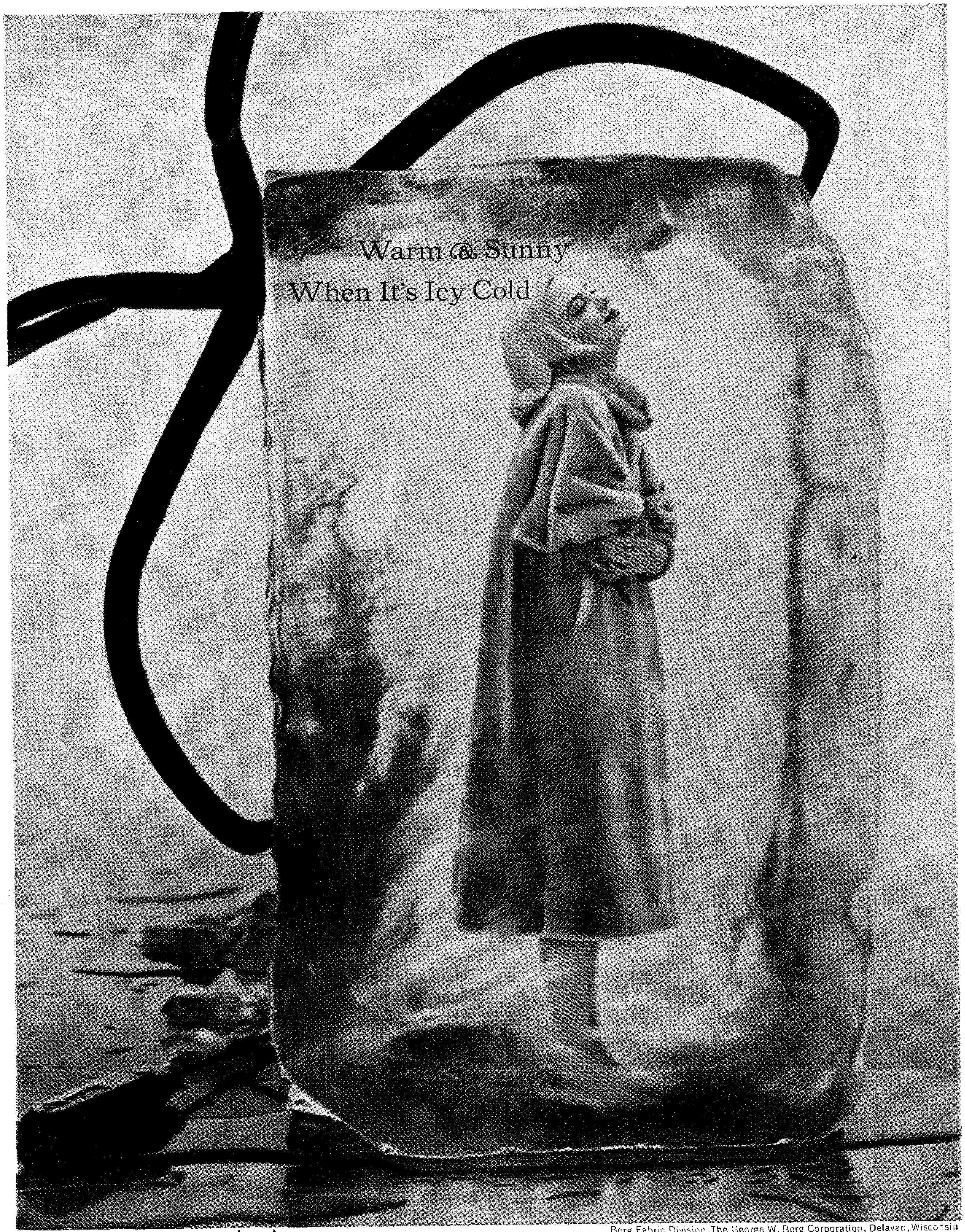
better. This is not because they oppose it as symptomatic of the democratization of sailing, which it conspicuously is, but because Sparkman & Stephens, failing to appreciate the potential size of the market, let the plans go for a few hundred dollars to the Lightning Class Association, a nonprofit outfit made up of Lightning owners all over the world—Italy, Hawaii, Peru, and elsewhere. To date, some sixty-seven hundred Lightnings have been sold, and it does not cheer Sparkman & Stephens to reflect that if the company had held on to the plans and charged its established fifteen-dollar royalty for each Lightning to reach the market, it would by now have realized a little more than a hundred thousand dollars on this design alone.

Since it is impossible to say in advance what sort of inexpensive class boat may strike the public fancy, Sparkman & Stephens prefers to rely for the major part of its sailboat business on well-to-do customers who want yachts, rather than day sailers, and want them designed to suit their individual tastes. Sailing yachts, as a rule, run anywhere from thirty feet up in length, and most of them have at least four bunks, a complete galley, toilet facilities, electric lights, and an auxiliary motor. At present, the average Sparkman & Stephens yacht costs in the vicinity of forty thousand dollars, and one of the company's most recent jobs cost at least seven times that. The brothers decline to identify this boat, but it is common knowledge that one of the biggest and most elaborate yachts they have launched in some time is Laurance Rockefeller's ninety-four-foot ketch Wayfarer, with accommodations for nine passengers and a crew of six. Among other yachtsmen with whom the Stephenses have had cordial and profitable relations are Harold S. Vanderbilt, R. J. Reynolds, Henry S. Morgan, H. B. DuPont, Winthrop Aldrich, Chester Bowles, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., and Stavros Niarchos, the Greek shipowner, who in 1946 commissioned them to refit the hundred-and-three-foot British schooner Eros, which he had recently bought. But it is another sign of the times that Olin and his staff of about a hundred assistants have in recent years also been designing many extremely prosaic vessels, such as tugs, minesweepers, and coastal tankers and freighters—indeed, four-fifths of his staff is regularly assigned to such jobs—and that these are more profitable to his firm than pleasure craft. Although work of this sort scarcely lifts the heart



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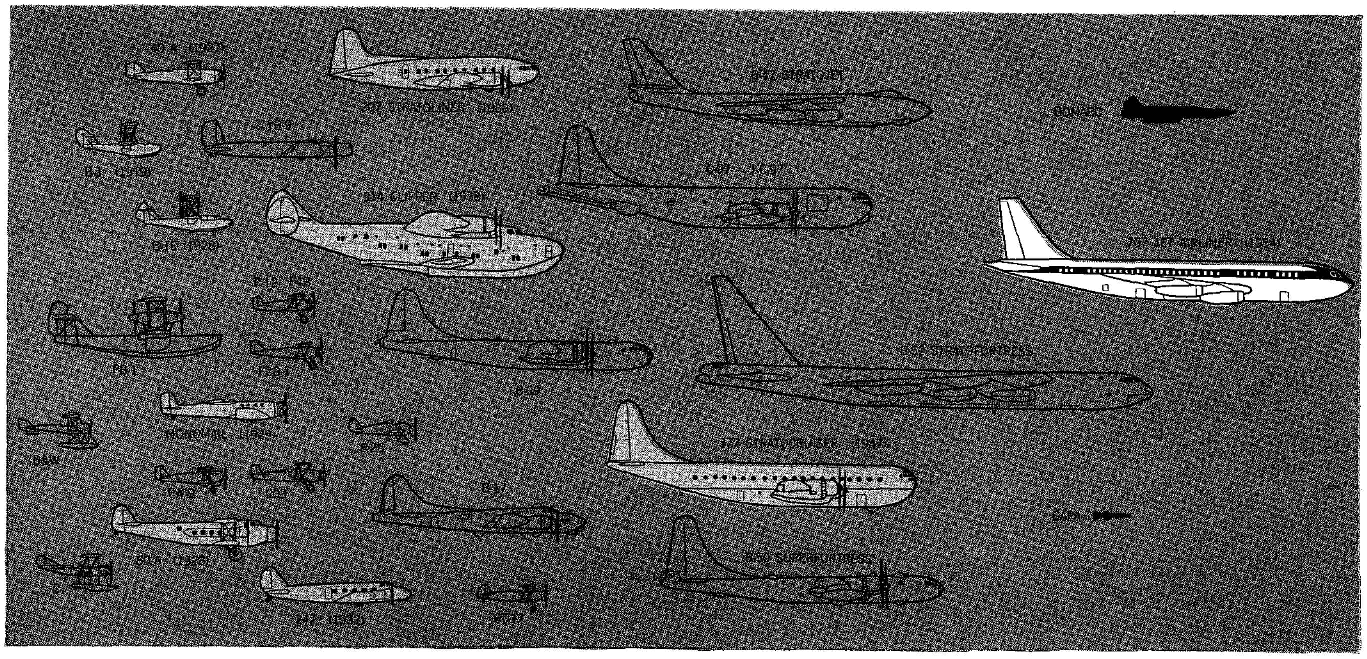
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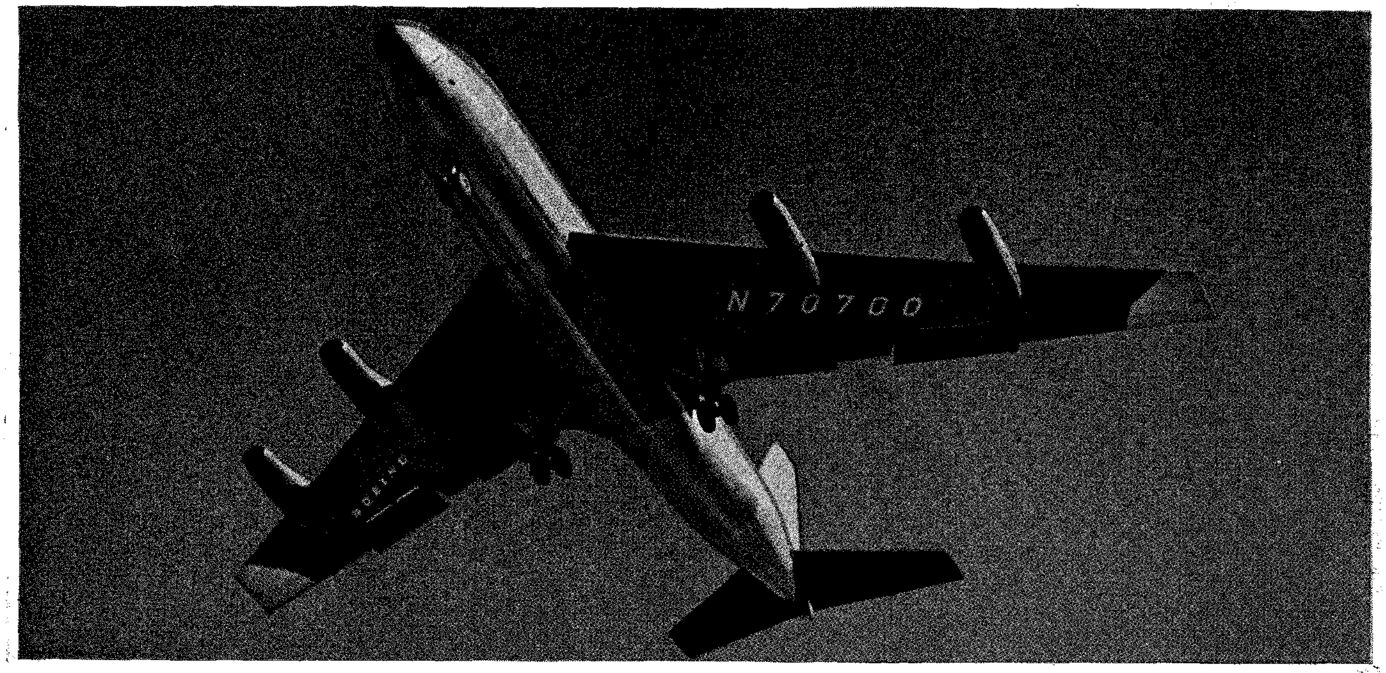
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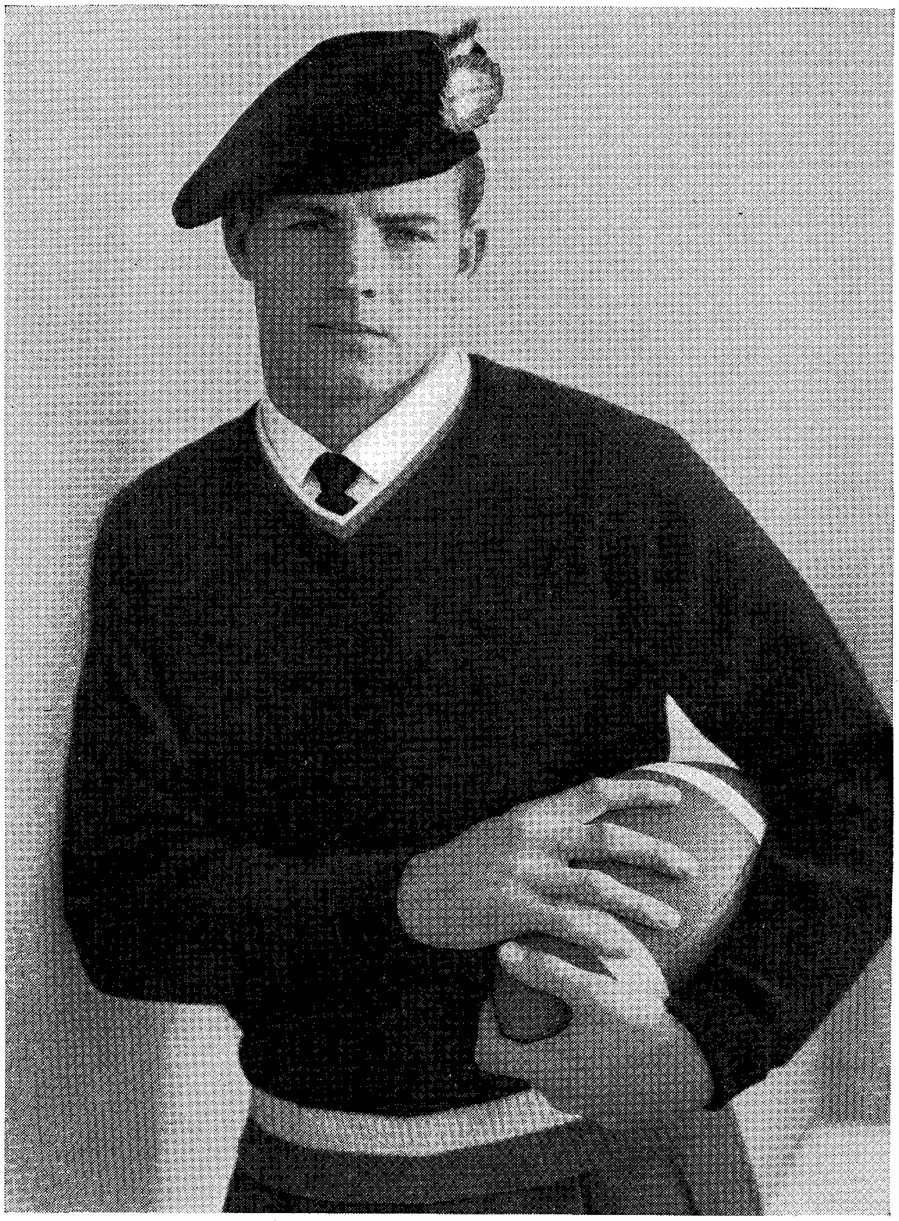
of a confirmed sailboat man, it is a tonic for Sparkman & Stephens accountants; with a total payroll of no more than a hundred and twenty, and with almost no requirements in the way of raw materials, the firm realizes from its combined brokerage, insurance, and designing activities a gross income of around a million dollars a year.

THE season after the family had its enlightening experiences with Corker, the Stephenses returned to Sandy Neck, and Mr. Stephens bought a considerably larger boat—a twenty-six-foot day sailer called Token. The previous summer, Corker's size, the greenness of her crew, and simple prudence had restricted the family's sailing excursions to the waters of Barnstable Harbor, and, for the time being, this had seemed enough—setting out in the morning with a jug of milk and some sandwiches (put up by Mrs. Stephens, who did not care much for sailing and usually stayed home with her small daughter), spending a long, sunny day coasting along the protected shores, stopping on a deserted sandy beach for lunch, and then, perhaps, running home ahead of a late-afternoon thunderstorm and wading ashore browned, bleached, weary, and wholly content. Now, however, the reassuring dimensions of Token and a growing feeling of confidence in their abilities as sailors prompted Stephens and his sons to begin laying plans for something more ambitious—a one-day, forty-mile junket down to Provincetown and back, with not only the whole family aboard but half a dozen friends as well. Actually, they were still rank novices or they never would have taken so many people along. At Mrs. Stephens' insistence, moreover, a local lighthouse-keeper was added to the party at the last minute to act as paid skipper. "All in all, it was just what I've since come to call 'a drowning party,' " Olin said the other day. "There were simply too many bodies and too little boat." Pushed by a favoring wind, Token made the trip to Provincetown well enough, and everybody went ashore and had lunch. Soon after the group started back, however, it became apparent from the look of the sky and the waves that the boat was running into a gathering storm. As the wind and sea began to fling Token about and make her rigging groan, first Mrs. Stephens and then, in increasingly rapid succession, Marite, the guests, Stephens, the lighthouse-keeping captain,



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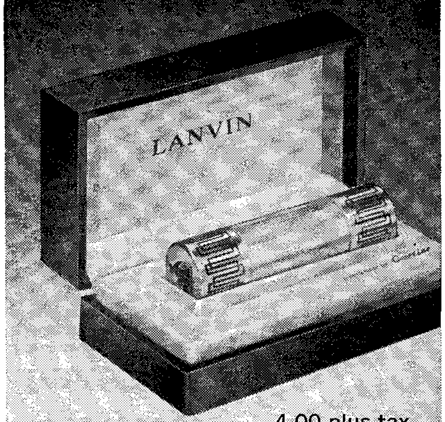

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and the two boys lost their composure. The men reefed the mainsail; then they lowered it altogether and bounced around under the jib alone; finally, buffeted by the wind and the waves and getting nowhere, they dropped the jib, wildly flagged a fishing boat, and were towed in disgrace back to Provincetown. It was a day rich in lessons, and neither of the Stephens brothers has ever had to be towed into port again.

As one summer followed another, the Stephenses discovered that sailing, like most other addictions, demands ever more intensive, and expensive, indulgence. In 1922, Mr. Stephens joined the American Yacht Club, at Rye, and bought his first yacht—a little yawl, no longer than Token but equipped with a cabin, bunks for four, and a galley. He and his sons took possession of the boat at Riverton, New Jersey, on the Delaware River, and spent three days sailing her to their home waters in the Sound; it was their initial exposure to the kind of existence that enchants the sailing yachtsman—whole days and nights afloat, free from ordinary cares, and without even the need to put in to shore for refuelling. Back home, the boys and their father pored over Coast and Geodetic Survey charts in preparation for week-long cruises, and soon they were navigating the Sound from end to end. In 1924, Mr. Stephens moved on to a very heavy ketch that was marvellously stable but discouragingly slow; then, in succeeding summers, he switched to a light cruising sloop, to a neat, swift schooner, and to a volatile six-metre racing boat. By the time the boys were out of their teens, they had had some experience with almost the entire range of modern sailing craft. Their father had progressed reasonably well, too, and though he referred to himself as just an extra hand, they had taught him carefully, and sometimes even let him take over the tiller. He acquired the durable tan of a seasoned yachtsman, and his friends in the Bronx began to feel that he had permanently turned his back on coal.

Almost from the very start, the Stephens brothers approached sailing in conspicuously different ways. Olin, doodling in his textbooks at school, filled their margins with scribbled sketches of yachts, and he had a tendency to pass up his homework in favor of books and magazine articles about boat design; Roderick preferred to build working models and sail them in ponds. Aboard the family boat, Olin had the cooler head and showed the better judgment as a navigator and racing tactician, while his brother, far more physically adept, became singularly skillful at trimming the sails—the fine art of constantly readjusting the canvas so as to get the most drive out of every fugitive breeze. In a momentous discussion that the brothers held while they were in their middle teens, it was formally agreed that thenceforth, instead of taking turns, as they had been doing, Olin would be the skipper at all times and Roderick the first mate. "After that, I got more fun out of sailing, because I was always on the move, busy with the sails," Roderick has recalled. "And Olin liked it more, too—sitting at the tiller and running things. When I finally got a boat of my own—nearly twenty years later—and first raced her to Bermuda, Olin came along and I made him the skipper. I wish I could do that more often."

AS far as the Stephenses are aware, they have no nautical heritage other than that provided by their paternal grandfather, Olin J. Stephens, who once won the national single-scull championship on the Harlem River. Not long afterward, he put down his oars and joined his father's coal company, which at one time was the second-largest in the city and which remained in the family until 1929, when Roderick Stephens, Sr., sold it. Both Olin II and Roderick, Jr., were born in their parents' Colonial-style house in Mott Haven—Olin in April, 1908, and Roderick in August of the following year. In 1913, the family moved to Scarsdale, and both boys went to school there. By the time Olin was eighteen, it was quite clear that neither he nor his brother was going to join the family's coal business. Before graduating from high school, in the spring of 1926, Olin, at his parents' urging, went up to M.I.T. to look over its well-known department of naval architecture. He soon began to suspect that practical experience at the tiller was probably worth more than formal instruction, and his suspicion was reinforced when a professor who interviewed him showed him some plans he had drawn up for an ocean-racing sloop; as Olin studied its lines, he felt instinctively that it would move with all the fleetness of a garbage scow. Nevertheless, again to oblige his parents, he entered M.I.T. that fall. In the spring of his freshman year, he came down with an attack of jaundice, went home to recuperate, and, on regaining his strength, announced firmly that he was not going back. He put in a few months studying drafting, trigonome-

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures.
John Milton

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try, and boat design on his own, and then got a job in the office of Henry J. Gielow, a New York naval architect, where he was assigned to make tracings of diesel powerboats. This was such a sordid chore for a lover of sail that he almost at once began casting about for something more to his liking, and he soon found it—a position as a draftsman in the office of Philip L. Rhodes, an outstanding sailboat designer, who now ranks as one of the Stephens brothers' few serious rivals.

At the age of nineteen, barely a year after forsaking M.I.T., Olin made his profession's equivalent of a Town Hall début when the authoritative magazine *Yachting* published a design of his for a six-metre sloop. The significance of this achievement was not lost on his father, who, however his interest in coal may have dwindled, had not lost any of his business shrewdness. One day in the summer of 1928, after allowing time for the achievement to sink in, he invited Drake Sparkman, a young acquaintance of his who was already a successful yacht broker, to lunch with him and Olin at the Larchmont Yacht Club. Sparkman, who had been in business for about a year, had decided to expand into naval architecture and was looking for a designer. As Mr. Stephens had hoped, Sparkman had seen Olin's design in *Yachting* and had been suitably impressed; moreover, in various yacht clubs on both sides of the Sound he had heard reports of the youth's rare abilities as a sailor. Now he was surprised, though by no means unfavorably, to find that this youthful salt was not a hearty extrovert but a rather reserved fellow with a decidedly studious look about him. Although no boat designed by Olin had yet been built, Sparkman, relying largely on intuition, offered him an informal partnership, with the understanding that if things went well it would become a formal one in a little over a year, when Olin came of age.

Sparkman installed his new designer at a drafting table in a corner of his own office, at 11 East Forty-fourth Street (he still conducts the firm's brokerage business there, but Olin and his staff now occupy a floor and a half of the building at 79 Madison Avenue), and then set about scaring up something for him to design. Hearing that the Junior Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound was thinking of ordering a class boat for its teen-age members, he approached one of its officials and said, "I understand you want a junior boat. Well, then, why not

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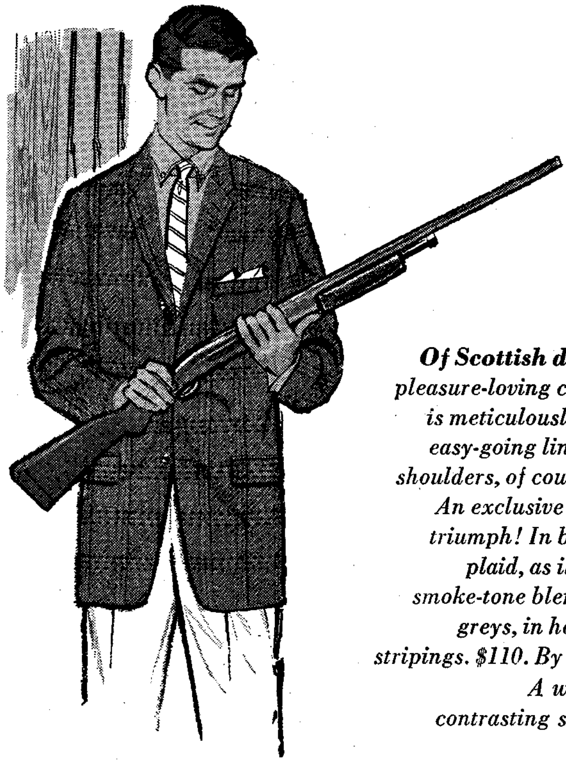

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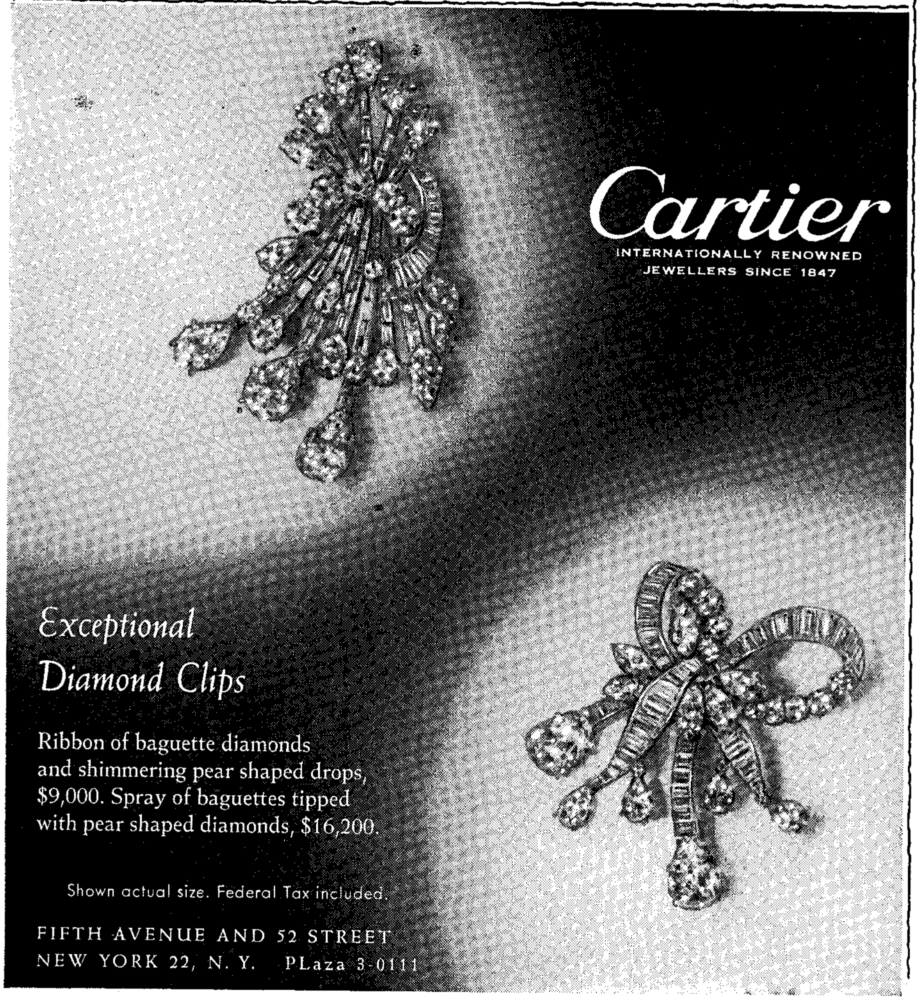

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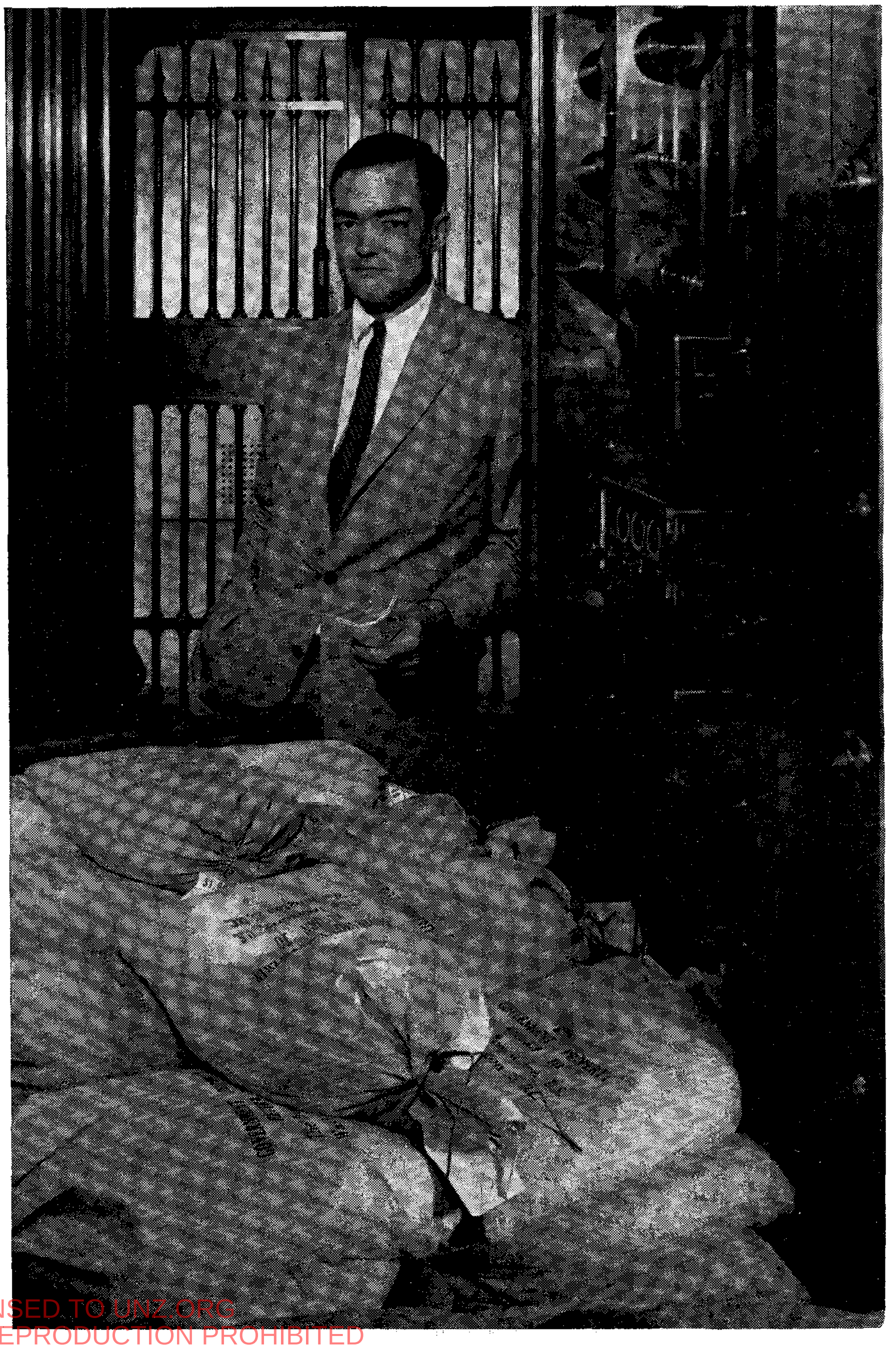

Arnold Newman

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Edwin L. Dale, Jr., has been keeping a sharp eye on economic curves for the past ten years. He started while writing editorials for the Worcester (Mass.) Evening Gazette. Before that he had spent a year "covering the Boy Scouts, the railroads, and the local bus company."

Before economic curves attracted him, Ed Dale had been interested in other curves. He played baseball at The Hill School in Pottstown, Pa., majored in history at Yale, saw service as a Lieut. (j.g.) on a destroyer in the Pacific during the war.

After his first year at Worcester, his publisher had a hunch. Too many old fogies writing editorials, he said. Let's try young Dale. Young Dale tried out fine. Three years later he was in Washington as economics reporter for The New York Herald Tribune. In 1955 he came to The New York Times.

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The New York Times

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

have it designed by a real junior? I've got a partner who's still not old enough to vote." The argument struck the official as a remarkably cogent one. Olin designed a twenty-one-foot sloop for the Association, and the Juniors ordered about twenty, some of which are still beating around Manhasset Bay. The persuasive Sparkman next talked a Stamford businessman named Arthur P. Hatch into a much bigger deal for Olin—a commission to design a small cruising sloop. Since this was to cost something like thirty-five hundred dollars and Olin was still little more than a novice, Sparkman would seem to have brought off a miracle of salesmanship, though the fact that Hatch was a close friend of his could have had something to do with it. In any event, the sloop, later christened Kalmia, took shape on Olin's board during the winter of 1928-29, slid down the ways in the spring, and delighted Hatch in every particular—not least by winning in her class in that season's Gibson Island Race, from New London to Gibson Island, Maryland. Sparkman breathed a great sigh, and drew up papers making the firm a corporation and Olin its vice-president.

Still, the Sparkman magic obviously couldn't work every day, and Olin sometimes found things slow at his drafting table. To design Kalmia, which required more than the Forty-fourth Street office could provide, he had rented space in the drafting room of the late Henry B. Nevins' well-known City Island boatyard, and now he began doing some odd-job drafting for Nevins in his slack periods. Roderick, who had entered Cornell in the fall of 1928, spent the summer vacation of his

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freshman year hanging around Olin's City Island retreat and rubbernecking in the boatyard. There he met Nevins, who liked him and offered to take him in and teach him the boatbuilding business from the keel up. After that, Cornell never had a chance. Roderick served an apprenticeship in every department of the yard, from the mold loft, where hulls were given their basic shapes, to the rigging department, where stays, halyards, and sail-handling gear were made up. Soon he was well on his way to becoming a highly qualified boatbuilder.

BOTH brothers might long have remained professionally landbound had it not been for their father, who again was taking a shrewd view of the future. Off and on for years, he and his sons had been comparing ideas for the perfect ocean-racing yacht, and the composite mental picture they had evolved was of a light, sleek, fine-lined yawl—a craft brashly different from the heavy, lumbering deepwater sailboats, justly known as "modified fishermen," that were then in vogue. In the fall of 1929, in an inspired attempt to establish Olin almost overnight as a leader in his field, Mr. Stephens, with cavalier disregard for the crumbling stock market, proposed to underwrite the cost of such a boat from designs drawn up by his son. When all the bills resulting from this proposal were in, they added up to twenty-eight thousand dollars—a very substantial sum of money to risk in those pinched times, but one that, for several reasons, Mr. Stephens has never regretted spending.

The most attractive bid for the job of building the yawl was submitted by the Minneford Yacht Yard, on City Island—especially since the management allowed Roderick to act as general foreman. Taking a leave of absence from the Nevins yard, he personally supervised even the most minute details of the boat's construction, watching as each plank, each keelbolt, each screw went into the hull. The vessel, named Dorade, slid down the ways in the spring of 1930, with all three Stephenses tensely looking on, and disconcertingly settled three inches deeper in the water than the waterline Olin had figured on. Today, such a miscalculation would deeply distress him, but he was not then the experienced perfectionist he is now, and he simply rectified his error by having a new waterline painted three inches higher on the hull.

Dorade was fifty-two feet long over

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all and thirty-nine at her self-designated waterline, but yachtsmen forgot about statistics when they caught a glimpse of her, for she was breathtakingly slender and obviously very light. By all the existing standards of ocean racing, she should have been dangerous to sail in rough weather. Olin thought otherwise, believing that the yacht's slimness, which he had counterbalanced with a deep keel, would enable her to knife effortlessly through the waves, instead of pounding against them, as the heavy, broad-beamed ocean racers of the period did. And this, he was convinced, would make her at least as safe as her contemporaries—and a lot faster.

Sailing Dorade here and there about the Sound, the three Stephenses were well satisfied with her performance; admittedly, she was a trifle "tender," or quick to heel over, in a blow, but she was by far the most high-spirited and beautifully balanced boat they'd ever handled. In June, they took six friends aboard as crew and entered the Bermuda Race—their first attempt at deep-water competition. Setting out in the midst of a tightly packed fleet of forty-two starters, they sailed Dorade for all she was worth, and four days later, after struggling through some rough seas and suffering a setback when a navigational error, the result of a broken sextant, led them off course, they overtook seven rivals in the final hours of the race, to reach St. David's Head in sixth place chronologically and in third place on corrected time. Veteran yachtsmen were astonished and respectful. A writer in the magazine *Boats* predicted that Dorade's performance in the heavy weather and her showing at the finish would soon "alter the whole concept of the ocean racer and make a profound change in the face of the sailing world of her time."

A year later, in the summer of 1931, the three Stephenses really came into their own, achieving international renown in sailing and nonsailing circles alike when—this time assisted by four additional crew members, all of them in their twenties—they won a transatlantic race with Dorade. Arranged by the Cruising Club of America and the Royal Ocean Racing Club of England, the race got under way on the Fourth of July, with Newport as the starting point and Plymouth as the finish; ten boats were entered, and Dorade was the third-smallest and seemingly the least sturdy of the lot. Olin, as Dorade's skipper, ignored the tactics of his rivals, who headed at once for the beneficial current of the Gulf Stream, and chose a shorter route to the north, notwithstanding the hazards of rough weather and ice. No ice appeared, but fog, high seas, and strong winds made the crossing a strenuous one. What with the grinding physical labor and the incessant day-and-night anxiety as the hard-driven boat strained and shuddered along—plunging forward or rolling sidewise to bury her bow or boom-end in a wave—through dark waters that might at any minute crush them against an iceberg, the crew had a sufficiently rugged time of it during the seventeen days of the trip.

Early in the evening of the seventeenth day out of Newport, Dorade crossed the finish line off Plymouth Breakwater. No one was on hand to greet her, and the crew felt rather let down, but before long the official reception committee put out from shore and came aboard with the explanation for the tardy welcome: Dorade had completed the race so far ahead of the expected arrival of any of the contestants that nobody was prepared for the occasion. It was indeed a stunning victory. Dorade had a handicap of forty-six hours over the largest entry, Landfall, which was the second boat to arrive, reaching Plymouth Harbor two days later. On corrected time, Dorade beat Landfall by nearly four days, and she eventually proved to have soundly whipped all the other contestants, including boats with greater handicaps than her own. Newspaper editors in the United States, delighted to be able to vary the dreary diet of depression news they had been feeding their readers, played up the story of Dorade and her predominantly youthful crew. And no newspaper took greater pride in the accomplishment than the Bronx *Home News*, which, with pardonable chauvinism, declared in an editorial, "It shows that not only is Dorade as good a sailing ship as there is afloat, but that in the Stephens family the Bronx has three expert seamen."

The crew of Dorade stayed on in England long enough to win the Fastnet Race, one of Britain's most illustrious sailing events—six hundred miles from Plymouth to Fastnet Rock, off the southern coast of Ireland, and back—and then, after crating the yawl for shipment home, boarded the White Star Line's Homeric for New York. The liner arrived here on September 2nd, and was met at Quarantine by a flotilla consisting of the city's official greeting launch, Macom, with a reception committee from City Hall aboard; a Navy

The story behind the news—told by Ernest R. Breech, Chairman of the Board, and Henry Ford II, President, Ford Motor Company

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TURN PAGE

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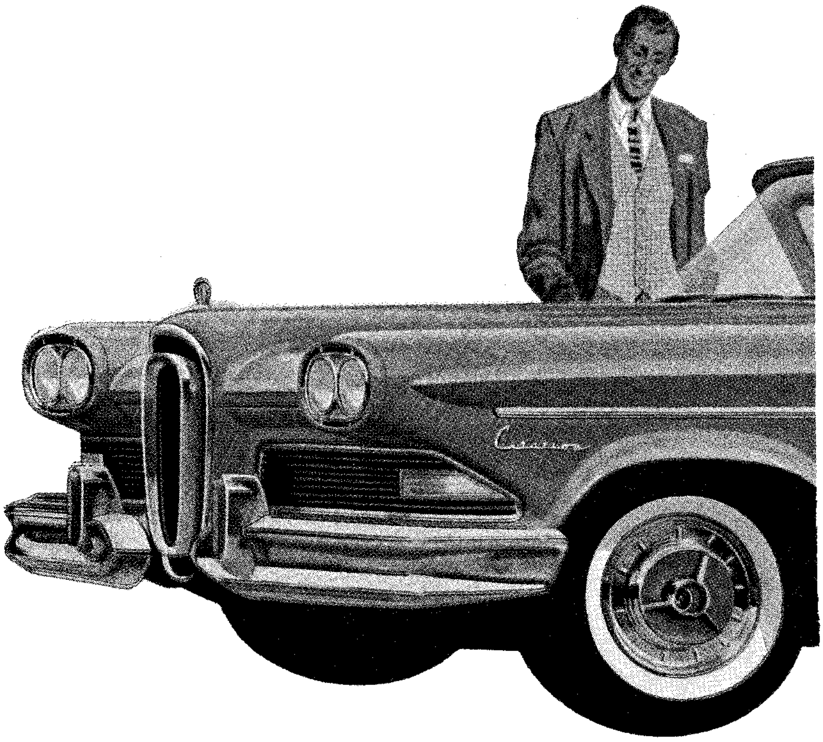

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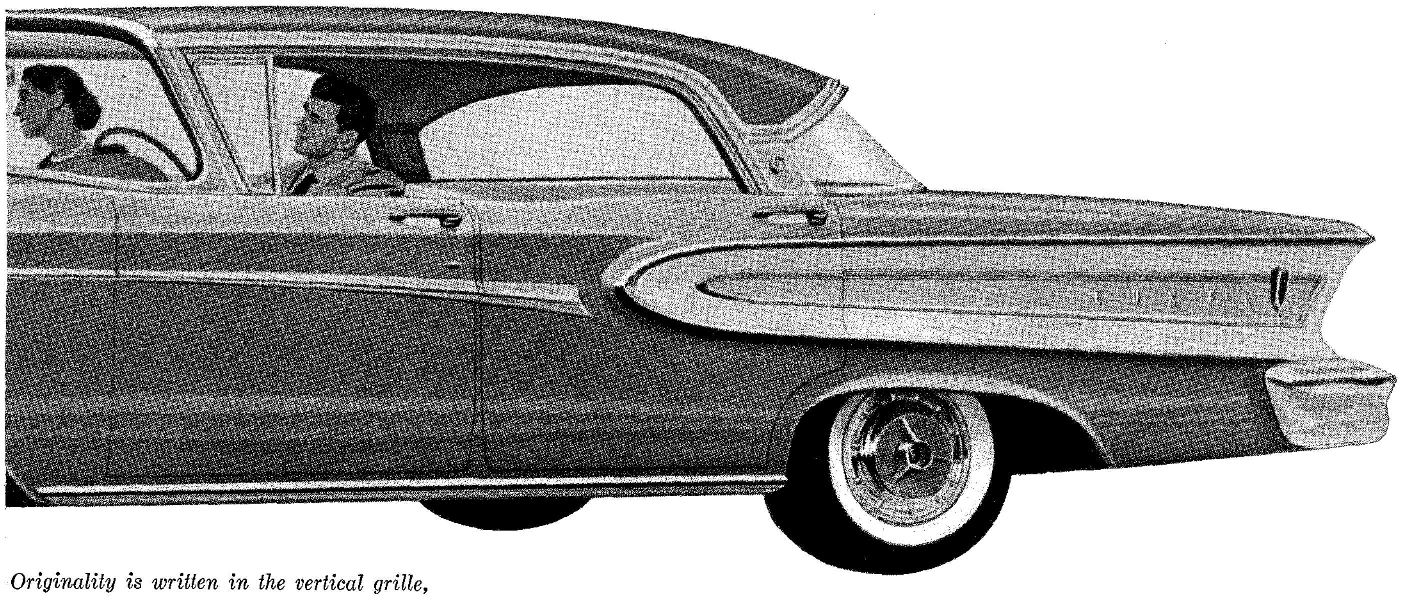

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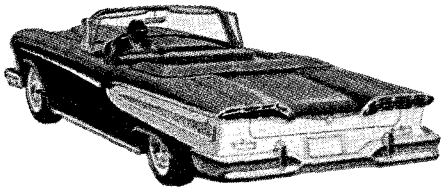

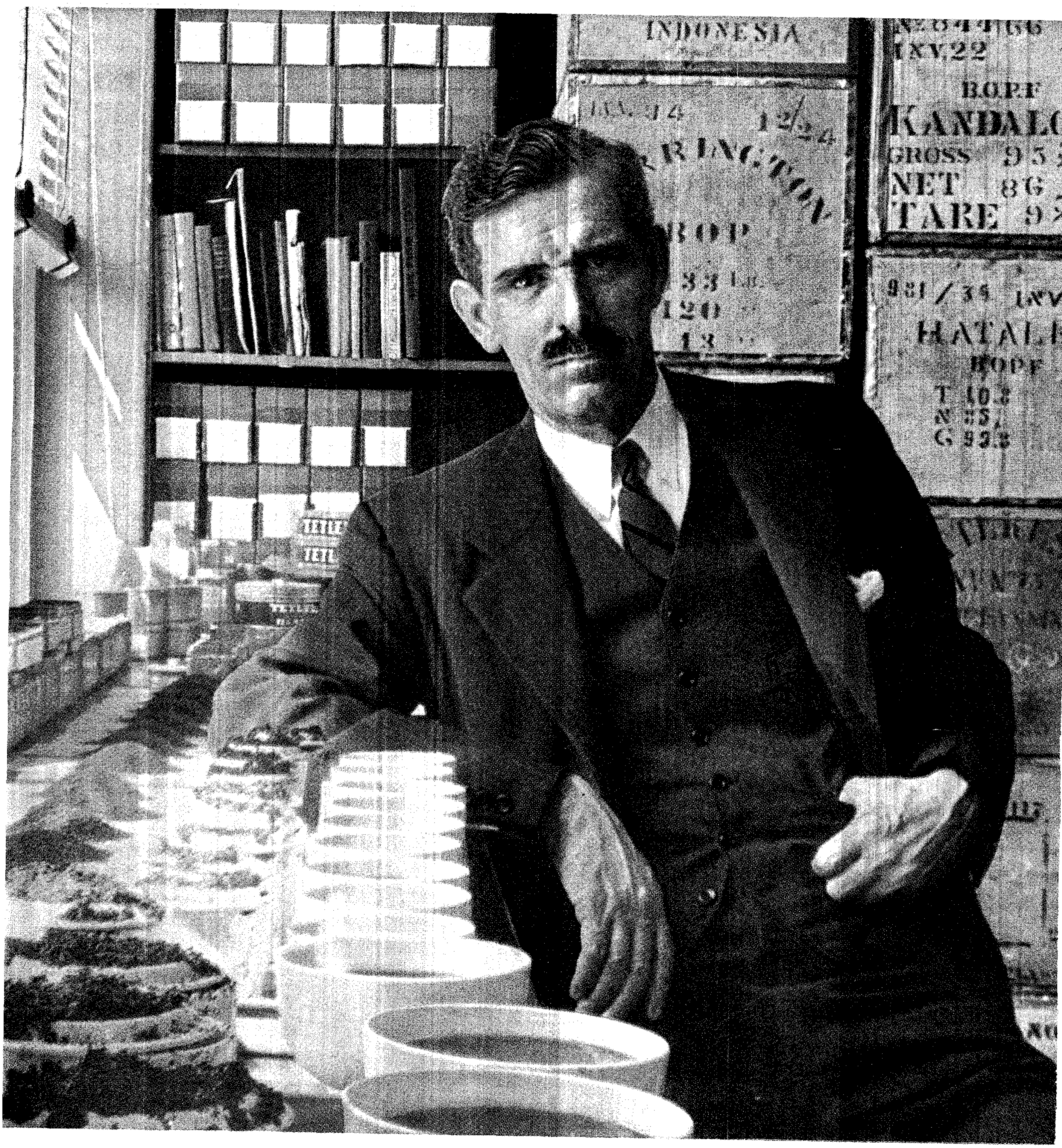

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tug with the Department of Sanitation band blaring away on its deck; several police launches; a fireboat; and a hired tug flying large banners emblazoned with the message "Welcome Rod Stephens—N.Y. Coal Dealers." The Dorade's crew were transferred to the Macom and taken to the Battery, and then, in open touring cars pelted by ticker tape, up Broadway to City Hall, where they were welcomed by Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee. Speaking for Mayor James J. Walker, who was away somewhere at the moment, McKee pointed out that the boat in which Columbus crossed the Atlantic was twice as big as Dorade. Later on, the Bronx staged a reception for the crew that made the Manhattan ceremonies seem pallid.

The elder Stephens did not have to wait long for assurance that his investment in Olin's career was a sound one. Even in 1932, when there was barely a ripple in the yacht market, the young designer was kept moderately busy. His biggest job that year was to design a ninety-thousand-dollar schooner, called Brilliant, for Walter Barnum—a project that at least paid the rent of the Sparkman & Stephens office. The following year, business began coming in with a rush. Olin was called on to design an eleven-foot class-boat sailing dinghy for the junior members of the Larchmont Yacht Club; a yawl, Stormy Weather, along the lines of Dorade, for Philip Le Boutillier, the president of Best & Co.; and seven other sailboats, including a seventy-foot yawl, for various affluent individuals. With no trouble at all, Olin induced his brother to give up his job at the Nevins yard and join him as S. & S.'s field engineer—an assignment that soon proved to be no sinecure, for by the early summer of 1934 no fewer than twenty boats designed by the firm were under construction, in half a dozen yards up and down the Atlantic seaboard. Meanwhile, the brothers' sailing exploits were continuing to publicize the firm's name effectively. (A fellow-yachtsman once testily accused them of being mere "ocean-racing jockeys—professionals in the game for the money," but he may have been merely expressing a loser's viewpoint.) Together, they raced Dorade to Bermuda in 1932, and took first honors in her class; in 1933, Roderick sailed the boat to England, won another Fastnet trophy, and proceeded to bring her home in twenty-one days, an exceptional westward passage for so small a vessel; and two years later he skippered Stormy Weather in another

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transatlantic race, winning easily, then mopped up a third Fastnet Race, and sailed home—his fifth transatlantic crossing under canvas.

IN 1934, the conservative yachting periodical *Rudder* called the twenty-six-year-old Olin "one of America's outstanding yacht designers," and added, "The day does not appear far distant when he will be called in to create a defender, or, mayhap, a challenger, for the America's Cup, the dream of every naval architect." As usual, *Rudder* had not gone out on a limb. One day in August, 1936, Harold S. Vanderbilt, the outstanding American big-boat sailor of his time, got Olin on the telephone and, after telling him that the New York Yacht Club had received a challenge for the America's Cup from the Royal Yacht Squadron, of Cowes, asked if he would be willing to collaborate with the well-known naval architect W. Starling Burgess in designing a yacht to defend the celebrated trophy.

More money has probably been spent by British and American yachtsmen in the course of their century-long rivalry for possession of the ugly baroque silver pitcher, worth about five hundred dollars, that is known as the America's Cup than on any other competitive sailing fixture. The whole thing started in 1851, when, before the eyes of Queen Victoria, America, a schooner belonging to a New York Yacht Club syndicate headed by John C. Stevens, won a sixty-mile race, open to all classes of yachts from all nations, around the Isle of Wight. The trophy was put up by the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, and at irregular intervals during the ensuing hundred and six years British challengers have tried fourteen times, with no success, to return it to their country. America's Cup races in recent decades have been nothing like the come-one-come-all affair at which Victoria was a mortified spectator. For one thing, they are held on this side of the Atlantic. For another, only two yachts—one of them representing the United States and the other the challenging club—compete, and they are built according to certain agreed-on specifications. (In recent races, for instance, their waterline length has been limited to eighty-seven feet.) Usually, a few of these racers, known as J-boats, are built in each country before a race, and the best one is chosen as the contender. J-boats—truly beautiful creations, with their long, graceful hulls and their towering masts and

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PHIL HARRINGTON, LOOK, APRIL 16, 1957

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DOUG JONES, LOOK, AUGUST 6, 1957

thousands of square feet of sail—are the most costly of sailing craft to build and maintain. (Sir Thomas Lipton, the English tea merchant, is commonly supposed to have spent an average of a million dollars apiece on his five fruitless attempts to recapture the Cup.) But as a rule their hour of glory is brief, for they are planned with just one end in view, and most of them become obsolescent after one Cup race and are retired in favor of something of even more refined design.

At the time Vanderbilt called up Olin, he had already defended the America's Cup twice, in 1930 and 1934, with yachts designed by Burgess. Faced now with the challenge of a new boat—Endeavour II, owned and sailed by T. O. M. Sopwith, the British airplane manufacturer—he wanted the best and most original brains he could get to design a defender, and the most adept sailors he could get to handle her. Having seen the Stephens brothers in action, he strongly implied to Olin that, as part of the deal, he and Roderick must consent to serve on the crew. Olin hardly had to consult his brother before accepting.

Olin and Burgess agreed to design two hulls each, then test five-foot models of all of them in a tank and determine which of the four to concentrate on. The tests were conducted over a period of six weeks in the fall of 1936, and when, at length, the collaborators made their choice (they had a gentlemen's agreement not to disclose which of them had designed the hull they favored), they both settled down to an arduous period of working out refinements and pondering the multitude of detailed structural problems they would have to solve if the finished yacht were ever to sail as they wanted her to. Simultaneously, Roderick set about working up a deck plan, plotting the location of winches, cleats, blocks and leads, and other parts of the rigging; the sail-handling gear, which had been either invented outright or drastically adapted from existing types, was so extraordinary that veteran yachtsmen, studying a model of the finished boat on display in a showcase at the New York Yacht Club, are still astonished by it. The hull of Ranger, as the yacht was called, cost Vanderbilt about a hundred and forty thousand dollars; two masts (the first one carried away in a storm) cost him eighteen thousand apiece; and the expense of new sails and the salaries of a largely professional crew before and during the race has been put at an additional hundred thousand. Vanderbilt

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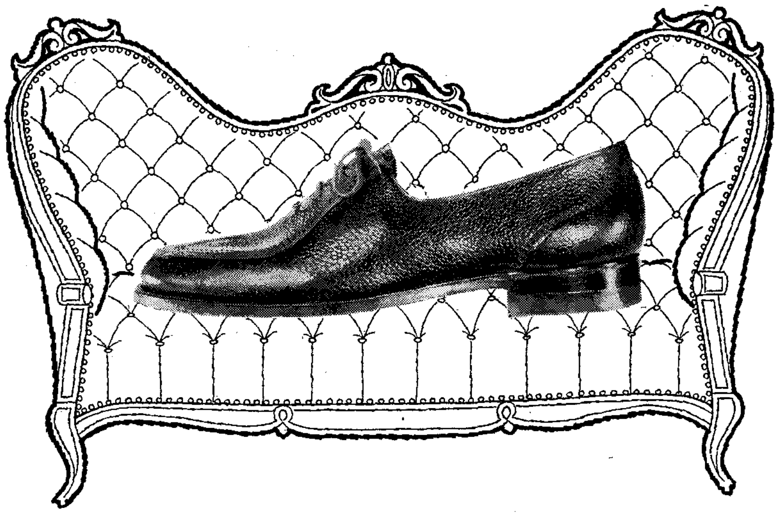

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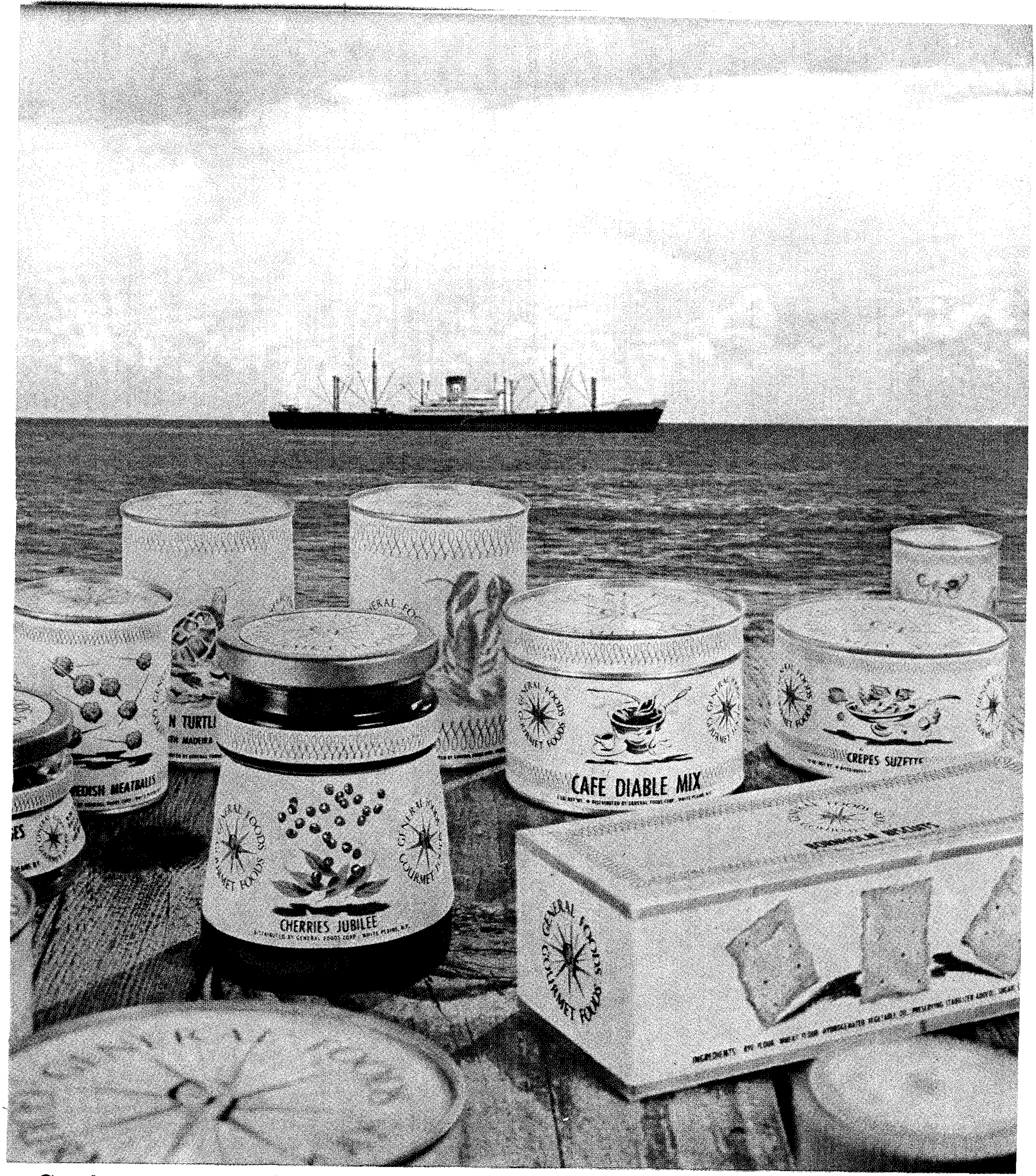
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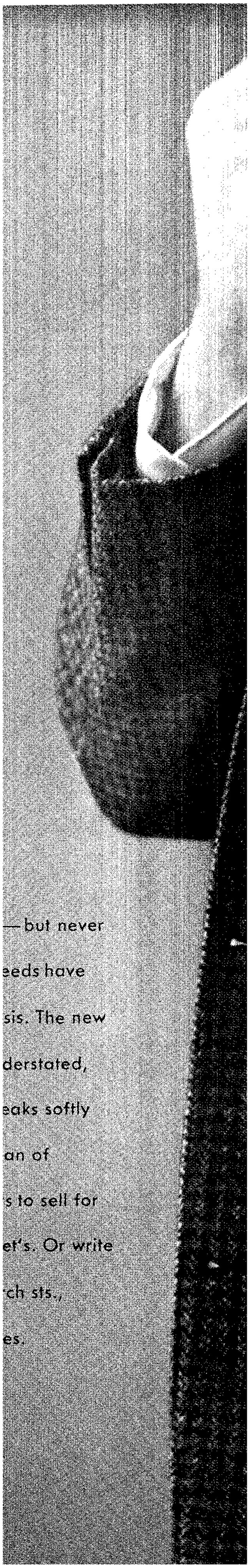

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sailed Ranger only one season (she was then laid up, and in 1941 was finally junked for scrap), and someone has estimated that she cost him twenty thousand dollars an hour to operate as a Cup defender.

Ranger's hull—a slender steel one, a hundred and thirty-five feet long over all and weighing a hundred and sixty-six tons—slid into the Kennebec River at the Bath Iron Works, in Maine, on May 11th, to the cheers of several thousand spectators, including the Governor of the State. Both Stephens brothers spent most of the summer aboard the vessel—tuning her up in practice runs, racing her in preliminary trials against two other J-boats, Rainbow and Yankee, that were candidates for the privilege of taking on Sopwith, and, at last, after she had easily beaten them, racing her in the big event itself. The brothers were among the six amateur members of the crew. Roderick was in charge of the yacht's complement of twenty-six paid hands, who provided the beef when it came to setting and trimming Ranger's vast expanse of sail, and Olin was reserve helmsman, spelling Vanderbilt at the wheel and alternating with him as chairman of Ranger's Committee on Tactics. Earnest and unobtrusive, he hardly moved from the afterdeck all summer long, staring intently this way and that through spray-fogged eyeglasses as he prepared for every conceivable contingency. He might, for example, spend a whole afternoon plotting how, in a given set of circumstances, he could "blanket," or "backwind," another vessel—racing maneuvers that call for an almost reptilian combination of patience and cunning. "Whenever there was an obvious move to make that summer, at least four people would immediately point it out to Vanderbilt," Roderick said not long ago. "If nobody was sure what to do next, Olin would tell Vanderbilt what he thought was the best bet, and he almost always turned out to be right." As for Roderick himself, as supervisor of the paid crew, he was responsible for seeing to it that the headsails and spinnakers—adding up to more than a hundred thousand square feet of canvas—were broken out and set with split-second precision. He also had to keep a constant check on the myriad mechanical contrivances, from the bilges to the masthead. Wearing scarlet breeches, with an assortment of tools flapping from a belt around his waist, he seemed to be everywhere at once.

The Cup match was to be decided on the basis of four out of seven thirty-mile

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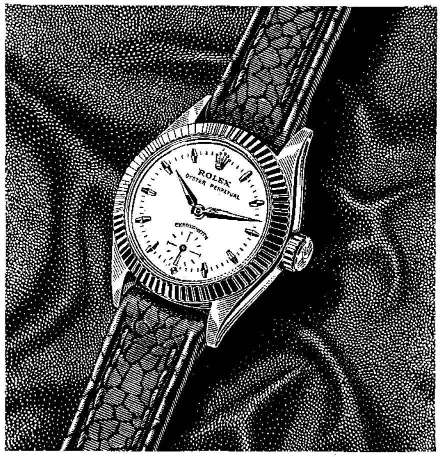

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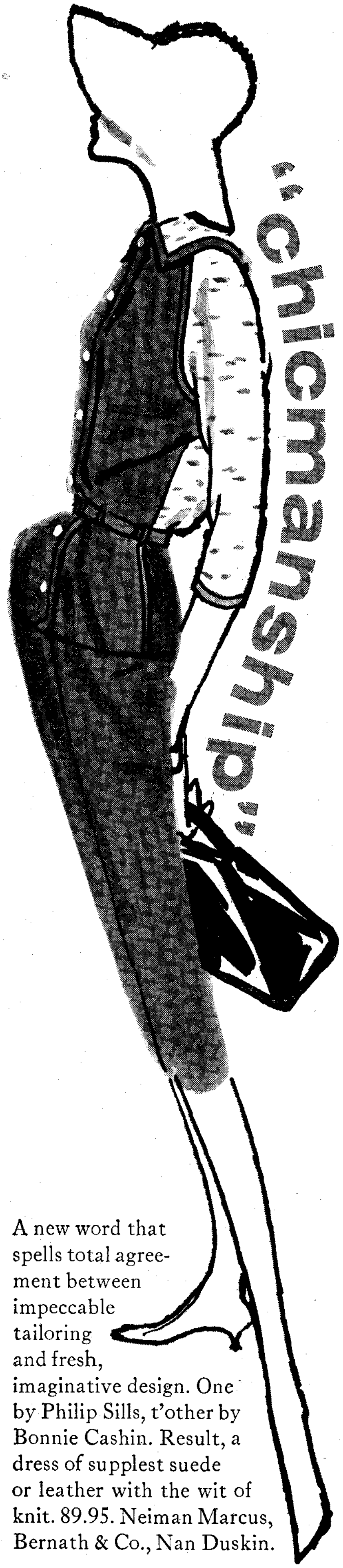
races held off Newport between July 31st and August 5th, 1937. During each race, hundreds of pleasure craft, carrying spectators, journalists, and newsreel cameramen, followed the two big boats around the course. The first four races ended with Vanderbilt's yacht crossing the finish line well in the lead, and the America's Cup remained in this country. When it was all over, Sopwith faced the newsreel cameras and said heartily, "I would like to congratulate Mr. Vanderbilt and his organization and the designers of Ranger for having produced the best J-class yacht that has ever been built."

RANGER was also the last J-class yacht to be built. Most yachtsmen of recent years, eroded by taxation, have been governed by J. P. Morgan's axiom when it came to J-boats. It would cost at least three times as much to build such a boat today, and Sparkman & Stephens' current prosperity, therefore, derives from craft of more modest pretensions. While the Stephens brothers are naturally gratified by the present widespread interest in sailing, the trend toward smaller boats saddens them, and so does the apparently incurable weakness of many of today's yachtsmen for automatic gadgets. "Of course, we still get a few big jobs from time to time," Olin told a recent visitor to his office, after wistfully recalling some of the majestic giants of yesteryear. "Like Wayfarer, the new Rockefeller ketch, which is intended to carry a paid crew of six. As a matter of fact, I still ask all our clients if they intend to have a paid crew—I need to know, in order to plan a boat's layout—but most of them look astonished at the very idea." He sighed, removed his glasses, rubbed them with a piece of tissue, and, replacing them, continued, "I used to love to specify brass fittings, but now I mostly call for chrome plating, because nobody has the help to keep brass polished. And, much as I disapprove of automatic steerers and electric bilge pumps, I have to put them in for clients who must do all their own work when sailing. I suppose I really shouldn't complain, though, since more people are sailing than ever and our yacht-designing business is bigger than ever."

Roderick, too, suffers an attack of nostalgia now and then. One day at City Island last spring, while getting Mustang ready for the season, he got to talking about the launching, a couple of years ago, of Carleton Mitchell's Finisterre. "Mitchell put on a really fine show," Roderick said. "He was proud



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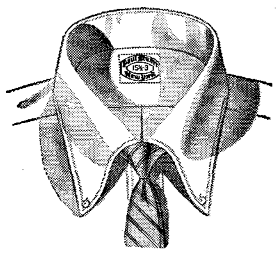

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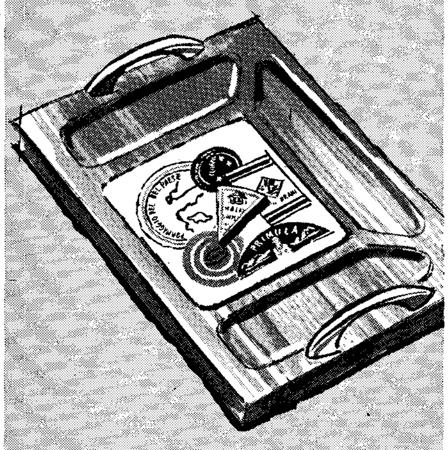

*S. F. A's striking cheese board serves up **fromage à la gourmet.** Of French Provincial grained wood with sections for crackers and a tile stamped with cheese labels — it's decorative as well as practical. **8.95.** Guest and Gift Shop, 14 East 50th Street. Mail and phone orders filled. Also in Detroit, Beverly Hills, Springfield, N. J., stores.*

of the boat, because her design had already caused a sensation among sailing people. He invited hundreds of guests up to the launching, at Seth Persson's yard at Saybrook—quite a few other boat designers and just about everybody else of importance in sailing. Well, yachting is changing, and the difference betweeen that launching and the one they gave Ranger is a pretty fair sign of how much it's changing. The yard at Saybrook didn't have much paving, and we all got our shoes muddy; Seth's a fine boatbuilder, but his shop is just a little old red barn. The Governor wasn't there, and there wasn't any swarm of boats gathered around, and there were only a few banners and a little bunting. Someone ordered up a load of champagne, but there were no ice-buckets to cool it in, so they put the bottles in a couple of old wheelbarrows and packed ice all around them. What with all the whiskey that was being handed out, though, nearly everyone forgot about the champagne, and most of it was never even opened. Now, *there's* something you'd never have seen in the old days, I can assure you of that." —MORTON M. HUNT

(*This is the first of two articles on the Stephens brothers.*)

•

Salary differences has caused John Drew Barrymore to exit male lead in ABPT's "Young Mother."

According to Barrymore, at the time he was set for pic he understood his salary would be $5,000 per week for a two-week period, but later was told he would have to work four weeks in film at $2,500 per.

"I won't lower my scale. It makes it that much tougher for an actor to get his price on his next job," said the actor last night.

Meanwhile, Barrymore discloses he has been signed by producer Albert McCleery to make his directorial bow on an upcoming segment of NBC-TV's "Matinee Theatre" series.—*Daily Variety.*

And don't think *that* isn't tough.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Cosmos Club Bulletin, Washington, D.C.*]

The only permanent resident of St. Botolph is its former secretary, Mr. Henry Goodrich, who occupies one of the club's half dozen or so dormitory rooms. At 88, he is the club's oldest member, both in point of age and in length of membership. He is a retired musician, a man of firm convictions, a good conversationalist, and a very charming gentleman. We were happy to meet him and to convey his greetings to several Cosmos Club members, including Walter Campbell, Leonard Carmichael, Eric Pawley, Charles Piggot, and a man whose name he could not recall.

Mr. Guy de Berc, general manager of the French Line in the United States

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fun in a Factory

I GUESS my favorite pajama factory is the Sleeptite Pajama Factory, in Dubuque, where, thanks to the daffiness of the employees, the tops are produced fifteen minutes after the bottoms, and I guess my favorite union is Local 343 of the Amalgamated Shirt & Pajama Workers of America, the union that has wormed its way into Sleeptite. I am speaking of "The Pajama Game," which has been translated to celluloid with the original cast almost intact and is about as funny and lighthearted a film as you are likely to see in quite a while. Everything seems to work out in this one, which was produced and directed by George Abbott and Stanley Donen, from a screenplay by Mr. Abbott and Richard Bissell.

There has never been a factory quite like Sleeptite. Even though most of the girls at the sewing machines appear to have come off a chorus line, they are a bright crowd, more interested in not working than in working, eagerly looking forward to the annual company picnic ("Free beer; bring your own knives and forks"), and desperately anxious to get a seven-and-a-half-cent raise. The man who owns the factory, a Mr. Hasler (Ralph Dunn), is desperately opposed to granting the raise, despite the fact that the company is making money. When no raise is forthcoming, the girls begin to slow down. Buttons are installed with only two threads, and pajama bottoms for very large people are packed with pajama tops for very small people. Romance breaks out all over the plant. A time-study man (Eddie Foy, Jr.) is so infatuated with the boss's secretary (Carol Haney) that he reverts to his former profession—he was a knife-thrower in vaudeville—and chases her all over Sleeptite, tossing knives at the poor girl's head. Doris Day, in the role of a solemn and dedicated union member—the chairman, indeed, of the Grievance Committee—becomes enamored of the plant superintendent (John Raitt), who represents, in her mind, the wiles of management; she feels that there is a natural enmity between them, but she likes the fellow. All this ends happily, you will not be surprised to hear. The music and lyrics, by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, are as sprightly as ever, the dancing is gay and abandoned, the color is striking, and great good humor pours from the screen.

KIM NOVAK plays the title role in "Jeanne Eagels," purportedly a biography of the star-crossed actress of the twenties. It is my misfortune never to have seen Miss Eagels, so I have no way of making any comparison between her physical endowments and those of Miss Novak. I raise this point because Miss Novak is without a doubt remarkably endowed, and George Sidney, the director, lets precious few moments pass without showing her to pronounced—and ultimately tiresome—advantage. According to the screenplay, Miss Eagels' career was meteoric—from cooch dancing in carnivals to star of "Rain," to hitting the bottle, to taking dope, and to a tragic end. In this depiction of it, all sorts of men pass through her life; the most devoted is a carnival operator, Sal Satori (Jeff Chandler), who has more devotion and more patience than the average elephant's mother. The poor man ends up standing in line at the Paramount Theatre to see a posthumous film starring Miss Eagels. Also in the line, with tears in her eyes, is her devoted dramatic coach (Agnes Moorehead). Miss Moorehead, a stirring actress, is among the few members of the cast who bring a sense of theatre to the film.

"THE ROOTS" is composed of four stories, filmed in Mexico with almost entirely native casts, that capture a good deal of the sad majesty of that odd and mysterious land. One of the episodes seemed to me somewhat self-consciously concerned with the simplicity of peasant life, but the rest have a commanding, if sombre, quality. The film was produced by Manuel Barbachano and directed by Benito Alazraki, and is in Spanish, with English subtitles. There are no laughs in "The Roots," and no pajama factories.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

EVEN EGRETS ERR

Egregious was the egret's error, very.
  Egressing from a swamp, the bird
    eschewed
No egriot (a sour kind of cherry)*
  It saw, and reaped extremest egritude.§

—JOHN UPDIKE

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*Obs.

§Rare form of obs. Aegritude, meaning sickness.

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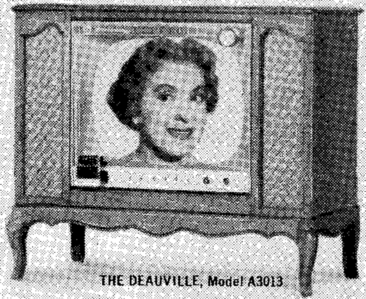

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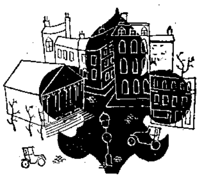
LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 28



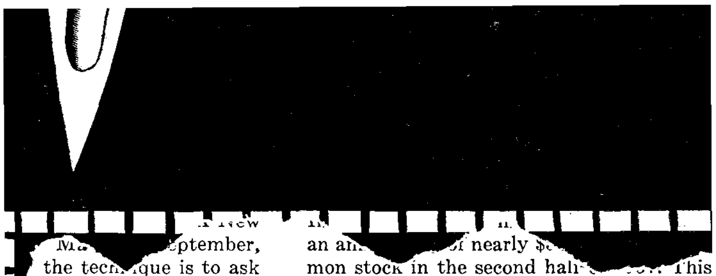
WITH its pale-blue, windy skies and cool, milky sunshine, Paris has lain glimmering by the Seine like a giant opal throughout this past August fortnight—a city the color of a semiprecious stone, which few travellers have bothered to visit or admire. The emptiness and tranquillity of the town have been unprecedented. There were not even enough passersby on the Rue Royale ten days ago to make a bothersome crowd in front of Maxim's—to stare at the occasional glimpses through the door of décolletage or silken ruffles, involved with the filming, going on inside, of part of "Gigi," that famous last novelette of girlish love by Colette, which was written when she was seventy, and which brought her her final gust of fame and her greatest fortune.

Most of the major players in the cast—Maurice Chevalier, Leslie Caron, Louis Jourdain, and Eva Gabor—are equipped to speak perfect English with an accent, which limitation properly establishes the homogeneous, fascinating, and slightly faulty language that is the translated speech of Europe. As part of the worry and responsibility of closing Maxim's to the public for a few days, so as to work authentically between its historically sentimental walls and beneath its fragile, colored-glass ceiling, there was reinstalled in the front room that old red velvet bar where, over the decades, cocottes and rich gentlemen met each other by intention or organized surprise. The film's subsequent hothouse scenes of flirtations, champagne drinking, and waltzes in the supper room have been peopled by Vincente Minnelli, the director, with some of the most extraordinary-looking young and old women that Paris has seen in a long while. There are dark beauties with white skins and ripe shoulders, such as the Impressionist artists painted; girls by the dozen with hourglass shapes and hats the size of tea trays, loaded with roses found only in Renoir's gardens, or heavy with black ostrich plumes; and one straw-haired comedienne, dressed in canary yellow, with a face as blank and deadpan as a Puvis de Chavannes fresco. Along with the entrancing period costumes, Cecil Beaton has re-created period faces and heads by discovering elderly actresses who still resemble Sem's famous cartoons of years ago—those eccentric, beak-nosed old grisettes, like macaws with pompadours.

Another establishment used as a set for the film is that almost forgotten, démodé ice-skating rink—the Palais de Glace, on the Champs-Elysées. The amorous young Gaston's family mansion, supposedly inherited from his *nouveau-riche* father, who made his pile in sugar, is in reality the Musée Jacquemart-André, with its present opulent exhibition of Second Empire treasures. The country interludes take place in the well-known, overpicturesque *auberge* at Montfort-L'Amaury. The Battle of Flowers, which is only a phrase in the original Colette story, is fought out at length in this movie version—from landaus, barouches, tandems, and dogcarts, with orchids, roses, and lilies, and accompanied by *amazones* and outriders, the whole throng assembled in the Bois de Boulogne, that forested parade ground for all of Colette's cocottes, in all her books. Suitably enough, the new movie's opening scene is of these mixed figures in the Bois. To judge by the parts of the picture that have been photographed here and shown to some of Colette's old admirers, "Gigi" may well be the most authoritative Parisian movie so far filmed, as well as the most sensuous, effective, and respectful one yet made from any of Colette's writings.

IT will soon be a year since the six-day Franco-British invasion of Egypt stopped the oil flowing through the Suez Canal, which, like a damaged artery, thereafter changed the body politic and economic of Europe in the mid-twentieth century. The closed Canal also stopped the income of a myriad modest French holders of Suez Canal shares, in one of the biggest international-investment losses in France since those suffered as a result of the Russian loans during the First World War. There was one loan in particular—issued under the impressive title Lettres de Gage de la Banque Impériale Foncière de la Noblesse, and still referred to here as the Russian nobles' loan—in which the French invested, and lost sixteen and a half billion gold francs. Plenty of French families have packets of these patrician Slav bonds in trunks in the attic—to which some French think their Suez shares might as well be added now.

It was precisely an attempt to recoup after the Suez loss that led French in-



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RTUNE's third and present
in the late days of June.

an an... of nearly $...
mon stock in the second half... This is well above the $1.7-billion rate they planned for the first half when queried last January. It is also above the $2.8-billion rate at which they actually purchased stock between January and June. Since the volume of new issues of common stock is not likely to increase, present plans should tend to push prices up.

On the other hand, the survey indicates that investors do not expect prices to rise above 515, and strongly suggests that if they go above that they will meet with real resistance. In a new feature of the survey, FORTUNE asked how much investors expected prices to change. A rise of 7 per cent was the average expected by over half of the individual investors, in all trading groups,

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vestors this summer to climb aboard the new French oil boom, set going by the recent discovery of rich oil fields in French desert territory. For instance, a small group of French investors began standing at midnight of August 4th on the sidewalk of the Rue d'Antin, in front of the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, so as to be first in the morning to buy all the shares they could get—it turned out to be only five, at ten thousand francs a share—in a new concern called Genarep, which stands for Compagnie Générale de Recherches Pétrolières. Though France started her conquest of Algeria back in 1830, it was only five years ago that the French began to smell out the oil that lay beneath its useless desert sands—and the search has not yet ended. Today it is the new companies whose names, listed on the Bourse, end in "rep"—like Finarep, Carep, Cofirep—that are automatically polarizing the investor's eye. The three final letters indicate that these are companies that are searching for petroleum, and are likely to make themselves and their investors rich. M. Max Lejeune, France's first Cabinet Minister of the Sahara, was recently caricatured sarcastically by Sennep in *Le Figaro* as part of a vast Sahara vacation crowd in shorts and bikinis; camels, in the cartoon, are as common as poodles, oil wells are planted like palm trees, and the very sands of the desert are covered solid by the money-hungry mob. This month, further importance has been given the Sahara by the government's division of what was once its trackless waste into two official Départements, one of which is conveniently named Oasis.

The center of the oil excitement is still the richest of the three wells located at Hassi-Messaoud—in upper Algeria, four hundred miles south of Algiers—where proved reserves amount to a hundred million tons (French oilmen talk, perhaps wildly, of possible reserves of a billion tons), and the less rich wells at Edjele, near the Libyan border, four hundred miles southwest of Tripoli. That this oil is part of a great new field and that by 1965 it may satisfy all of France's oil needs—about twenty-five million tons a year—is taken for granted by international oil experts. Unfortunately, it is the oil most difficult to bring out to civilization right now, because of the Algerian war. On the supposition that French investors had no notion of the amount of courage and hardship their desert oil was demanding of the handful of men involved in producing it, *Paris-Match* sent off a reporter and a

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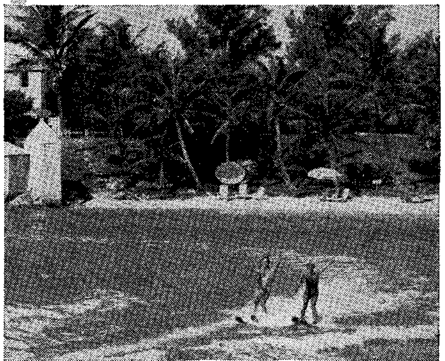

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photographer to get and show the facts, which were recently printed. According to this evidence, the journey south from Algiers to Hassi-Messaoud regularly takes three days, in convoys of twenty-ton trucks that start out daily. In some mountainous sections, the trucks are guarded from attack by French Army armored cars; on certain flat stretches, they are protected by French Air Force planes; and in the least dangerous places the trucks simply run for it, in groups of five, trusting to luck. Recently, the rebels planted some time bombs in the road, which the trucks missed by minutes; in the military engagement that resulted, the oilmen and their guards killed a few rebels and captured a few more. The big oil companies have rented fleets of three hundred trucks, and some adventurous ex-garage mechanics from Algiers have set up as truckmen. The fee for a rented truck and driver is twenty-seven francs per ton per kilometre on a tarred desert road, when there is any, and sixty francs on sand, which is where the trucks invariably get stuck. On the journey down, the trucks carry beer, medicine, food, machinery, cigarettes, Coca-Cola, a kind of clay needed in sinking wells, and, above all, water. The water sells for ten francs a litre; the oilmen are restricted to thirty litres per day. On the way back, the trucks carry oil. Around new wells, such as the one at Nili-Bordj, the workers live on the flat immensity of the desert in a tiny camp surrounded by barbed wire and guarded by a private army of former Foreign Legionnaires, but with the rare luxury of air-cooled huts, which were also brought by truck. The desert men work for three weeks—seven days a week, since there is nothing especially pleasant that they could do on Sundays—and then are sent away to take a full week off in Algiers. Hassi-Messaoud was formerly known only as a precious well of potable desert water. Apparently, the water accompanying the recent oil strikes is all salty. Without fresh water locally available, no center of civilization can spring up around this new wealth—no potential Dallas, not even the comfort of any sprouting greenery—this being so far a desert that gives no promise of blossoming as the rose.

The Sahara oil has been like the last straw in the Franco-Algerian war. Starting as a war about liberty, this conflict now contains such rich elements that it is also a war about wealth. With the other mineral deposits that accompany the oil, the despised desert is now the promised land for all the natives, Al-

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ACCESSORIES BY SALLY VICTOR

gerian, Tunisian, and Moroccan—the only geographical endowment that could change their misery, if they had the education to comprehend and use it. And it is also the only natural resource that would repay the French state for the money it has sunk in those regions—in hospitals, mostly, which, by reducing Arab mortality, have merely loaded those polygamous lands with an excessive population. According to French money experts, both private French capital and government subsidies are now insufficient to exploit the Sahara's wealth. According to American political experts, this is no moment to invest dollars in a Moslem region where oil wells could be strangled as easily as shipping was in the Suez Canal. Whatever is going to be decided about Algerian independence, about the Sahara Desert's riches, and about peace in what is left of France's African empire, many French feel that history and their government will finally have to start giving some definite answers this autumn.

WHILE Parliament has been on holiday this summer, the Delacroix murals in its library and what is still called the throneroom (it was used by Louis Philippe) have been, for once, open for the public to see—or to see as well as is physically possible at this late date, since the colors have faded. The library decorations, by far the more important group, were painted directly on five ceiling cupolas and, as hemicycles, on the library's end walls. They were ordered in 1838 and took Delacroix nine years to finish, though they are all rather small. It is said that in painting the ceiling Delacroix suffered from the heat, which may have held him back. The hemicycle paintings are obviously the easiest to see and appreciate, since they can be looked at directly, like any wall frescoes, whereas the cupola paintings could be ideally viewed only by lying on one's back on the library floor. The hemicycle murals deal with alternates in civilization. One hemicycle has as its theme "Orpheus Brings the Arts of Peace to the Still Savage Greeks"—a beautiful race, to judge by the few specimens represented—and the other has the less pleasing theme "Attila, Followed by His Hordes, Tramples Underfoot Italy and Its Arts." The cupolas have as their themes poetry, philosophy, and kindred ideas—even legislation—with, as pendentives, special subjects, like Cicero speaking, Seneca opening his veins, and, in the bay featuring science, "Aristotle

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Annotating the Animals Sent Him by Alexander."

The little library itself is a fascinating room, with its huge, oval leather-topped tables, where studious deputies may sit and read, between side walls that seem literally made of nothing but books, rising from floor to ceiling. Even the doors appear to be made of books, being covered with the bindings of book spines—a literary trick common in the nineteenth century. Whoever supplied these bogus book spines for the deputies' library had a rare sense of humor. Sample titles would read in English, "The Flight of Birds and the Hertzian Waves," "Interplanetary Railroads," "Concerning the Seven Deadly Sins," and, as something really special, "The History of the Future."

THE thirteenth anniversary of the liberation of Paris from the Nazi Occupation was celebrated last Saturday. As usual, those touching bouquets of flowers made their annual appearance, hanging in isolation upon a house or garden wall beside the small memorial tablet bearing the name of whoever had fallen there, fighting and dying on one of the sidewalks of Paris. The West Germans, at least, are now back in a position of popularity and prosperity that would have seemed unbelievable, even sickening, to those euphoric Parisians of August, 1944. A German general, Hans Speidel, is now Commander-in-Chief of NATO ground forces. Among the Leftish veterans of the Resistance who gathered last Saturday in front of the Gare Montparnasse, which is where the Nazi governor of Paris officially surrendered, there were recurrent shouts of "*Speidel à la porte!*" ("Out with Speidel!"), which showed that he lies heavy on some Frenchmen's minds. The revival of West Germany's financial strength was painfully evident during the liberation-anniversary weekend. The weak French franc, which had just been partly devaluated, was standing on the free market at four hundred and forty-five to the dollar and at a hundred and six to the West German mark, which itself was standing at four to the dollar. Since then, the franc has recovered somewhat. Price ceilings on certain items—especially vegetables—have been established by the intrepid young Minister of Finance, Félix Gaillard. All that remains is to see what he will do about holding down wages—more difficult to keep under control than carrots and cabbages, which have just received his attention.

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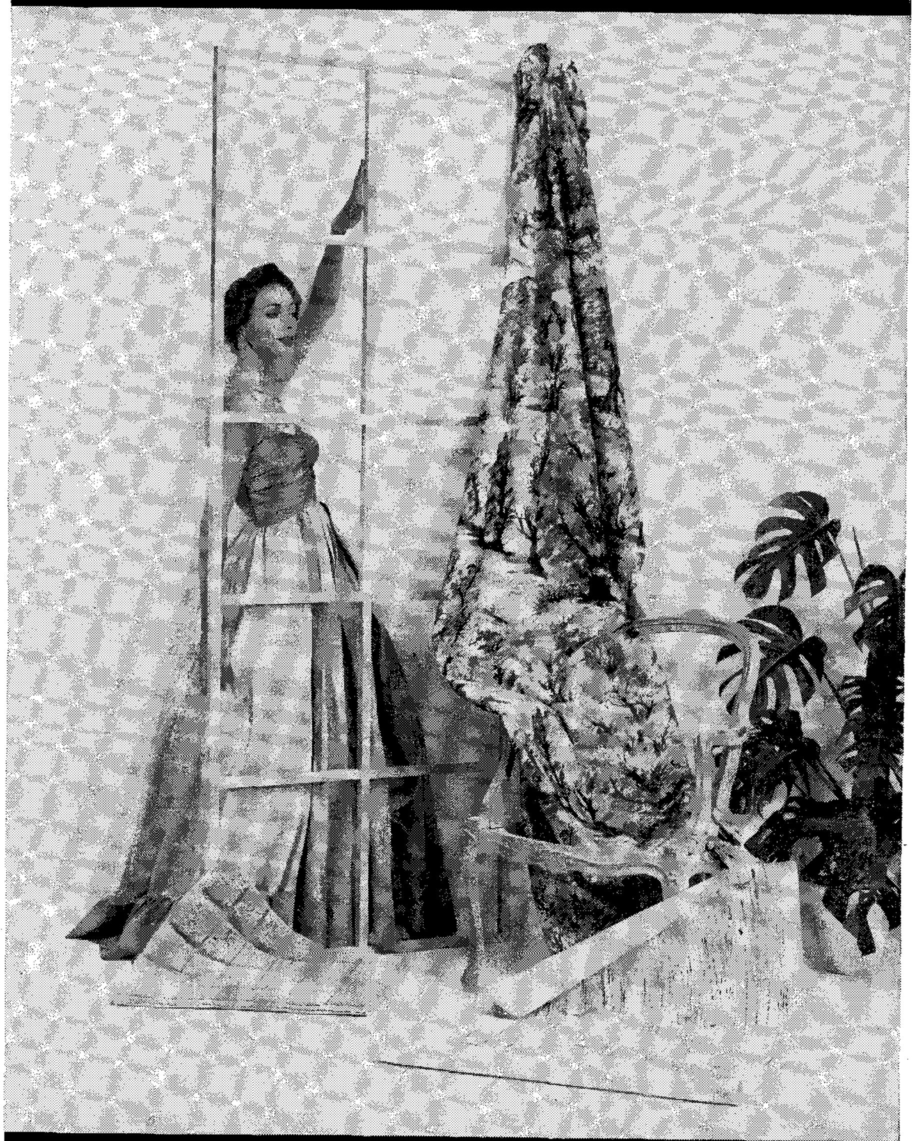

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

I WAS quietly minding my own business, which happened to be a point-to-point inspection of the custom collections of fall hats in the town, when the reports on the new clothes in Paris began to sift through, and what I read gave me pause, for it indicated that French fashions are back where this magazine came in—that is, 1925. These reports gave the most blasé American fashion experts in Paris pause, too, though they quickly recovered and started cabling gush about "creative design." This apparently refers even to Givenchy's sad-sack brainstorm—a stark little straight-hanging oblong ending in a fringe at the knee-caps and labelled "dress." I have an idea for the creative designer who thought this one up—burlap with a very simple print motif across the back, as follows:

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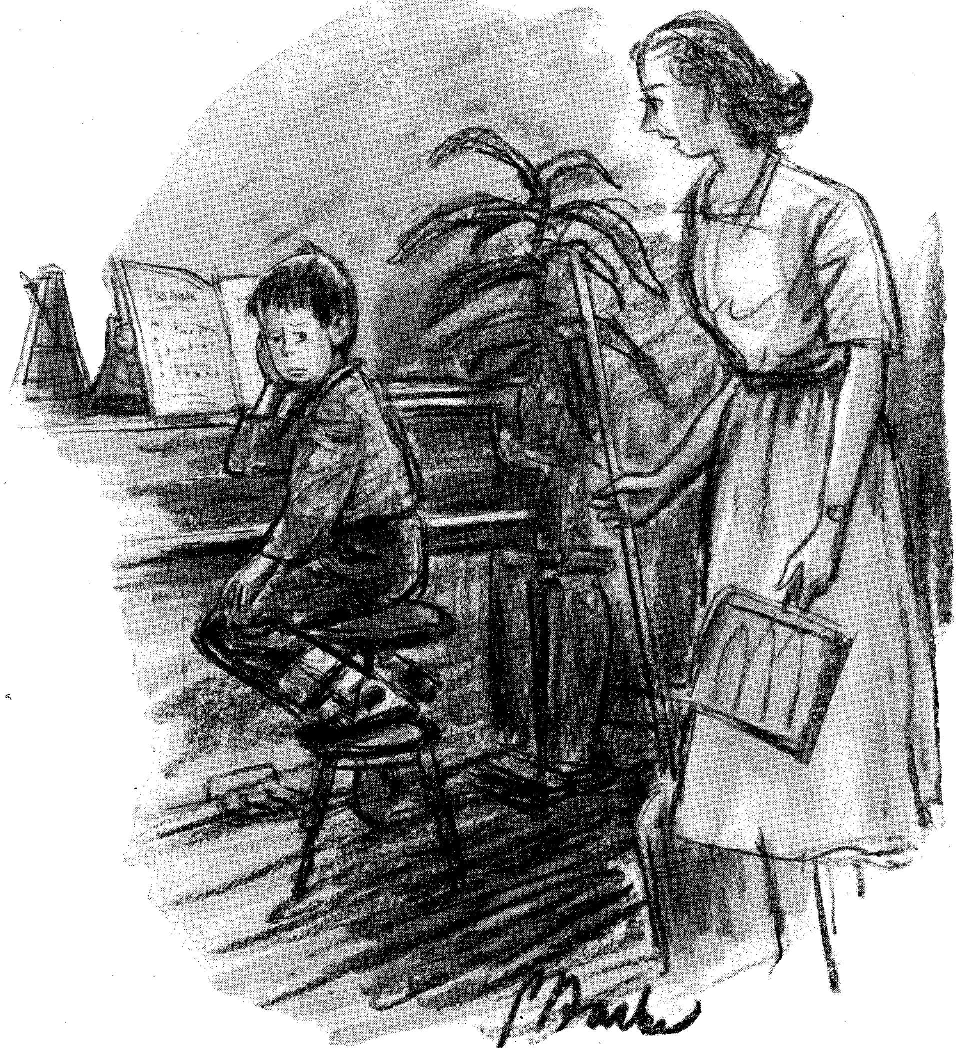
Of course, this tendency to thicken the waistline has been slithering slowly toward us for quite a while. Balenciaga's semifitted suits looked revolutionary (and *were*) at first, but they are standard equipment now, and college girls are buying modern versions of the Peter Thomson middy-blouse uniform of the past. Luckily, nothing is cut on the straight, as it was in 1925, when women (everyone thought of herself as a dressmaker) could sew a length of fabric into a tube, bind the neck and armholes, and go to a party. Let us hope that the American adaptations of the ( ) or | | lines of the new clothes by Givenchy and Balenciaga, the ringleaders of this spasm of "creative design," will be handled artfully—as artfully, say, as the beltless chemise dresses that our own Traina-Norell has been doing for several seasons now. These, too, *can* look as shapeless—in photographs, at least—as their late-comer French rivals, but a bias cut through the ribs makes them cling sinuously to curves at the slightest movement of the wearer. Anyway, even if American women resist the extremes of this fashion, exaggerated simplicity in dress seems to be upon us, so we should probably follow the advice we are always giving to expectant mothers—draw attention to the head and face and away from the body.

And this is exactly where *I* was planning to come in—with my causerie on our custom milliners—when I was jolted by the dispatches from Paris. Drawing attention to the head and face is a scheme that is popular with milliners, and they are fit and ready to cope with the shapelessness of things to come. For one thing, fanciful feather aberrations are plentiful, among them scalp-fitting wigs, some literally cut on the head of the consumer (at John Frederics, for one), like the old wind-blown bob. (Milliners are shouting, Hairdressers, Go Home!) Hatmakers long ago learned how to drape even the heaviest felt as though it were fabric; now furs like American broadtail are so processed that they drape like felt. Sally Victor and Mr. John, in particular, are doing lovely turbans and casque helmets of this fur. And Victor's tilted mink bicorne, all soft folds above the hairline, is a masterpiece. Almost everything is still irregular; Lilly Daché is not the only one who makes turbans tilt to one side or who admires peaks toward the back. Emmé's Mr. Adolfo has turned out Spanish Jesters—tailored caps that go straight across the top of the head to a point in back, and then become either concave or convex down to the nape; Victor's African Fezes slant to the rear.

Softness, for both travellers and stay-at-homes, is still a favorite notion; many of the new hats can be rolled up and stuffed into coat pockets—no wires, no stiffening—and pulled or punched around any way that suits the mood. Well, if you're going to be frightfully, desperately chic and slip into something



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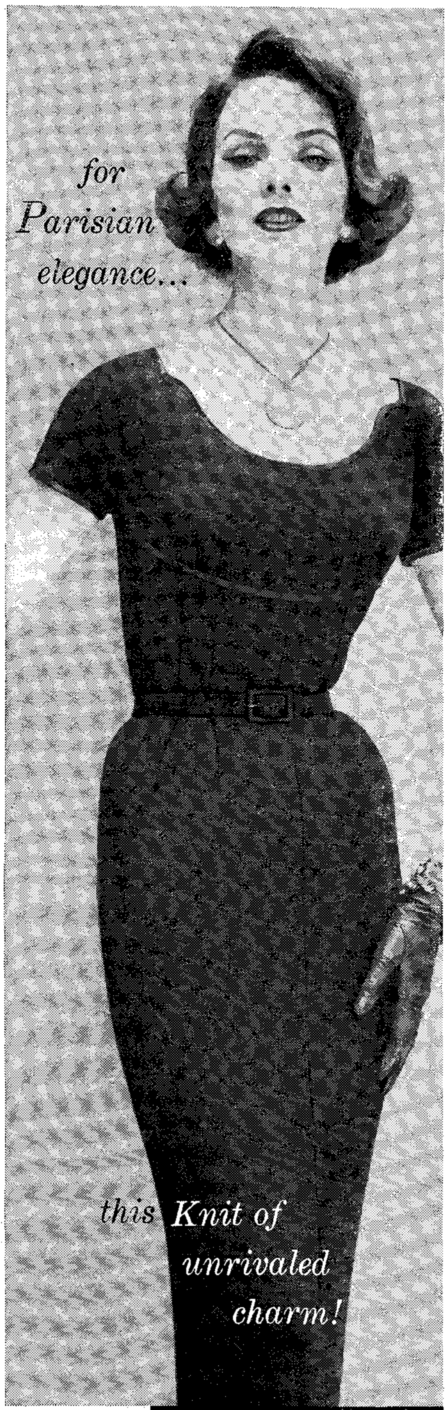

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loose for autumn, these almost too casual hats could produce an over-all effect that would amount to just plain sloppiness. Mr. John has done some unreinforced shapes that he appropriately calls Laundry Bags, tied near their towering tops; the Emmé-Adolfo team offers lofty tubes closed at the top by irregular circular drapery, that flop sidewise or backward—the wind could decide which, of course. The beret is ubiquitous, in all sizes, and for tall girls with long necks, there are many extra-large ones to be worn off the forehead and well down in back. Victor's fluffy berets of black fox, raccoon, leopard, lynx, or mink are mounted on a band of ribbed knit wool for security and adjustability; a circle of knit appears at the center of the fur circle in back. Wearing such things off the hairline is a concession to the hairdressers, who keep on talking bangs and short pompadours, often in combination.

To offset all this casualness, there are masses of trim, *un*trimmed helmets and draped turbans, and—for anyone who wants shape—plenty of bicornes and tricornes. Real Geo. Washington ones, by John Frederics, are to be worn straight on the head (for a change); a tiny tricorne of American broadtail even has a peruke of black lace coming down over the ears and the back of the head. It is caught in at the nape by a velvet ribbon bow.

TO be specific about that point-to-point research: Sally Victor's wayward way with fur is remarkable; she actually shirrs an upper brim of mink on the base of the black crêpe crown of a big, arched cloche. The facing is of black crêpe. As for those feather wig hats, hers involve jagged coq feathers in smoq color (iridescent dark gray) spraying forward along one cheek. Speckled barnyard feathers dyed bright red make a cap with a back like an African fez; in this case, the feathers come forward in a zigzag just below the hairline all around. The happy return of black silk crêpe for afternoon dresses has led to many hats of the stuff, and Victor manipulates it beautifully on lots of little, draped "demitasse" dinner hats with sprays of feather fancies jutting out here and there. Among her other after-dark fantasies are wigs not of feathers, for once; instead, they're rows and rows of ruffled black Val-type lace. When the lace is two inches wide, the result is sheer Golliwogg. An enchanting group of Bretons is to be worn with Chanel sort

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of suits; they should go way back on the head, kind of surprised, but if you want to spoil everything, they can be worn straight. Mostly, these are in velvet bound with grosgrain, and the brim is noticeably wider in front. And those of her draped turbans with that African-fez projection in back can be reversed when you want that projection to give height in front. One of olive and turquoise satin, intricately twisted, is ravishing, though vagrant.

UP at Mr. John's, we find deep, deep helmets and casques that would have stayed put during the most vigorous, head-wagging Charleston. Practically everything comes way down on the nape and close to the ears, and trimming is rare. His series of It turbans would be pure Clara Bow if they didn't leave the forehead exposed; women are still resisting any shadow except bangs of hair or feathers there. Quantities of these turbans are of American broadtail. A cap of charcoal broadtail with a tiny, curled-back brim is pulled down at one side; a hat of black broadtail has a black moiré band across the forehead; some very snug broadtail caps have a coxcomb across the top, for height. And while we're on this revival of the twenties, it should be pointed out that Mr. John has also revived a flat fur called galyac for his turbans. It has a dull lustre and a moiré look, and it comes in black or white. One galyac deal has a tall, narrow crown and a minute brim that curls up at one side. For contrast to these trim, tailored shapes, he uses badger extensively for bands on roller hats or on the edges of floppy, big-brimmed hats of a brushed velours that has an exceptionally deep pile. I particularly liked his nineteen-twenties hats of very fuzzy felts or of furs like opossum, in small bell shapes that come low enough to shadow the

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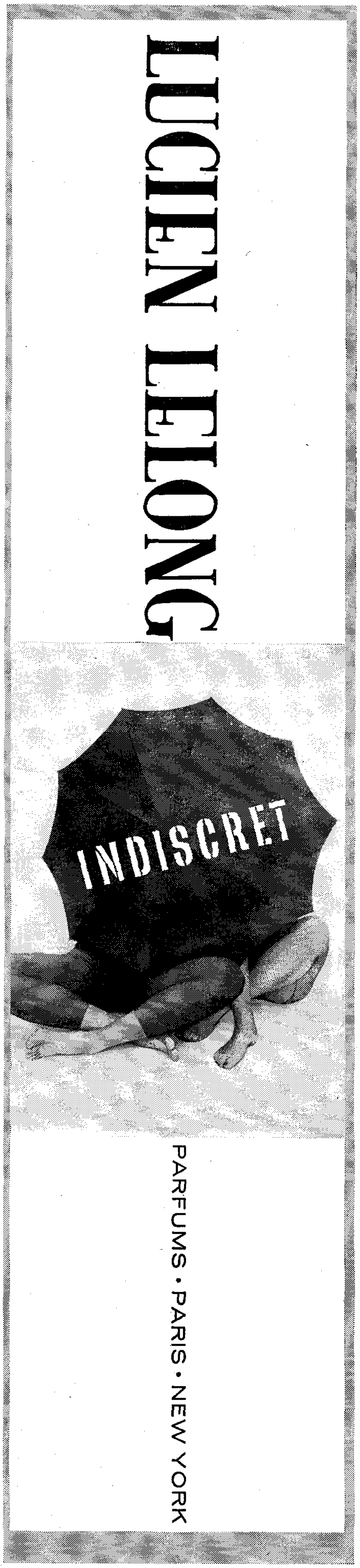
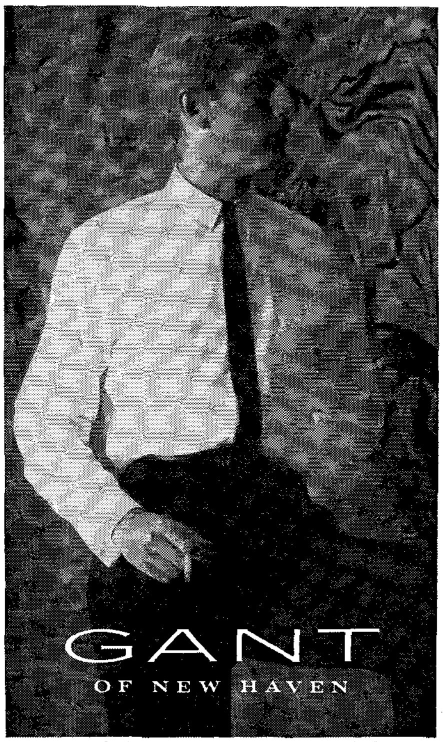


hairline; detachable satin bands can belt them in above the brows to accomplish a brimmed, cloche look. (Satin scarves to match.) His Dover sailors, with small, straight brims, are to be worn back on the head to frame the face, and they're designed for tailored suits. They are usually felt, and facings of striped silk ribbon to match the tailored headbands ornament some of them. He goes to the opposite extreme with his big-brimmed Lady Hamilton sort of felts, one of them (off-white and fuzzy) covered by velvet pansies and wisps of white fox. It's my duty to tell you about this one. But if I were out to get a half Nelson on the Admiral, my choice would be a huge, untrimmed swooper of black velvet, the high crown flaring a bit at the top and the huge, arched brim flopping not at all.

ONE school of thought holds that nobody, absolutely nobody, can twist a turban like Lilly Daché. There's nothing of Aunt Jemima about any of hers, either; the charm is much more contrived. Really staggering evening turbans are of brilliant satin or velvet, with a flashing decoration across the forehead or down beside one ear. This is a montage of sequins, glass danglers, faceted fake jewels, and fake pearls, and often spraying out in cat's whiskers of pearls. Although it's occasionally as much as twelve inches wide, it's so well worked out that none of the examples, all one-of-a-kind, are flamboyant. The color schemes are indescribable, but I'll try one—pink velvet enlivened by massed stones, both opaque and transparent, shining and dull, in pink, mauve, copper, and bright garnet. The colors are, naturally, a matter of choice. For rather formal daytimes, there are high, peaked turbans of a glorified velours called Selene. One, a turban toque of Parma violet, is mounted on a wide band and tipped and draped to one side; another, scarlet this time, has a smashing Chanel-type jewel at the center front. The peak of a turban that's cerise sheer wool is laced with matching chiffon that falls down to one shoulder, and more peaked ones are of a brocade like Victorian ribbon. Shiny threads give it a lamé look, though no metal is involved.

THE *flowers that bloom in the fall, tra la,* are raising their pretty heads in the shop run by Irene of New York. She, too, likes hats worn way back from the hairline and flopping sidewise in the most abandoned way. Tiny velvet rosebuds on white satin decorate a



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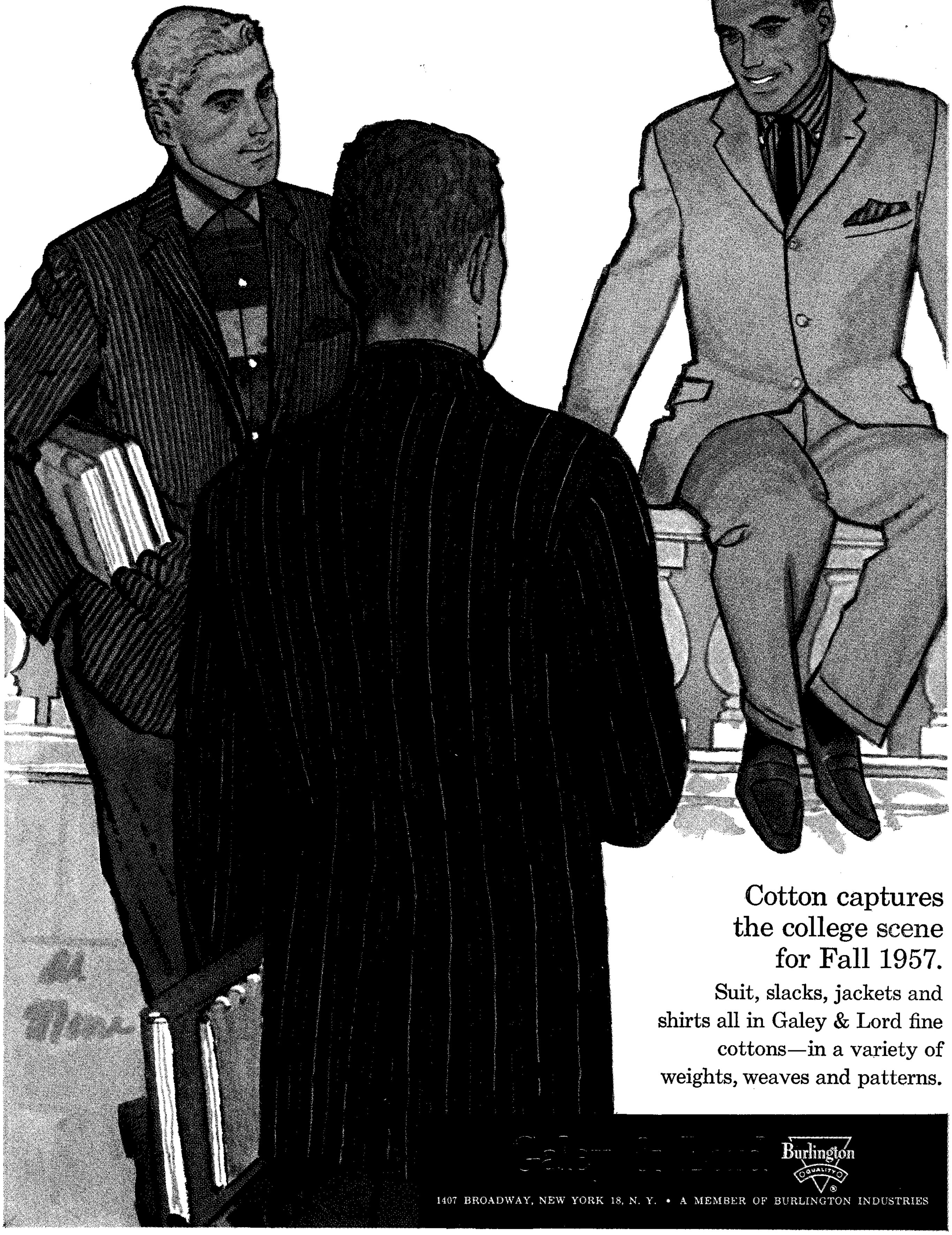

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draped cap that descends in folds behind one ear, from which two ears of its own project. A sharp, insistent pink velvet makes other caps; matching roses begin behind the right ear and loop down almost to the shoulder, or else go all the way around the back. Giant field flowers printed on white velvet construct another sidewise turban cap, which also appears in more conventional fuzzy felts, in gold-and-white brocade, or in a Paisley-printed satin with velvet embossing. As for feathers, some of Irene's are all curled tight, like poodle fur, and come in black or white. She makes them up into small, perched pillboxes with a rhinestone ornament and a feather fancy smack in front, for evenings in restaurants and the theatre. Or there are pillboxes made of pads of barnyard feathers in various colors, and wild strawberries, by heaven, dimple here and there near the edge. One of the rowdiest wig coiffures in the whole city is constructed of really wispy black or white feathers tipped with slender taffeta leaves and mounted on net. These feathers curl forward beside the cheek on one side and arch forward like an umbrella over the hair on the other.

A FEW of the forthcoming French hats that Bergdorf Goodman has chosen are conservative beauties that, unlike many of the American ones, are built to go on the head just so and to tolerate no pushing or shoving. For women who persist in hats to be worn straight, Dior offers some triumphs—tiny, shallow Bretons of black velvet, one with black silk roses fluffing forward on one side of the infinitesimal brim. Paulette's hats show lots and lots of hair, particularly in front, and they are usually based on net cap foundations, so there'll be no bulk near the face. Slanting berets can go over them; one, of red velvet, really hangs by an ear—yours, not its. Another, of pale-blue stitched velvet, is worn far back and tipped slightly to the side. Paulette is also the sponsor of a minute coal-scuttle bonnet done in black velvet. It's very narrow and peaked in front, and clears the front hair by a wide margin, and it's covered with little black velvet string bows. *Not* overwrought bows, though. All of these hats are charming and adult.

Toby Coppock's little shop, at 23 East 67th Street, is for hats that are coquettish but ladylike, too, and he has great respect, unusual these days, for coiffures. Therefore, he specializes in small hats and half hats that manage

"Eat to please thyself, but dress to please others."
—Benjamin Franklin

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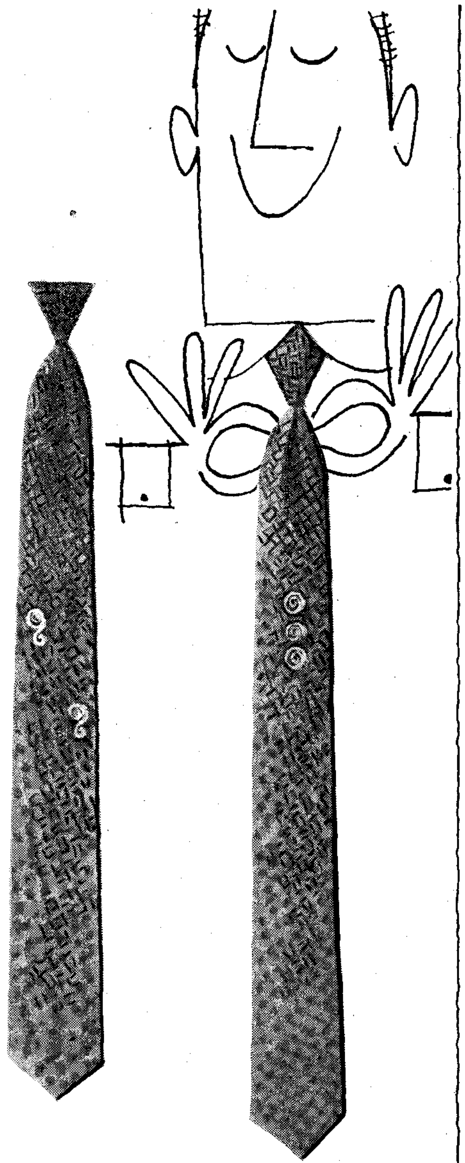

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to nestle instead of crush; they even show the back of the hair, which is now almost unheard of. A red satin half hat is covered with red panne swirled into roses above matching feather pads; mauve and purple sequins and purple velvet pansies meld on another. He thinks a sidewise drape is fine in velours for daytime and in velvet for evening, with upward herringbone folds on the downward side. To go with suits, he does jersey hats with a little rolled-back brim pulled down on one ear. To go with both suits and plain wool dresses, there are hats of wool in small challis patterns. Nylon tweed in a bold, nubbly black-and-white weave makes a microscopic tilted bicorne, sharply folded back in front, that has a string bow of red grosgrain as the sole decoration. Like Paulette, he has a way with tiny, Charlotte Corday bonnets whose brims arch over the hair in front. Their square crowns tilt backward, and they manage to have come-hitherness without coyness. But refinement ends when he goes to work with feathers. A peaked hat has white plucked ostrich descending from the summit to below the hairline; mauve-pink roses sit high on one side.

And this, my furred and feathered friends, should be enough for the moment. —Lois Long

•

Washington (AP)—Workmen will begin installing floodlights around the Washington Monument Monday.

The final phase of the six-month job will be the setting of eight aircraft warning lights in recessed holes to be cut near the top of the 555-foot marble shaft.

The $205,000 project of the National Park Service will provide seventy-six floodlights in four concrete vaults to illuminate the base of the tower and eight searchlights set on masonry pedestals to light the top.

"I just fired five times at the sound," said Mr. Jackson, who is able only to distinguish daylight. He said he had the gun under his pillow.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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•

ALLEZ GRIMPER UN ARBRE DEPT.

[*Arthur Krock in the Times*]

It is good that the taxi drivers of Paris continue to offer to the visitors from abroad the peculiar but invaluable assistance they provide to a study of the character of their countrymen. That is true of other cities—New York, for example. But unlike his Gotham counterpart, the Paris taxi driver has a wit that is national and not municipal—the difference being roughly that between The New Yorker and Voltaire.

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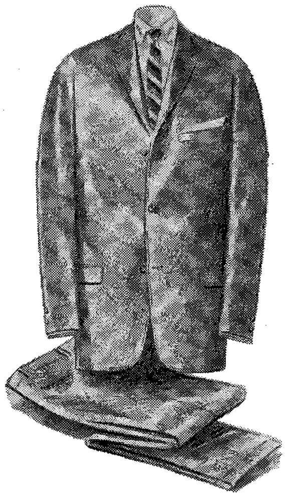

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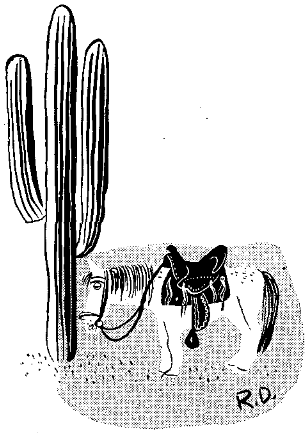
THE GREAT BIRD BARBECUE OF COUSIN CANAL

ONE of the things that horrified my American wife when she lived for a year or so the life of the small Italian town where I was born was the sight of the dead birds exhibited each autumn on the stands of the market place. These market stands of Vicenza are always gay with awnings and country produce. But in the fall, besides being filled with the usual eggplants and zucchini and peppers, they are adorned with bunches of small birds, strung up by their beaks and hanging, about a dozen to the bunch, from hooks in the supporting poles of the stands. Some of them have been plucked naked; others still have their feathers, caked and matted with blood. And the venders, when they have a moment to spare, sit and pluck birds, and make little piles of down near their feet. Sometimes a stir of wind or the rush of boys playing hide-and-seek among the stands will raise a cloud of feathers that go up noses and into hair and eyes, and stick on the clothes of shoppers or on the nearby monuments of statesmen. Then there will be pandemonium—the shoppers swearing, the boys shouting, and the venders threatening them and trying to subdue the flutter of dead feathers with their capes or aprons. Such a scene is gay, for us who are of the region; for my wife it was plain horror. "But these are larks and swallows—songbirds!" she would exclaim. "They aren't ducks or pheasants. Why, you would have to kill dozens of these poor birds to get a plateful!"



What particularly disturbed her was the Italian indifference to nice distinctions—our paganism, she called it—that kept us from seeing the difference between eating a lark and eating a guinea hen. How, she would ask indignantly, could we sentimentalize over St. Francis calling the birds his sisters and then fill our plates with finches?

Fortunately, I had already found that one of the ways to help my wife accept our strange customs was to project them into the past by means of the old stories told in my family. Nothing was quite so forbidding to her once it had assumed the picturesqueness of the past. And so it was with the birds; she learned at last to take a long, long view of them, and even to enjoy tales of those great bird barbecues that had taken place in my mother's childhood and my own.

IN the Venetian countryside, in the time of my grandparents, a barbecue—an *arrosto*—of at least seventy or eighty birds was held several times a week in the autumn. A good *arrosto* of birds of passage was, in our local tradition, an expression of high civilization and delicate cuisine. Above all, the birds had always to be killed in free flight, by gunshot, and not taken in net traps, for a trapped bird, battering its wings against the net, dies slowly, and the bile it secretes in its torment makes its flesh bitter. A connoisseur, perfectly able to tell the difference at first taste, would, out of concern for sportsmanship as well as flavor, refuse any bird taken by snare.

In my grandmother's kitchen, the fire for the *arrosto* was built on hot ashes on an enormous stone hearth, and was fed with a sweet-smelling wood, light and well dried. If the plucked birds were very plump, they were emptied of their entrails; otherwise they were threaded intact on the spit, with two squares of salt pork and two leaves of fresh sage between each pair. As the spit began to turn, the birds were sprinkled with salt and then lightly basted, drop by drop, with pure olive oil. The fire had at first to burn slowly and then be built up gradually so that the birds cooked thoroughly, without burning, and only the head and feet became dry and crusty. (When birds were perfectly done, it was expected that nothing should remain of them on the diners' plates except the beaks.) The mixture of hot oil and juices that dripped from them as they cooked was caught in a narrow copper pan, as long as the spit, called a *leccarda*. This pan had been filled with pieces of cornmeal polenta, made at least a day in advance; unless the birds were accompanied by polenta fried in their drippings, they were not complete.

In the doorway that led from the dining room to the kitchen, the children would cluster. Crowding there, craning over the threshold, beyond which they were forbidden to go, they would watch the women bustling around the

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great spits, their faces red from the heat of the giant hearth. There were two spits in that kitchen: one that had to be turned by hand, and an elegant self-revolving spit controlled by a spring similar to a watch spring; the spit even gave a tiny chime of warning whenever the spring needed rewinding.

For an hour or so, the women in the kitchen would all be intent on the fire, birds, polenta, and the precise, rhythmic turn of the spits. Finally, my grandmother would call out, "Grego, I think we are ready!" At that, my grandfather, Gregorio, would leave whatever he was doing and plow his way through the children in the doorway, through the women in the kitchen, to the hearth. And I can still picture him—already an old man—bending with extreme attention over the fire and pulling delicately at the foot of a bird until the leg came off. He would pop the leg into his mouth, and after a moment he would say grandly, "Yes, we're ready!" Then the ladies took off their aprons and ran to wash their hands and put their hair in order. The children scrambled over each other on their way to the table. My grandfather, in his haste to start, always assigned the places himself, and regularly got them wrong. The men poured themselves wine, saying that wine as an apéritif was as good as anything else to give the doctor a slap. Finally, the glorious *arrosto* of birds appeared on the table, with the golden polenta and decanters of the sharp black wine of the region. And there was nothing else. At the most there might be a bit of *pecorino* cheese, at the end. Whoever wanted a cup of broth before the dinner had to get it himself and have it surreptitiously in the kitchen, for no frivolous or profane distractions from the *arrosto* were ever set on the table with it.

AMONG those who, during my mother's childhood, came every autumn with their wives and children to visit my grandparents in the country were two gentlemen who had married cousins of my grandmother. One—a country squire of good family, who lived about four hours' carriage distance from my grandfather's villa—was named Canal. When the Canal family came, they arrived in time for that day's barbecue, spent the night, and left the next morning. (I remember going to visit them, in my own youth, at their estate, Cornorotto, which bordered on a country village. Their large house stood across from the public fountain and dirt square of the village, its front to the

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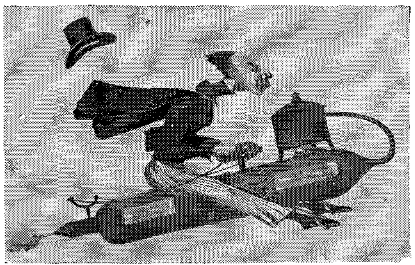

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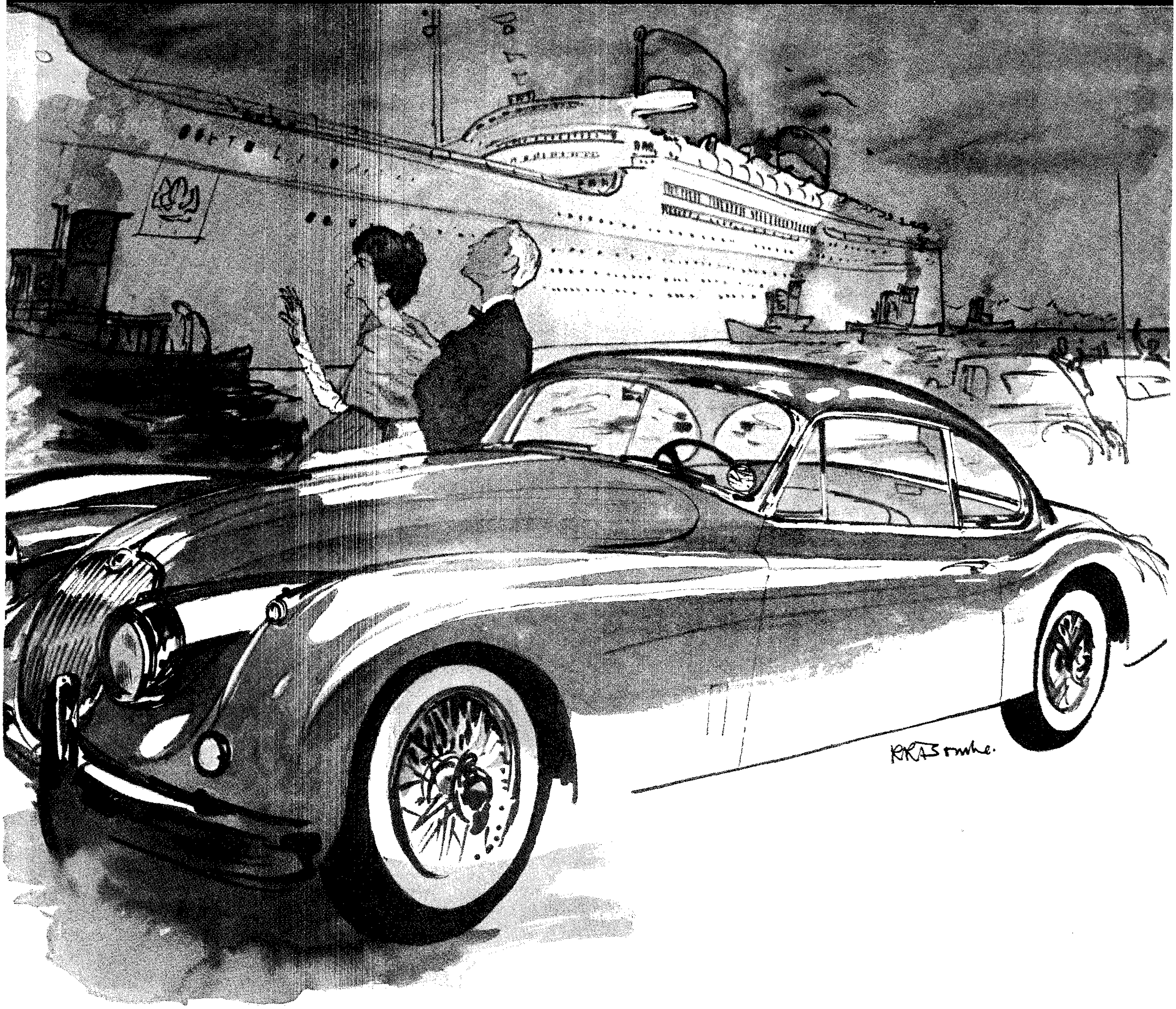

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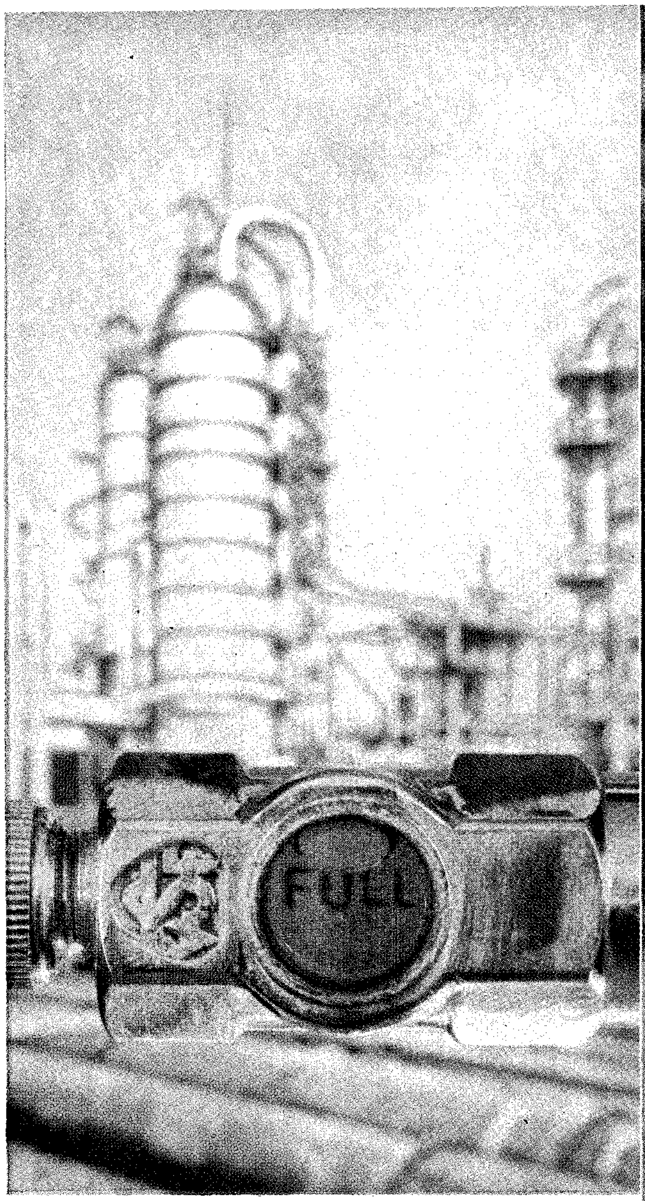

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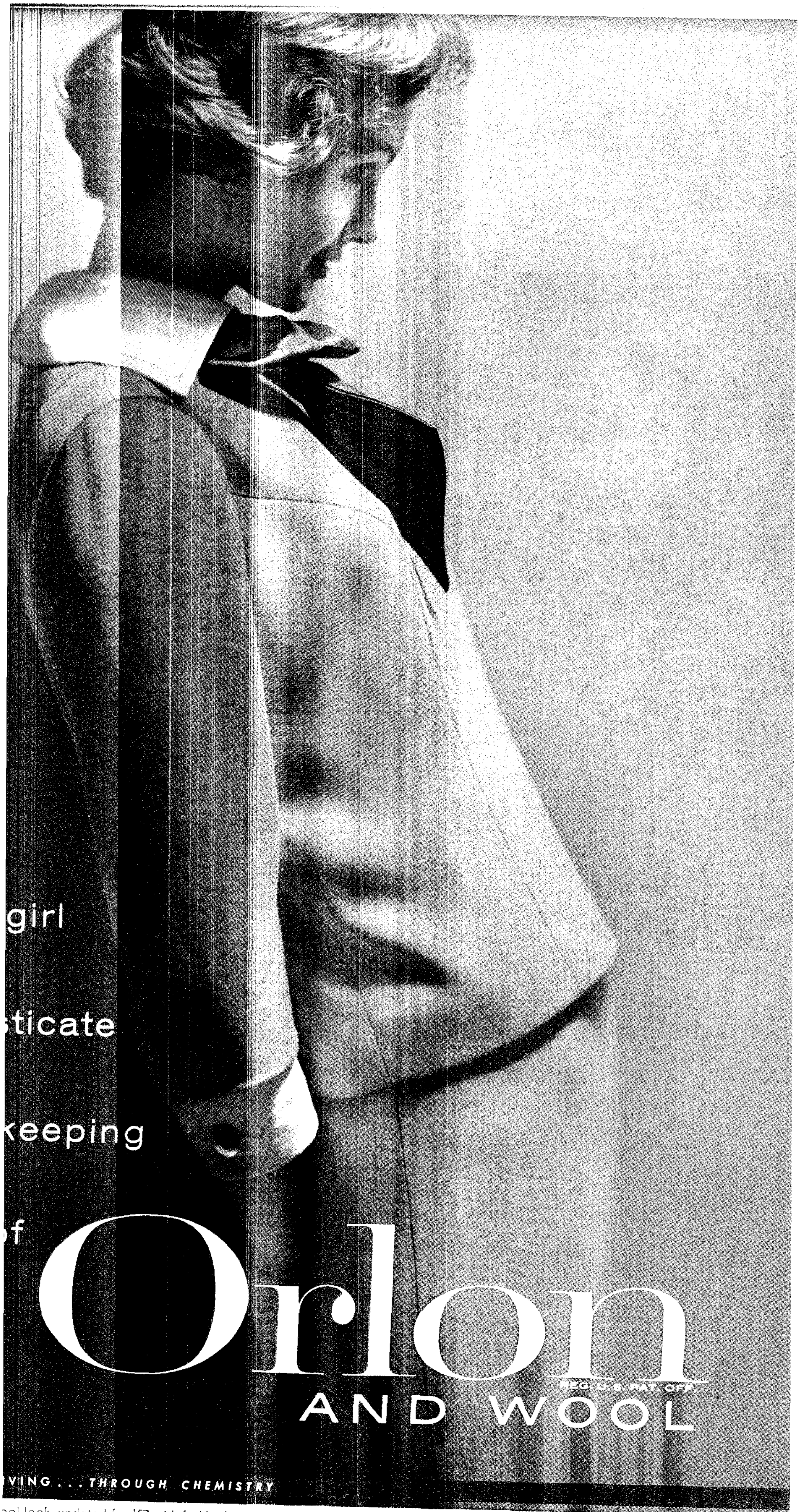
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village and its rear to the land. It was a brick house with asymmetrical windows and balconies, and discrete Renaissance flourishes. Above the front entrance, which gave on a drive leading in through a gate in the high wall surrounding the house, was a fine iron balcony in authentic Baroque style. All about the Canal house there was always a great silence, hardly interrupted by the occasional plop of water from the fountain in the square. It was a silence that seemed to come from the enormous garden and fields behind the house, the property from which Cousin Canal drew his rich faith in life.)

The Canals were a happy family. Signor Canal had a large white-and-rosy face, and hair like a halo of dust flecks, it was so gray and vaporous. His manner was hearty, and he gave the impression of being an arrogant but jovial country gentleman who loved all the things of the world, all at once and in the same degree—oxen, family, fields, women, Holy Mother Church, barbecued birds. He had a great deal of esteem for my grandfather, and competed with him in a friendly rivalry over their respective bird barbecues. Once or twice a season, they challenged each other to a meet to see who produced the best spit of birds, and at these they admitted no arbiters but themselves. There was no danger that they would not be in accord. "My dear Grego, this year you've beaten me completely," Cousin Canal might say. "Your birds are worth ten times mine!" And my grandfather would assent, because it was true, and in the same fashion my grandfather would congratulate Cousin Canal—who would assent if the opposite was true.

The other family of cousins were the Schiavon della Vignola, a patrician family of Venice, and very rich, according to what was said of them. They passed each winter in their dark *palazzo* in Venice, and in spring left for their castle in the Friulian province, where they stayed until late summer, holding out as long as possible against the early cold of the mountains, and leaving just in time to spend a well-planned month among their cousins of the Venetian countryside during the height of the bird season, before returning to the city.

The Schiavons—sad, monotonous, and larval—were entirely different from the Canals. The *signora* (whom I knew when she was past eighty, at a time when, it was said, she had been rejuvenated by the death of her husband) was, in my mother's childhood, an anemic beauty who ate nothing and nourished herself on medicines, sighs,

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and diluted Melissa water, an aromatic concoction fabricated by the Barefoot Capuchins of Venice, to which she attributed astounding thaumaturgical qualities. She kept her Melissa in narrow little bottles, and never travelled without a supply. My mother used to tell of being given, as a child, Signora Schiavon's bottle stopper to smell as a reward for good conduct, or occasionally even having a whole drop of Melissa, with its delicious bouquet of citron and anise and other exotic flavors, put on her palm to taste.

The husband of this sickly woman was very thin, very long, and always dressed in black suits that were shiny with age and grease spots; only a strange protuberance of belly interrupted the uninspired stringiness of his figure. He was somewhat curved of shoulder and long of neck, with a marked Adam's apple that rested on his collar; his face was long and pale, except for his ponderous red nose; and his head was not really bald but had on it tufts of hair that made it look like a lawn where grass had come up unequally, here thriving, there dead. This patrician gave no indication whether he was young or old, fast or slow of mind; one only knew with certainty that he was infinitely pavid and stingy, and that he ate much and drank more. Of children, he had one—scarcely one, so thin and timid and retiring was the boy.

My grandparents visited Schiavon in Venice during their wedding trip, when he himself was newly married. He received them with great cordiality and offered them water and lemon, with two *baicoli* apiece. (*Baicoli* are Venetian sweet biscuits that are almost translucent in their thinness.) Then he declared his unhappiness at not being able to invite them to stay to dinner, saying that he was having other guests and that the table would not seat them all—none of which was true.

Later, my grandmother often said that this reception wasn't entirely the result of Schiavon's stinginess; there were two other reasons for it. First, Grandfather was not a noble but only a middle-class landowner and university man, not yet well known in the family. Second, Schiavon had to live economically, in the city, since there he depended on income and not, as in the country, on the fruits of his fields. This latter was true to a certain extent, but in reality Cousin Schiavon was rich no matter where he was, and his meanness was more an avocation than a matter of necessity. It was known that in his homes he examined, weighed, counted,

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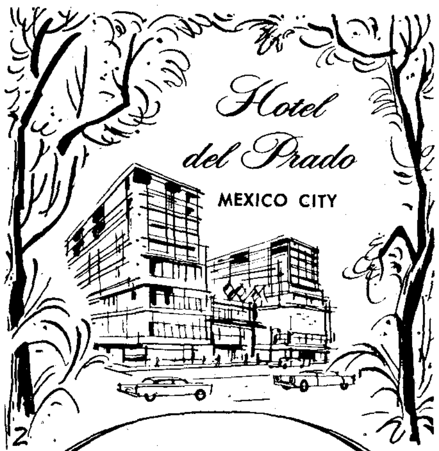

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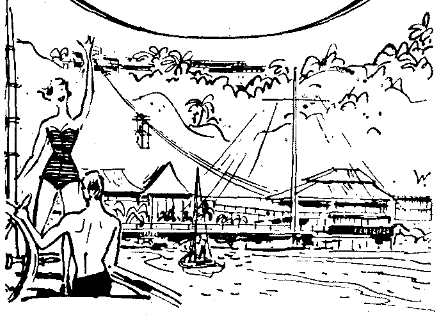

measured, and appraised whatever came in from peasants or tradespeople. In fact, so meticulously did he control everything that he even measured eggs with a metal ring, refusing to buy those that he could pass through it.

Signor Schiavon was tolerated by the rest of the family only for the sake of his wife, who was considered his victim. And it was Signora Schiavon's habit, during those long visits at my grandparents' villa, to unburden herself to my grandmother. She was mistress, she said, of a castle and a city palace in which she could not dispose of a gram of flour as she pleased, because flour, oil, butter, coffee, wine—all the stores—were locked up and her husband had the keys. And if she complained, he reproved her for not keeping herself occupied in prayer, a pastime, he said, that cost no more than a little sacrifice of time and effort and had the merit of putting one's life and property under the surveillance of the saints. Then my grandmother would tell her, "You made your mistake at the beginning. Once you found out how miserly he was, if you had been clever you would have defended yourself by pretending to be even more miserly than he. You would then have won his trust and respect, and today you would be able to do what you want, not only with your own inheritance, which he took over, but with his."

MY grandfather was a cordial, friendly man, satisfied with life in general and his own life in particular, and to please his wife, whom he adored, he would have welcomed ten Cousin Schiavons into his home. When, therefore, toward the end of each September, the announcement of the imminent arrival of the Schiavon family was received, he always prepared to send to the station and bring them home with all possible consideration and comfort. The horses had to be groomed rigorously, the carriage cleaned and its seats filled with down cushions, and there had to be a flask of water on hand in case the *signora* suffered from the bumps of the road and wanted to take her Melissa.

Once these difficult guests had arrived and were installed, Cousin Schiavon always pretended to have, in addition to his other complaints, real and imaginary, the constant one of never seeing his visits repaid. "But when, Gregorio, will you decide to come to Venice?" he would say to my grandfather. "When shall I have the honor of your visit? When will you decide to

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show our marvellous city to your little Lucia?"—and here he would make a great show of caressing my mother, who was the eldest of Grandfather's children.

Grandfather, with the memory of his wedding trip in the back of his mind, usually did not answer, or, at the most, said vaguely, "Venice is a long trip for a child—too long." And Schiavon would reply in haste, "Not too long, not too long," so that his very denial had all the air of being a subtle confirmation of the distance and the expense and trouble of such a trip.

Yet despite my grandfather's prudence, when my mother was about ten years old some trifling business matter had to be resolved by him at first hand in Venice. My mother begged to go along and be permitted her first ride in a train, and my grandmother insisted that she be given this experience, especially since the continual offers of hospitality on the part of Cousin Schiavon seemed to her perfectly sincere. And so, on an early spring morning toward the end of the last century, my mother and her father set off for Venice with the intention of passing the night at Palazzo Schiavon and returning home the next day.

Cousin Schiavon had been informed of the impending trip greatly in advance, and my grandfather did not make a move toward actually going until he had received word from Schiavon stating that he would meet them himself at the station in his own gondola. He would come in person, he wrote, because he wanted to have the pleasure of hearing with his own ears the exclamations of little Lucia on her first encounter with Venice.

My mother was enraptured with the velocity of the train, which was mostly an impression given by clatter, whistles, clouds of smoke, creaking of seats, and the flying past of sparks. But even the shortest trip was long in those days, and when she and my grandfather arrived at the station, they were covered with soot and as gloriously dirty and tired as heroes. At once, they had a disappointment; there was no cousin in a gondola waiting for them. My grandfather hired a public gondola to take them to Palazzo Schiavon. Here they were met by an old hunchbacked manservant wearing a spotted and patched livery that had, nevertheless, buttons of gold marked with the emblem of the house. "But there were no guests expected today, and no one is home at the moment," he told them, speaking in the tremulous voice of age, and giving every evidence

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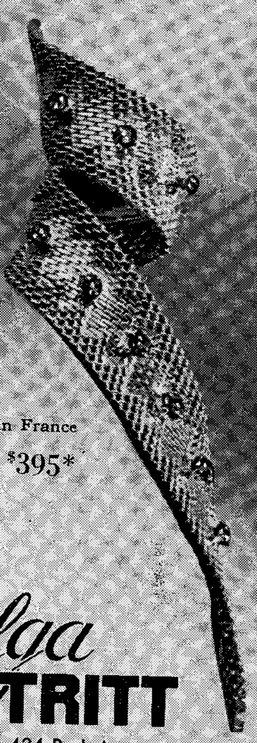

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of genuine surprise as he bent his crooked back lavishly in complimentary bows. "The *signora* is shopping for laces and crystal," he continued. "However, *il signor conte* is always in Piazza San Marco at this time of day, reading his paper at the Caffè Florian, and if you shouldn't find him there, the waiter Zanze will surely know where he is."

This reception seemed strange to my grandfather (and the strangest part of it was the story of the always afflicted *signora* gadding about Venice so freely, buying laces and crystal). But my grandfather was essentially a credulous man and so, dragging his enchanted daughter behind him, he set out for Florian's.

The *caffè* had, in those days, little divans of black leather set out in the sunny intervals of the arcade, where the patricians of Venice spent their mornings. Many of them were sitting there when my grandfather and mother arrived, but not the patrician Schiavon. Nor was he in any of the salons of the *caffè* proper. My grandfather then asked for the waiter Zanze, who appeared immediately—a man of about forty, blond and obsequious, with one good eye and one that was almost without a pupil. Between bows and smiles Zanze said, "Conte Schiavon—may he be revered—was here half an hour ago. Then he left hurriedly, because at the Rialto—to be precise, in Campo San Bartolommeo, in the *caffè* under the statue of Goldoni, where my brother Checco Malorsega serves—the *signor* had an appointment with his *signora* and some out-of-town guests, who he said would be waiting for him, and whom he expected to take out to eat in true Venetian style. You know, *signor cavaliere*"—the waiter had the popular taste for giving a title to anyone who might have business with a noble—"you know, the old *maggiordomo* who told you to come to me is my uncle. My great-grandfather, my grandfather, my uncle, and, at his death (may God forbid!), my brother or I—all have been or will be attached to the Schiavon household."

By the end of this speech, my grandfather had become optimistic again. "Some kind of mistake has taken place," he said to my mother. "We'll find them all at Rialto." And there the two of them hurried.

But though Goldoni, on his pedestal, was actually in the Campo San Bartolommeo, the Schiavons were not. Having asked for Checco Malorsega in the *caffè* beneath the statue, my grandfather was confronted by a sly-looking

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youth who said, "For three generations our family has been in the service of the Schiavons. *Il signor conte* has already left to go to San Marco, where he had an appointment with the *signora* to meet some out-of-town guests and dine in a nearby restaurant." My grandfather gave a start, but, being of the Veneto region as much as Zanze or Checco, he knew the people and their way of speaking with formal deference and spirited sneers at the same time, and so he contained himself and went away, Checco calling after him, "We are the servants of the *signor conte*. We are at his orders. Obedience first! *Riverisco, signor cavaliere!*"

Everything was now clear to my grandfather, so he set off for a hotel without bothering to look further for his elusive host. He transacted his business, and he and my mother left the next day as planned, my mother happy over having had her excursion, and my grandfather convinced that some kind of lesson should be given to Schiavon.

BUT what lesson? Cousin Schiavon was too clever a man not to be already preparing to defend himself, and, in fact, three days after my grandfather arrived home he received from Schiavon such a genteel letter of excuses and regrets for the deplorable equivocation, which he said had been caused solely by his having too old and absent-minded a *maggiordomo*, that my grandfather almost felt himself the debtor, rather than the creditor, in courtesy to his patrician cousin. And my grandmother, still more ingenuous, said, "You see, Grego, I told you so! It was all a terrible mistake. He couldn't have done it on purpose. Why, how could he have prompted those waiters and his servingman to do a thing like that?"

My grandfather was on the point of believing his wife and letting the whole episode be forgotten when Cousin Canal, who also had received innumerable invitations from Schiavon, made a trip to Venice and was given the same reception that my mother and grandfather had had. But Cousin Canal, unwilling to admit that such an affront could be given him—a gentleman as much as Schiavon—was convinced that there had been a true error, and had taken the advice of Checco Malorsega to return to San Marco. Then, realizing at last what was being done to him, he had gone home and sworn a revenge so great that all the family awaited the consequences.

However, vows of revenge on one's family wear off with time. Months pass,

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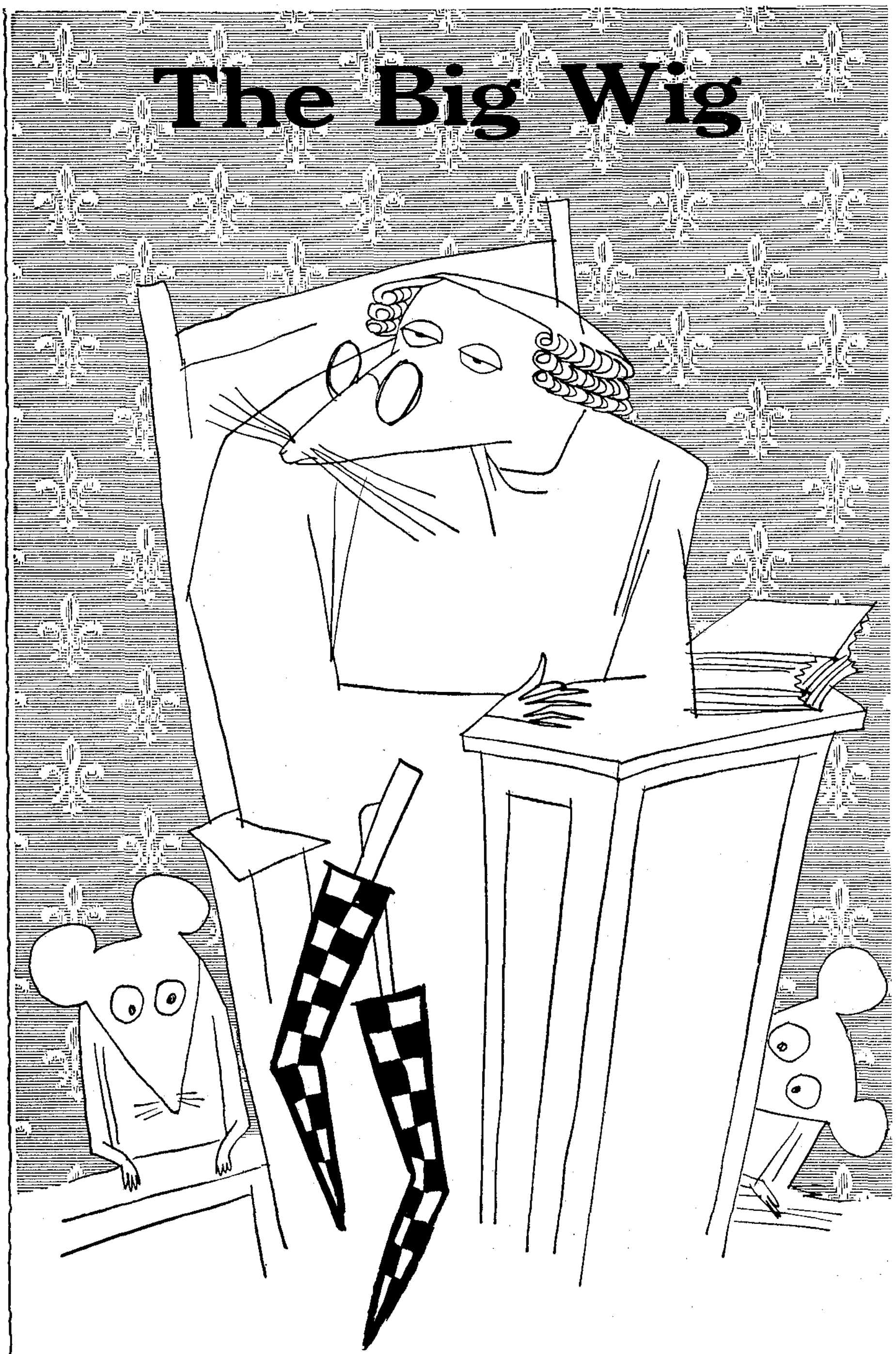
wives and social expediencies intervene, and a kind of reluctant forgiveness prevails. Above all, in the case of Schiavon, there intervened the concerted family pity for his wife. And so, by the time summer had passed and the familiar letter had arrived announcing the arrival of the Schiavons, my grandfather had already pardoned him, and all indications were that Cousin Canal was of the same mind.

In fact, after Signor and Signora Schiavon and their young son had sojourned with my grandparents for ten days, Canal, as usual, sent a carriage to pick them up for their visit to Cornorotto. This time, he sent an elegant open landau with a pair of fine horses. Schiavon muttered "We'll catch our death of pneumonia" as he climbed in, though the weather was warm for autumn; and my grandfather, observing the landau, decided that Canal wanted to shame Schiavon by a show of superior consideration.

But my grandfather had not guessed right. Instead of his sort of serene simplicity, Canal had a strong sense of provincial pride; and even as my grandfather was mentally praising his friend for returning good for evil, Canal himself was scheming his glorious revenge. In expectation of the Schiavons, he had prepared a marvellous barbecue of birds, and had invited for the occasion as many neighbors and friends as could come. He had then given orders that when the landau came in sight, the gate of his house should be closed and bolted. Furthermore, the crimson velvet cloth, embroidered with the family crest, that was shown only on great family occasions such as marriages, first communions, or deaths was to be hung on the Baroque balcony over the entrance to the house.

When the landau with the Schiavons finally stood before the closed gate, Signor Canal appeared on the balcony with his other guests about him. He was red in the face, and, with the tips of his fingers, protected by cloths, he held a spit full of fragrant, newly roasted birds. He leaned over the balcony so that the sight—and odor, if possible—of the hot drippings could have their full effect on the occupants of the carriage. And then, swaying the spit to his words, he shouted down, "*Signor conte* of the egg measure, *signor patrizio* of the grease spots—from San Marco to Rialto, from Rialto to San Marco, you son of a dog! Of these birds you'll get no taste! Menego, drive the *signor conte* to the station!"

The gate didn't open, either for the



The Big Wig

That he passed the bar at nine and hasn't passed one since is a matter of record. A big head, however, is not the Big Wig's puzzlement at present. Of more immediate interest are his contour socks of Tycora yarn. Their surpassing absorbency he accepts solely on the evidence of his senses. But he cannot calculate why only this one-size hose couples a chivalric kindliness to toe with the inner strength of ten tigers.

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loud indignation of Signor Schiavon or for the fainting spell of the *signora*, or even for the mild protests of Canal's wife and friends. The driver obediently turned the horses away and took the road to the railway station. And the servants, instructed beforehand, were immediately zealous in getting the dinner under way, so that all the guests were seated and eating birds almost as soon as the carriage was out of sight.

THAT was the last time that Cousins Canal and Schiavon ever saw each other; their reconciliation, however often attempted by my grandfather and others, was not possible. Every time the subject came up, Canal would roar with delight, "It was the most beautiful *arrosto* of my life! The finest spit of birds I shall ever have beneath my nose! It would be impossible to do better, Grego, I give you my word of honor. Not even you have ever eaten birds so good—and neither will I, ever again in my lifetime."

Schiavon, returning a year later to Grandfather's villa, told him his own version of the story, advising him to break off with Cousin Canal, whom he termed vulgar and dangerous. "Don't even consider the offense itself, the puerility of the insult, my dear Gregorio," he said. "Think, instead, of our discomfort on such a cold evening in that advanced season, dispatched to the first train that came along, without any preparation or rest after a long carriage ride. My wife, who never eats, had to have broth because of all the emotions of that afternoon, so we had to eat in some hole of a *trattoria* near the station where we changed trains. The boy was cold and hungry and frightened silly, and it cost two lire and fifty-seven centesimi, plus two centesimi tip. Think of it—for an infamous supper in a place of the lowest degree! This is the first time I have ever had to feel that I spent money poorly in my life. This was thanks to Canal, and I shall never pardon him—never."

THOSE years are now distant; Cousins Canal and Schiavon died long ago, and my grandfather's villa, with its great barbecue hearth, was sold out of the family after the First World War. But my wife had come to have, through my stories, a nostalgic feeling for the times and traditions she had never known. Not only did she begin to tolerate the presence of birds on the stands but she was even willing, once not long ago, to join a family party that was going expressly to dine on spitted

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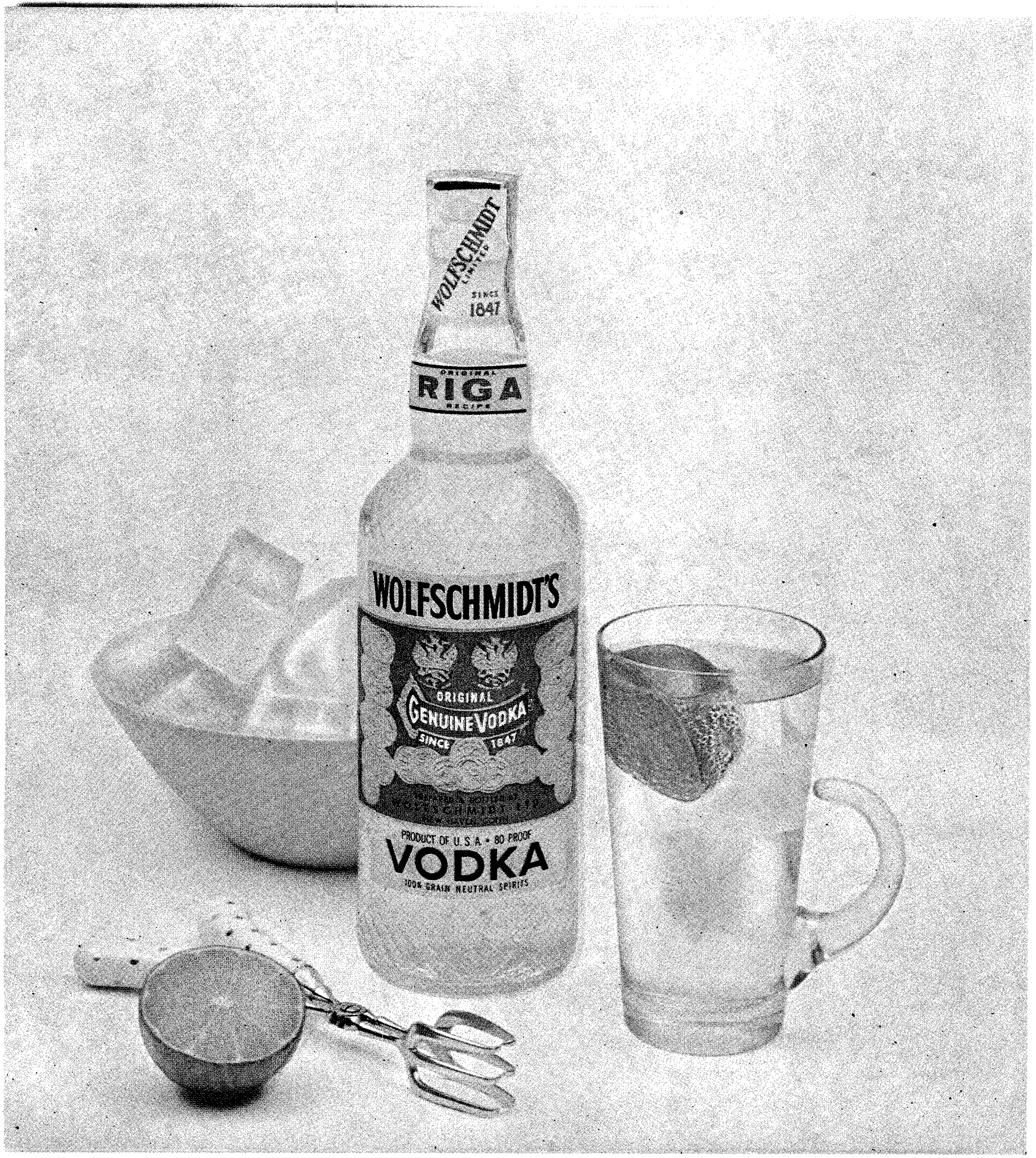
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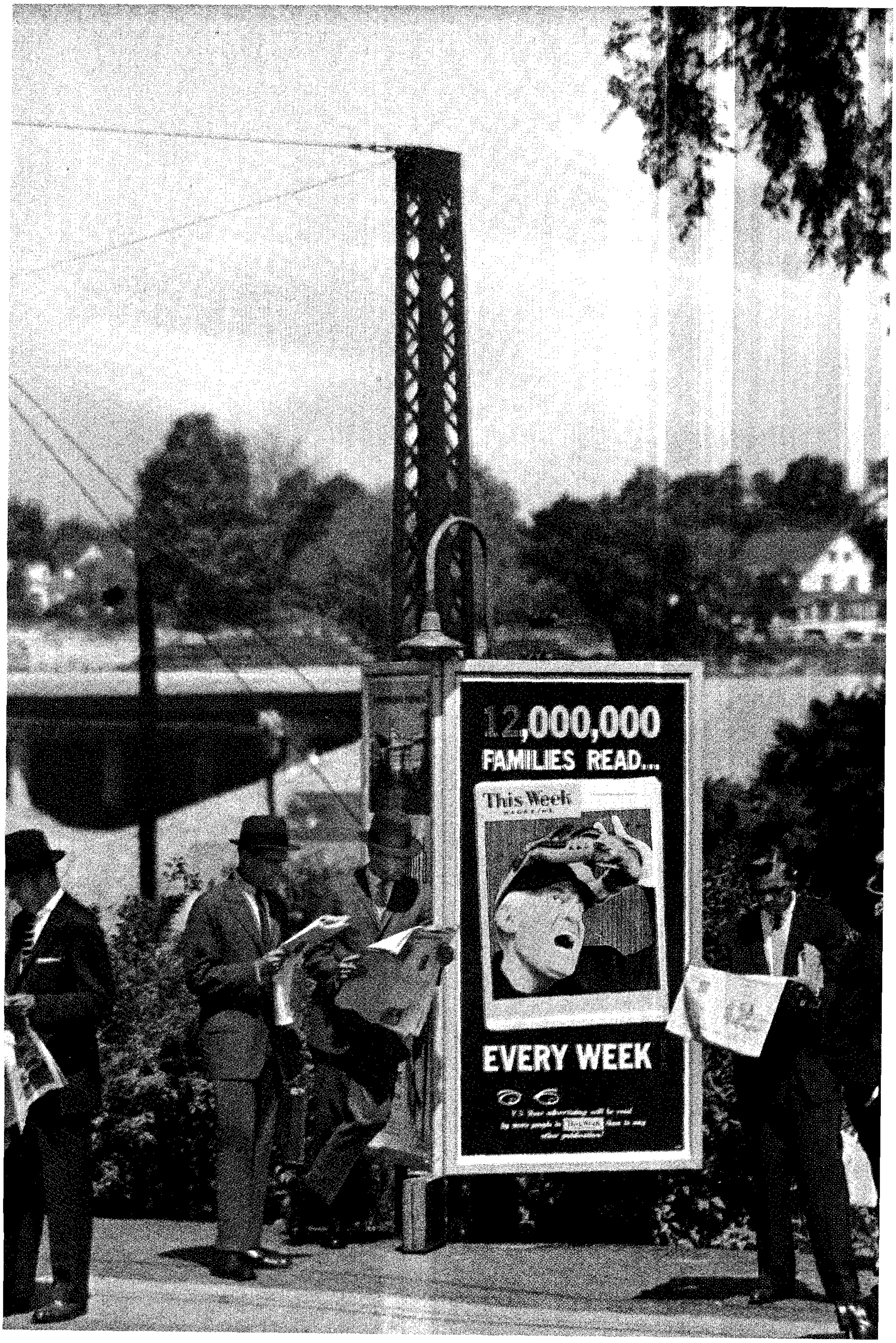
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birds at one of the *trattorie* of the market square.

Naturally, in such places and in these times there is always the danger of the birds having been taken by snare. And so we had the *padrone* swear that his were birds shot by hunters, and this he did with his hand over his heart, and we believed him, of course, since, unlike my grandfather and Cousin Canal, we couldn't have told the difference. My wife was happy with the rustic atmosphere of hearth and spit, and enthusiastic over the *padrone* and the stories the family told around the table while we all waited for the *arrosto* to be served. But when it finally was ready, and she actually saw the birds on her plate, she shuddered and could not bring herself to touch them, watching incredulously as my sister ate them in her fingers with art and gusto. My brother-in-law drank down his strong black wine and said, "A good plate—worthy of old times. Stuff of the old Republic."

But I found that my wife's shudder had attached itself to me, and so the birds I ate that night—slightly bitter, as they were—were not the birds I had eaten as a child at the great barbecues of my Grandfather Gregorio and of my Cousin Canal. —ANTONIO BAROLINI

•

THE LOVER'S GHOST

I fear the headless man
Whose military scars
Proclaim his merit,
And yet I fear a woman
More than the ghost of Mars—
A wounded spirit.

That look, all kindness lost,
Cold hands, as cold as stone,
A wanton gesture . . .
"What do you want, old ghost?
How long must I atone?"
So I addressed her.

"Did you not call?" she said,
"Goodbye, then! For I go
Where I am wanted."
Till dawn I tossed in bed,
Wishing that I could know
Who else she haunted.

—LOUIS SIMPSON

•

"For instance," said Symphomaniac Leon Rosenbluth at the Wed. night concert, "the Philadelphia has a much richer tone." "Well," defended Sally Gilbert Staunchly, "maybe they can afford better instruments!"—*San Francisco Examiner.*

The Staunchlys have always been quick like that.

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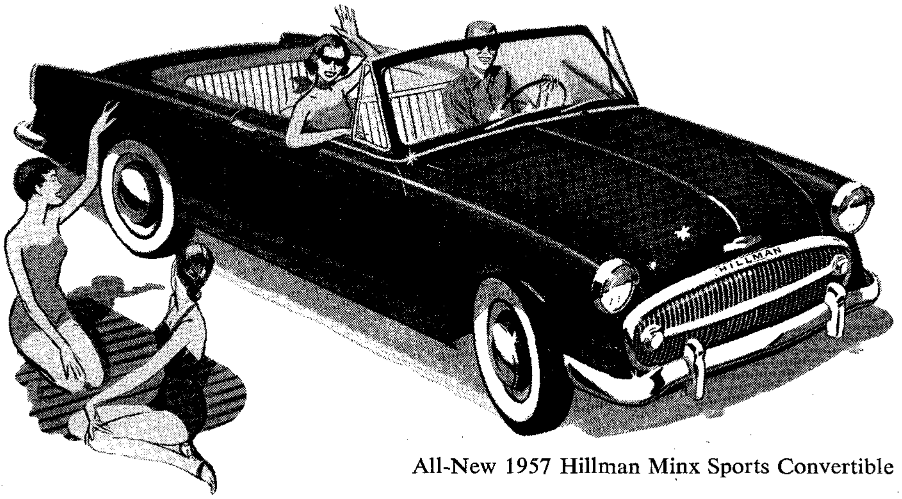

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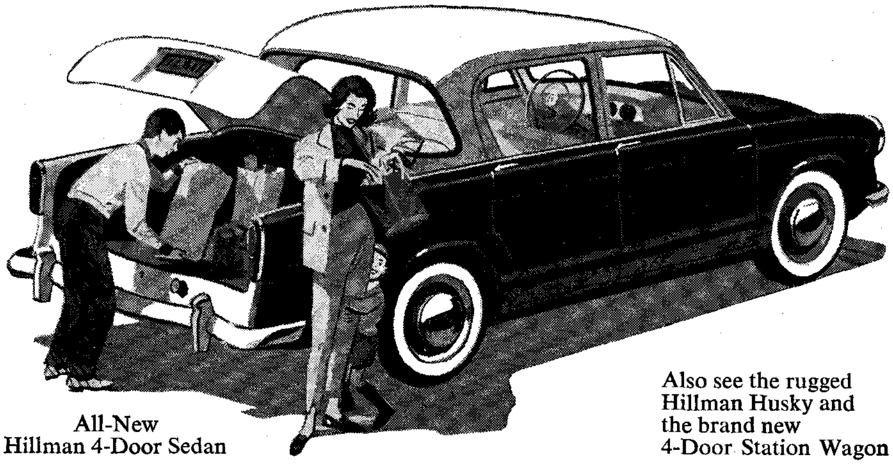

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THEY CAN BE DIFFERENT THAN THEY EVER KNEW

THE summer of 1955 was one of the hottest that New York had endured in a good many years. By mid-June, all the signs indicated that the city was in for it, and there was a renewed rush for lightweight clothing. At about three o'clock on the wilting afternoon of Tuesday, the twenty-first, two Negro youths in T shirts and khaki slacks—I'll call them Joseph Crammer and Michael Purvis—stood on the sidewalk outside a large department store in midtown Manhattan, belatedly working out the details of a plan that up to then they had discussed only in the vaguest of terms. The general idea was to steal as much men's summer clothing as they could from the store and sell it to a second-hand dealer. Joseph, a stocky, coffee-colored nineteen-year-old, with sideburns and a thin mustache, who had served three months in the workhouse the previous year after botching a similar job, was confident that they could bring this one off. Michael, who was eighteen, tall, dark, and skinny, and had no previous experience in deliberate law-breaking, was not so sure. In fact, he was shaking visibly, and Joseph curtly ordered him to pull himself together. Just go in and get a shopping bag, Joseph said, and act as if he was really shopping.

More or less united in this meagre strategy, Joseph and Michael entered the store, picked up their shopping bags from a stack just inside the doorway, and took an escalator two flights up to the men's-clothing department, which—as Joseph, at least, had anticipated—was crowded. Nevertheless, they succeeded in finding a little privacy off in a corner, where Joseph whispered one more instruction: Michael was to watch him for a minute or two, and then do exactly as he did. Joseph then started strolling with an exaggerated air of unconcern from counter to counter, occasionally glancing around the room to see if anyone besides Michael was observing him, and, when he thought no one was, slipping various articles of clothing into his bag. Michael watched intently until Joseph became lost in the throng of customers and salesmen, and then he struck out on his own, in a different direction. He was not quite as cool an operator as his companion, however; whereas Joseph glanced around before adding to the contents of his shopping bag, Michael grabbed first and looked afterward.

"You're beautiful when you're angry."

As it happened, it didn't matter when Michael looked, for the boys had barely gone into their huddle in the corner when two store detectives spotted them and decided that the pair were worth keeping an eye on. Although the detectives almost immediately saw their suspicions confirmed, they took no action at the moment. It is routine procedure in most stores to let a shoplifter steal his fill and leave the premises before apprehending him—in order that he won't be able to plead in court that he had intended to signal a clerk and pay his bill. So the detectives, trained to observe without appearing to observe, merely looked on as Joseph and Michael made their separate ways up and down the aisles. After ten minutes or so, the boys ran into each other at a counter piled high with bathing trunks. By then, Joseph's shopping bag contained two pairs of gabardine slacks, four nylon sports shirts, and four pairs of cotton socks, and Michael's contained half a dozen T shirts and as many pairs of undershorts. After a quick look around, Joseph took three pairs of trunks from the counter and ordered Michael to open his shopping bag, so that he could drop them in. "You got your own bag—use it!" Michael said edgily. A man was standing nearby, and Michael, convinced that he had been overheard, succumbed to the jitters. "I'm getting out of here," he muttered to Joseph, and hurried toward the escalator. In disgust, Joseph put the trunks back on the pile and followed him. Without speaking, they rode down to the main floor (Michael wanted to run down, but he managed to restrain the impulse), headed for a doorway, and left the building. They got as far as the nearest corner and were about to cross the street when the two detectives, reinforced by two colleagues, seized them from behind, pinning their arms to their sides.

Not long ago, I became acquainted with Michael, and in the course of a talk we had, he told me how he had felt out there on the sidewalk. "We got out of that store easy," he said. "Once we was on the street, I figured we was off and away. And I made up my mind

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right there I wasn't going to do nothing like that again." He paused, apparently to reconsider this statement, and then went on, "But you can't tell. If I hadn't got caught, I probably would've said different an hour later, or next day, or next month, even. Maybe I would've said, 'That wasn't so rough,' and figure I'd get over being so shaky, like I was. Next time it would be easy—you know what I mean? Maybe I would've said that. Then maybe I would've landed in some *real* trouble."

After another pause, Michael said, "Anyways, I was caught, and nobody had to notify me what for. They nabbed me with the stuff, and I agreed I was guilty. They took us to an office on the fourth floor of the store and kept questioning us, asking us what made us do things like that. Then they questioned us separate. They said to me I was a good boy, and how come I was running with a tough punk like Joey. He was no good for sure, they said. I found out that night, after we was in jail together, they told Joey the same thing about me. They was trying to find out which one of us planned it—see? I told them we just got together and talked about doing it, and came down there and did it. That was all there was to it. I told them nobody masterminded *that* job. Then a cop came in and handcuffed us and took us down through the store. I was embarrassed. People kept saying—I heard it five, six times, maybe more—'And young boys!' Over and over they kept saying 'And young boys!'—like they couldn't believe it. Everybody crowded around—the way people like to do, you know—trying to find out what was up, and we walked past them. It hit my conscience when they was staring at me like that. The cop took us out on the street and put us in a paddy wagon with probably twenty other guys—all grown men they'd picked up here and there, I guess. I thought about my mother and Leila—my girl. I was worried how they would feel. I figured they wasn't going to hardly look up to me for what I done, and I was glad I wasn't living home, so maybe they wouldn't find out. Then I got to thinking about prison. I was sure I was going to do time. All I could think of was: How much? Then, along there before we got to the police station, I look back in the wagon and I seen this one old white man. He was real old—maybe seventy, eighty. He had white hair and he hadn't shaved for probably a week. He just sat there, and he was trembling. I couldn't stop looking at him. He didn't see me—he didn't

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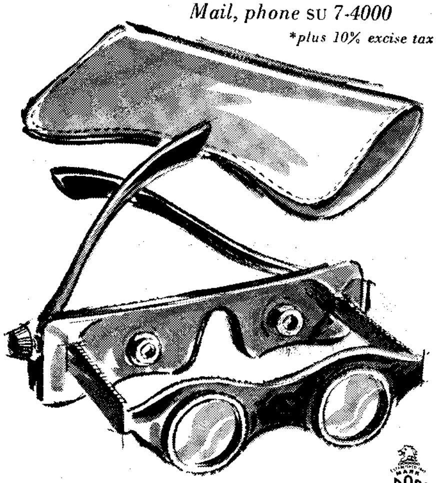

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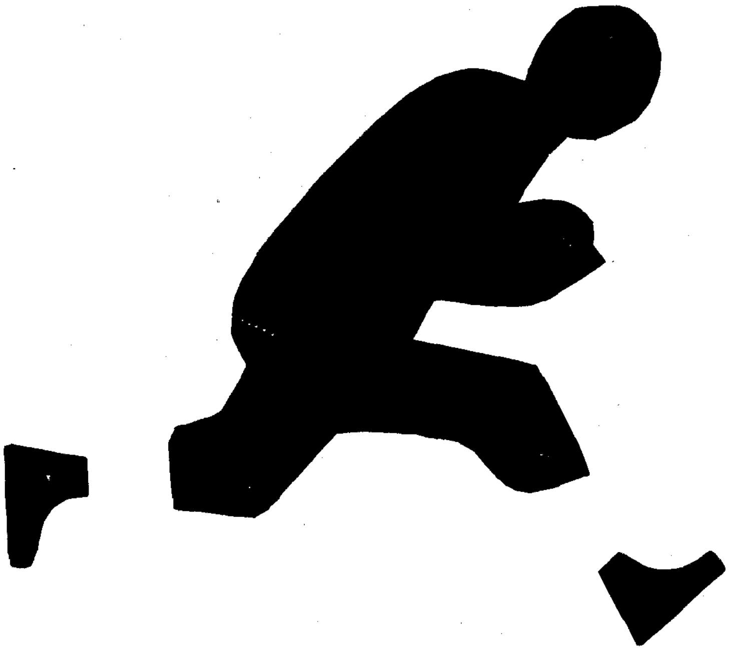
see nothing, really. He just sat there trembling—his shoulders trembling, and his hands grabbed together in his lap but still trembling, like all the rest of him. And then I seen there was tears dripping down his face—all over his face and into his beard. Right then, I knew one thing—I wasn't ever going to get like that. I don't care if you're colored or if you're white. When you get to be an old man and got to sit in a paddy wagon, and you're trembling and the tears is running down your old face, there is something wrong with your life, and it's too late to do different. I saw it then. It wasn't going to happen to me."

IT was fortunate for both youths that Michael had lost his nerve at the bathing-trunk counter, since the total value of the clothing they had stolen was ninety-one dollars and twenty-two cents, and in New York State any theft involving less than a hundred dollars is regarded as a misdemeanor, rather than a felony. Within an hour after the boys had left the store, their haphazard foray was recorded on a police blotter (it was too commonplace to reach the newspapers) and they started on their way through the dreary routine that awaits the petty criminal in their situation: arraignment in magistrates' court, jail, and, finally, disposition of the case by the Court of Special Sessions, which hears all misdemeanor cases—and which, unlike loftier tribunals, was grinding away all through that tropical summer of 1955. The jail was the Tombs, and Joseph spent only one night there before he was bailed out by an uncle, who retained a lawyer for him. Because of the difference in the ages of the boys, they were tried separately. Joseph pleaded not guilty, but the three judges who sat on the case found otherwise, and, noting that he had already been in trouble once, sentenced him to six months in the workhouse on Riker's Island.

As for Michael, he was too ashamed to get in touch with his family, and spent seventeen days in the Tombs, after which he was released on his own recognizance. His case came up on August 4th, and he appeared in the Youth Part of Special Sessions. Since he didn't have the money to hire a lawyer, the court appointed one for him, and the lawyer at once requested that his client be tried under the New York State Youthful Offender Law. By the terms of this statute, passed in 1944, if a defendant is between sixteen and nineteen, is not charged with a



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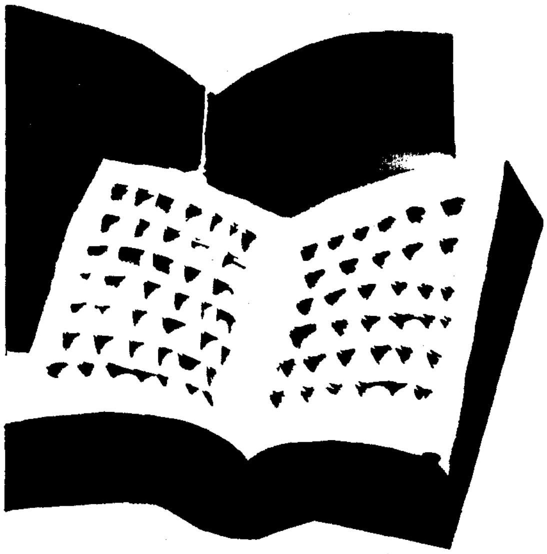

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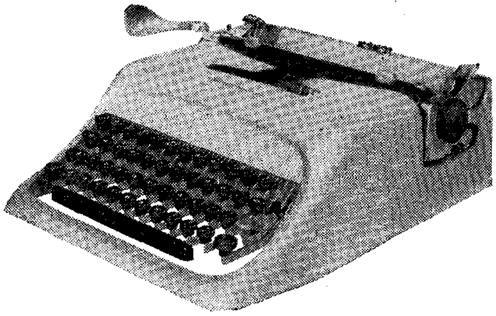

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crime punishable by life imprisonment or death, and has never committed a felony, the presiding judge and the District Attorney may agree to set aside the criminal charge against him and, instead, charge him with being a youthful offender. Even if he is convicted of this charge, he has no criminal record in the eyes of the state; legally speaking, the offense is wiped out, and the offender's slate is clean. In dealing with a youthful offender who is found guilty, the court has three alternatives: it may free him outright; it may place him on probation; or—if, in the opinion of investigators, his environment is such that he will almost inevitably break the law again—it may sentence him to a reformatory. In Michael's case, the presiding judge ordered the court's probation staff to investigate his background, and a week later the court received a detailed report on Michael, which included these observations: "He appears to be of normal mentality, he is quiet-mannered, straightforward in his response, and unaffected despite the poverty-ridden circumstances under which he is required to live. . . . He has not had the benefit of parental love and guidance but has been required to manage very much on his own since an early age. He appears to be truthful and deeply regretful for giving in to the persuasion of his accomplice, and will possibly, under proper direction and improved environmental conditions, develop into a more acceptable person." On the basis of this cautious optimism, the judge and the District Attorney agreed to drop the criminal charge against Michael and try him as a youthful offender. When he was asked how he pleaded, he replied "Guilty," and the judge then chose the middle course, putting him on probation for a period not to exceed three years.

RECENTLY, having read a good deal in the papers about some of our more spectacular young desperadoes, I grew curious about what happens to the humbler offenders, and it didn't take much inquiry in legal circles for me to discover that in the last few years an increasing proportion of them have wound up on probation. Since most novices in crime, like Michael, are guilty only of misdemeanors, they usually get their first glimpse of how justice operates in the Court of Special Sessions, and I learned that the Chief Justice of that court, Irving Ben Cooper, has for some time been conducting a large-scale program to help youthful culprits, in his words, "take hold on life again as a going concern." Early last month, I called up Judge Cooper to ask if we might have a talk, and also if it would be possible for me to meet one of the young men who had taken hold on life again. The Judge said that he would be glad to see me himself but that it would be a bit more difficult to arrange a meeting with anyone who had been sentenced to probation; the courts have adopted many provisions to safeguard probationers and former probationers from being hounded by their past, and the boy who was chosen to meet me would have to be perfectly willing to do so. Besides, he added, I would have to take foolproof precautions to conceal his identity. I readily agreed to that stipulation, and the Judge said that if I would call back the next morning, he would try to line someone up. When I did, he told me that everything was all set. "This boy comes as close as anybody to being an average case," he said. "He was on probation for nineteen months, and then, four months ago, we reviewed his status, found he had been behaving, and released him. He's a Negro, as it happens, but that has nothing to do with my calling him an average case. Actually, in proportion to the population, the greater number of our boys are white." The Judge suggested that I come up to his chambers a couple of mornings later, explaining that he would give me a few pointers on probation first and then the boy would join us. Meanwhile, he added, he would send me a report he had written that contained a transcript of a conversation he had had with the boy in question.

The boy was Michael Purvis, and in the report the Judge described an experiment he began one September evening in 1955, in which Michael took part. The Judge's object, the report explained, was to overcome the traditional suspicion and resentment that almost any offender newly placed on probation feels toward all branches of the law—from the cop on the beat to his probation officer. To this end, Judge Cooper persuaded eight former probationers—young men who had been free of the court's jurisdiction for five years and had shown themselves to be appreciably sounder citizens than they were when they had their day in Special Sessions—to come around to his chambers and discuss the benefits of the system with twenty-seven youthful offenders, Michael among them, who had only recently been placed on probation. In the Judge's view, the session was highly successful. "The transparent honesty and sincerity of the [former probationers], their descriptions of their strivings, backslidings, and gradual triumphs were so moving that [the present] probationers lined up solidly behind them," he wrote. Like the rest, Michael had arrived in a decidedly standoffish mood, but by the end of the evening he seemed to have been won over. A year later, the Judge called a few of the same probationers back to his chambers individually, to find out how the passage of time had affected their feelings toward the system. Again, one of them was Michael, and during the course of the chat the Judge had with him, as recorded by a court stenographer, the following exchange took place:

JUDGE COOPER: Michael, do you think that getting arrested and probation has brought you a better sense of how to behave in life?

MICHAEL: I think it did.

JUDGE COOPER: You feel sure you are not going to get yourself arrested ever?

MICHAEL: No, I don't think I would ever get myself arrested no more, unless for fighting or something like that.... Maybe I may get locked up ... but I won't get arrested for doing what I know it's wrong to do. I guarantee that.

JUDGE COOPER: What makes you guarantee it?

MICHAEL: On account of what happened before. Say, for instance, you get arrested, go to jail. . . . Some guys . . . is being in for ten or fifteen years and having fun and don't care, you see what I mean? It all depends on the heart and mind. . . . How many times I met several guys when I was in jail say, 'This is my third time,' and I just looked at them, and they seemed to be happy and singing and talking, just like me and you sitting down talking now, Judge. I just can't understand it, because you . . . see the same people every day. And you hear the same conversation, never hear nothing good. But some people just like to hear things like that, just like that life. But I'm the type, I don't like it. I really don't like it.

JUDGE COOPER: Do you think if you never were arrested and never taught these lessons, you would be as solid a person now as you are?

MICHAEL: Well, I wouldn't say yes and I wouldn't say no, because you never knows too much. It's a tough problem. . . . When you get caught and get a tough lesson, it gives some people the right lesson after they get out. Then some people, it makes them mean.

JUDGE COOPER: What did it do to you?

MICHAEL: It made me good, to tell the truth.

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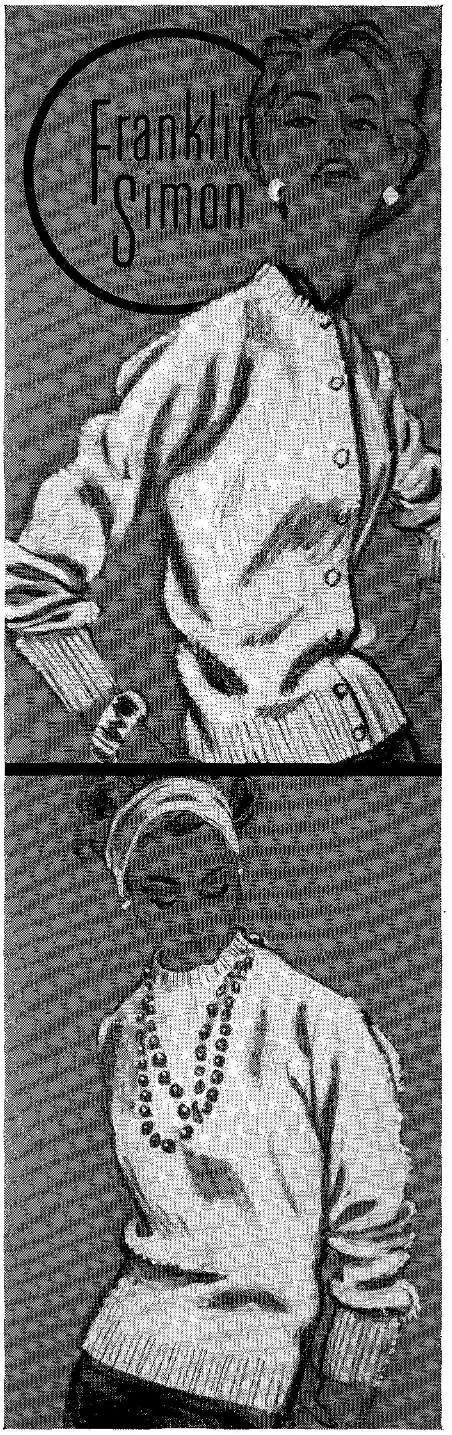

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consist of several bustling offices and their *raison d'être*—Judge Cooper's sanctum. This is a serene, airy room, about fifty feet long and twenty feet wide, with pale-green walls and a white ceiling; it is furnished with two dozen leather armchairs, perhaps a thousand lawbooks, a conference table, and, at the far end, a large mahogany desk. As a secretary ushered me into this spacious retreat from the turbulence of the courtrooms, Judge Cooper quickly rose from behind his desk and walked briskly half the length of the room to greet me. An energetic and almost unbelievably distinguished-looking man in his mid-fifties, with a lofty bald pate, a fringe of silvery hair, bristling gray eyebrows and mustache, and a deep sun tan, the Judge proved to be expansively articulate. Once we were seated, facing each other across the desk, he unwrapped a Havana, lighted it, and leaned back.

"To get one matter straight, probation should not be, as it often is, confused with parole," he began crisply. "Parole is an administrative procedure that is applied after a man has served part of a prison sentence; probation takes the place of prison. However, parole and probation work pretty much the same once they're in operation, as far as the person who is placed on one or the other is concerned. In either case, he must live up to certain standards, such as leading a decent life, holding down a regular job, fulfilling his financial obligations, and avoiding contact with former prisoners, and, again in either case, if he is grievously laggard in keeping his part of the bargain, he can be put behind bars. Now, probation is often attacked as a softhearted means of handling offenders, and it is true that a good many defendants who hear the judge say 'Probation' feel they've beaten the rap. But they soon find that the price is a stiff one. Let me assure you that most youngsters who make a go of probation work harder—emotionally, mentally, and even physically—than they ever have before. They have to accustom themselves to genuine responsibility at home, in school or at work, and at play. They have to renounce many of their former cronies, and this is likely to leave them isolated and lonely. Since most of these kids are out-and-out aimless, they find it terribly difficult to rely, as they must, on themselves. In fact, I would say that, more often than not, probation, far from being an easy way out, is *the* punishment that fits the crime."

Reflectively tapping his cigar on the edge of an amber ashtray, Judge Cooper

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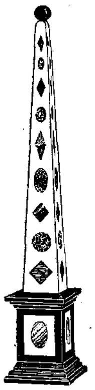

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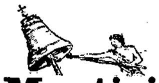

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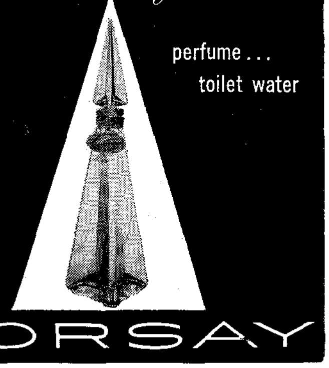

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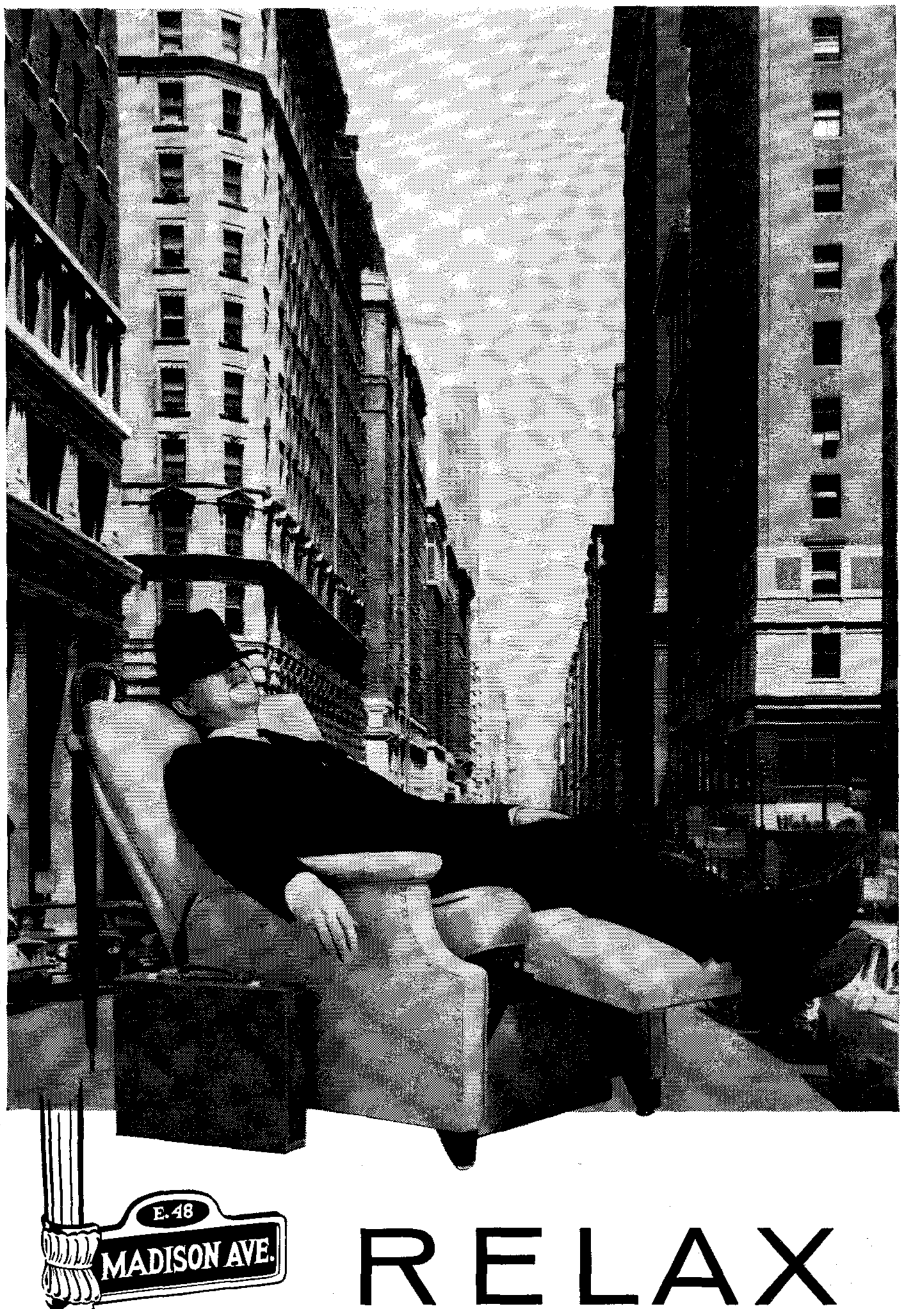
continued, "Young first offenders, who constitute the group I have been grappling with over the years, fall, roughly, into three categories. About a third of them are impulsive youngsters who have stumbled into crime and are shocked to the marrow by the experience. Quite often, their offense is the result of nothing more than a lark. Most of these kids are rehabilitated, so to speak, by the time the patrol wagon brings them in. So there's little difficulty with them. Then, there's a smaller number—possibly fifteen per cent of the whole—who represent a much graver social problem, though they are almost equally easy for a judge to make up his mind about. I'm speaking now of the tough eggs, who may be first offenders but are already determined criminals and will most likely end up either with lifetime prison sentences or in the electric chair. They abuse any show of mercy, any attempt to help them. Once we're sure that we have one of these fellows on our hands, it's a relatively simple matter to decide what to do with him. Perhaps someday psychiatry will enable us to salvage this bunch, but right now the only thing we can do is send them to prison. After all, our primary duty is to protect the community. And, finally, there's the third category—the borderline cases. These are the youngsters who are driven into trouble because of temperament, family dissensions, neighborhood pressures, gang affiliations, neurotic inadequacies, financial needs, and such. About half of all the young first offenders who turn up here belong in this category. They are our biggest problem—not because of their numbers but because there is no rule-of-thumb procedure for handling them. These youngsters—and Michael Purvis is one of them—can usually make moral recoveries if they have sympathetic guidance and encouragement. In fact, our records show that four out of five of them have worked out successfully over the years; that is, they haven't been rearrested. All this takes time, though. For one thing, we have plenty of these kids; last year we put about eighteen hundred on probation. For another, they need patient care for many months, and in some cases for several years. And even then there may be a relapse."

The Judge went on to say that while the court's facilities for separating the indelibly black sheep from the merely soiled are better than they used to be, they are still far from adequate. Enlightened sentencing, he observed, depends primarily on the thoroughness with which a court's probation depart-



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ment can investigate the backgrounds of offenders before their cases are heard, and the process of investigation cannot be very thorough if—as was true at Special Sessions in 1951, when he was appointed Chief Justice—the department has only twenty-nine probation officers, each of them supervising a hundred and fifty probationers as well as conducting investigations. "For the most part, there wasn't time in those days for any pre-sentence investigation whatever," Judge Cooper told me. "All we could do was apply the statutes: What's this kid charged with? What does the law say? That's it, then. Bang! Here's your sentence." The Judge smiled grimly. "It was like a surgeon operating on a patient without first making a diagnosis," he said. "Believe me, it kept some of us awake nights. Take young Michael, for example. He's a likely prospect for rehabilitation, but a few years ago he would undoubtedly have been packed off to jail. On the surface, there was no reason to think that he wasn't headed for a life of crime."

The Judge told me that he had kept begging the city for money with which to bolster the court's probation department, and that in July, 1954, a near miracle had occurred when the Board of Estimate, prodded by Mayor Wagner, came across with an increase of a quarter of a million dollars a year in the allotment for Special Sessions, which thereupon added sixty probation officers to its staff. "Now our officers supervise forty probationers each, and last year we were able to make about fifty-five hundred pre-sentence investigations," Judge Cooper said. "And yet we're still way short of our goal. There should be a mandatory pre-sentence investigation for every first offender, regardless of his crime or his age, and we could easily use twice as many probation officers as we have now. The objection, of course, is the usual one—too expensive. But what a perfectly ridiculous position to take! I've never heard anyone object when the District Attorney's Office puts in a whopping bill—sometimes as much as a hundred thousand dollars—for bringing a single murderer to justice. If we had that kind of money, we could save hundreds of youngsters who, as things stand, are bound to end up as confirmed criminals, and will cost more hundreds of thousands of dollars to track down."

Breaking off with a rueful shake of his head, the Judge fell to examining the business end of his cigar, which had gone out. As he relit it, the telephone rang. He turned to answer it, listened for a moment, said "Fine—send him in, please," and hung up. "Michael has just arrived," he told me. "Oh, and incidentally, I've also asked his former probation officer, Henry Smith, to drop in a little later."

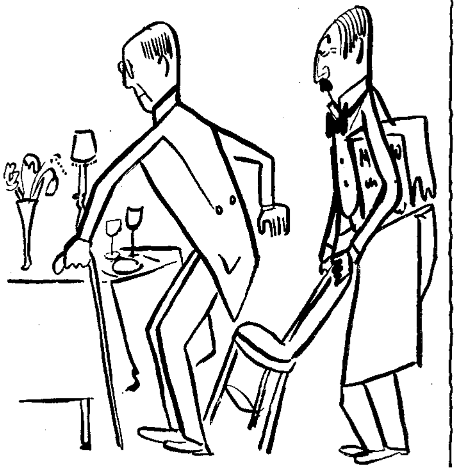
WHEN Michael came into the room—a slender six-footer, got up in pale-blue trousers, a brown-and-white checked sports shirt, and a gray cotton jacket—he gave Judge Cooper and me a sudden, rubber-band smile and advanced to the desk with an easy, athletic stride. The Judge shook hands with him cordially, and introduced me. As I took his hand—unusually long and thin, with well-cared-for rose-brown fingernails—I felt it tremble, and concluded that he was not as relaxed as he appeared to be. The Judge waved him to a chair beside the desk, thanked him for coming down to talk to us, and added that if, at any point, he preferred not to continue, he should by all means say so. "I hope you understand that the court no longer has any jurisdiction whatever over you," he said. "We couldn't *make* you come here, and you can walk out any time you feel like it."

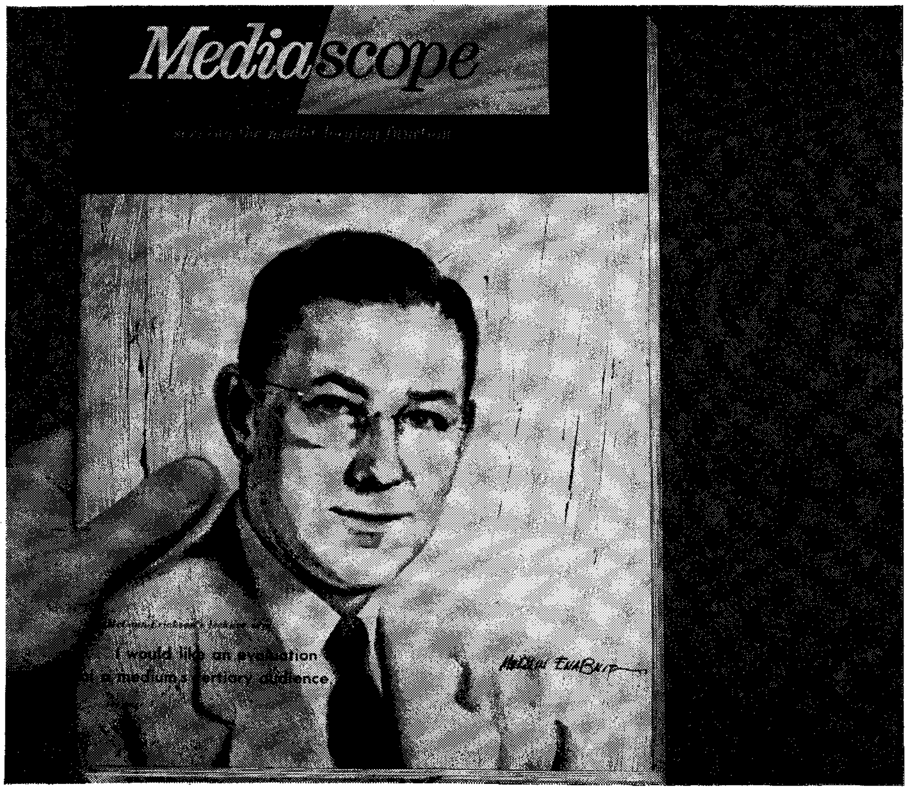
Michael nodded distantly. "I understand that all right," he said, swallowing. "Mr. Smith told me how it was." With that, he nodded again—rather more dreamily, I thought, as if he were rapidly pulling away from us.

In the hope of fastening him down before he left us entirely, I brought up the Judge's experimental get-together with the former probationers, and asked what he thought of it. After a long pause, Michael leaned forward uneasily in his chair and began, in a wavering voice, "Well . . . I think it's a . . . Actually, it's a great . . . a help, you know." He stopped there for a moment, and then went on hastily, as if speed might improve his delivery. "Like you first get on it, when your probation officer tells you to come in for the first time, it may be a little nervous and doesn't quite understand him. So, I mean, by having a meeting and discussing the matters—you know, one by one and everything, and everybody seemed to understand to help. You know what I mean, everybody seemed to understand their help, at least I did." Having delivered himself of this flapping incoherence, Michael collapsed in his chair, grinning helplessly. When, however, after an interlude of embarrassed silence, I asked him what sort of job he had, he pulled himself together and replied calmly, and from then on he showed little or no nervousness.

"Right now, for the last couple months, I been a longshoreman," Michael said. "I go to work at midnight, down on the North River—to the shape-up, you know. If there's work, I work till eight-thirty next morning, with half an hour off to eat. Course, plenty of times you get there and there ain't no work. I figure maybe I'll quit, because you go there six nights a week and you get work maybe two, three of them. If you're lucky enough to get work, you earn fifteen dollars a night. That's good pay, better than I got on other work—for a day, I mean—but it don't do for a week. It's clean work, though, and it ain't hard. I drive one of them electric trucks, taking off boxes of coffee and cocoa beans and stuff. It's easy. The guys are all good guys, too—making jokes and laughing all the time. And, like I say, it don't wear you down to a nub or nothing. I'm not the type that likes hard labor. I mean I never went out and scouted around for it."

I inquired what other jobs he had had, and he said, "Actually, I been working since I quit school, when I was sixteen. Up till then, I was living with my folks and my two brothers and two sisters. I'm the oldest. We didn't have too much room, when you think about it, so I moved out. And besides my mother didn't go so big for me staying out late at night—you know, twelve, or sometimes one or two on weekends. But a young guy like me likes being out at night—being to dances and messing around on the streets. She was right, and I was right. So I moved out. After that, we was Southern friends. You know—I visited her once a week maybe, and we got by O.K. I moved into a room in Harlem for eight dollars a week. I got a job as a delivery boy for a big grocery store, and they was paying me thirty dollars a week. I

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got my expenses up, what with girls, and that, and I didn't have enough money actually, so I started looking for a more expensive job. I got one as a truck helper with a pickup-and-delivery service. That earned me forty dollars a week, but then one day, after I was there about a year, the driver and I came wheeling into the yard and there was three men there. It seems the boss had went bankrupt. Anyways, those men said the truck was theirs now and we was to get." Michael shrugged, waving both hands gently outward in a fanning motion. "So there wasn't no job no more," he continued. "I was out of work for a couple of weeks. I had a little money saved, but it was running fast, and I couldn't find any means. So finally I went and bought a job—you know, at one of those agents that sell jobs up on Forty-second Street. I can't say I like people who get you a lousy job and then take all the money you earn the first week, but I didn't have no other way, so I bought this job as a shipping clerk in a printing plant, over near Grand Central. I got paid eighty-five dollars every two weeks. When I got the job, the boss said he'd give me a raise after six months. I worked hard, but after six months was past I didn't get it like he said. I waited another month, but nothing took place, so I went to the boss and said I want the raise or I'm likely to quit. Well, he didn't offer me a contract for my services, or nothing, and the next day a new guy was there, and he was put to work right next to me—to learn the ropes, it turned out. So the next Monday the boss asked me was I still meaning to quit, and I said if I don't get that raise I am, so he said O.K., the new guy was my replacement and I should get out. So there I was again. I'd spent all my money—I mean what I'd saved aside—and I looked but couldn't find a job, and pretty soon I was two weeks behind the rent, and then I was a month. I just wasn't able to pay was all. That was when I got in trouble."

"Would you mind telling us how that happened?" Judge Cooper asked.

"I guess not," Michael replied. Still, he hesitated, as if he were indeed reluctant. But when he finally went on, it was in an easy, forthright manner. "It come about through Joey, I guess," he said. "The guy they called my 'complice. I knew Joey then five, six months at least. He lived right around the block from me. He always seemed like a nice guy. It showed up later, after we was arrested, that he was in trouble before, but I never knew that. His family was

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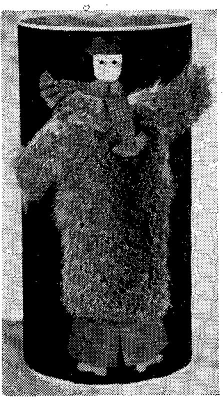

good people, actually. His father owned a candy store near my block. Anyways, we ran together a lot. Joey wasn't working, either. He helped out with his father, but he didn't have no regular job. One day after I didn't have no more money, we was having a conversation about not working and all you could get was thirty or forty dollars a week at most on a lousy job. And Joey said there was plenty of easy money around. He said he knew a place—a second-hand place—where we could sell clothes, and that it was easy to get clothes from some big store. To tell the truth, I was made kind of nervous by that talk. So I just put it out of my mind. I was still thinking I could get a job and have a little money and maybe get along. I had my girl, Leila—my wife, I mean. We got married right when I got off of probation. Well, we was having a good time, and I really didn't want to do nothing wrong. I never did before. The next week after Joey said that to me, I kept looking for a job. They hang signs outside stores sometimes, you know, for jobs inside, but I didn't find nothing. Joey said if I didn't get a job by Monday I could still go along with him. I can't say that was something I wanted to do. But I thought over it some that weekend, like it was a dream I had. My mother is a hard churchgoer, and her friends come over and get her advice about their boys when they've did something wrong, and I was worried about what it would be like for her if I did something wrong, too. I was worried about that. I didn't give that my thoughts much really, but it just kept hitting my mind." Michael cuffed the side of his head two or three times with the heel of his hand. "Anyways," he went on, "I didn't see Joey Monday, like he said, but Tuesday we ran into each other, and he asked me did I find a job. I said, 'No, I didn't,' and he said what was I going to do—was I going along with him or not? So I said, 'Yeah,' and we got on the subway and went downtown."

Michael glanced guiltily at Judge Cooper and then looked away in the direction of the window behind the desk. After a few moments, he began his description of the shoplifting episode, and just as he had finished telling us about his ride in the paddy wagon, the phone rang. After answering it, the Judge told us Mr. Smith had arrived, and Michael swivelled around in his chair to face the door, his sombre expression giving way to a smile that was at once flashing and shy. In a few seconds, the door opened and a slight, light-complexioned mid-

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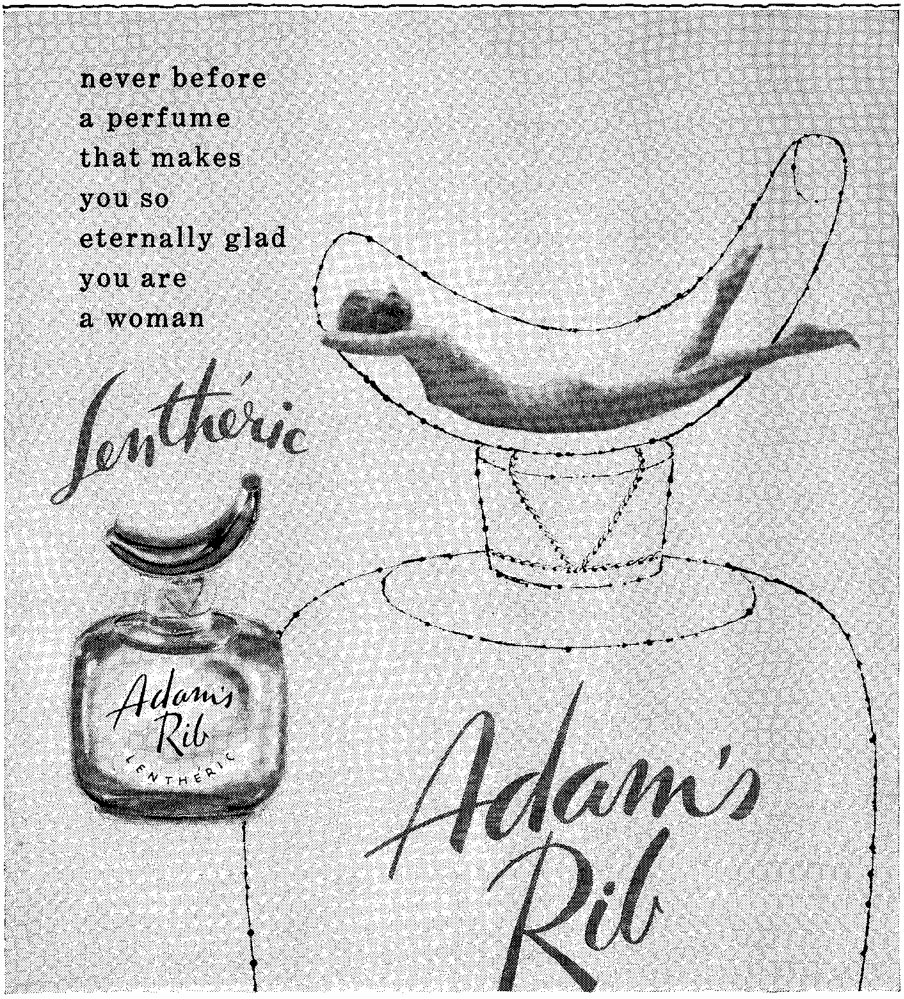

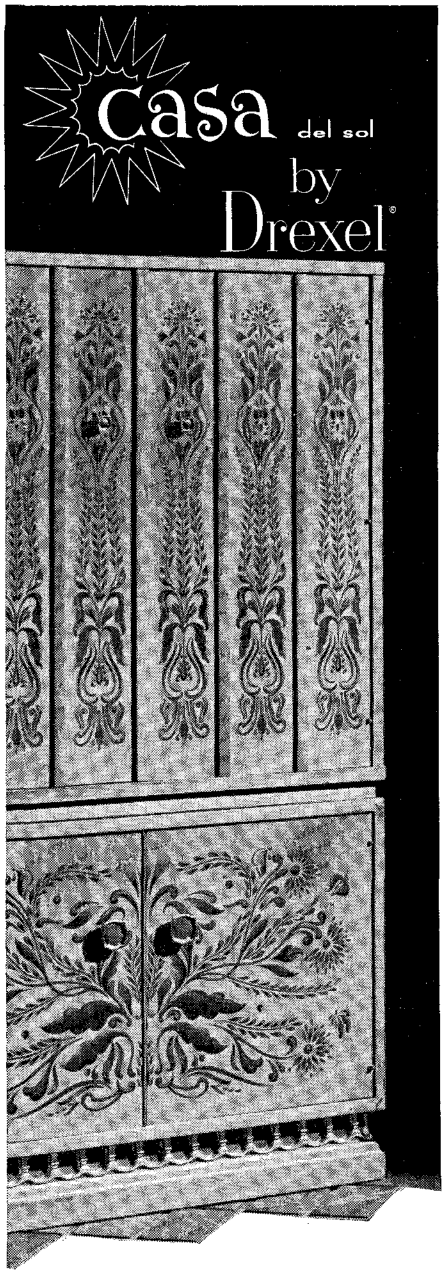

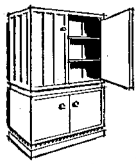

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dle-aged Negro with grizzled hair and a small mustache entered and walked over to us. When he had exchanged greetings with all three of us, he patted Michael on the shoulder and sat down next to him. "Sorry if I'm late," he said. "Got tied up with the mother of a boy I've been urging to go to mechanics' school. She was really storming against me. She says she won't have her boy thrown in with all those wops." He shook his head deprecatingly.

For my benefit, Judge Cooper asked Michael what, if anything, he felt that probation—and, in particular, his relationship with Mr. Smith—had done for him. The young man thought for a minute, three even furrows forming across his broad forehead. "I would say it helped a lot," he replied, at last. "I mean, I ain't the next President of the United States exactly, but I'm better."

"How are you better?" the Judge asked.

After a questioning look at Smith, who nodded encouragingly, Michael said, "Well, probation taught me one thing I never knew before, really. It showed me there is possibilities for me. I mean, now I know I don't *have* to end up a slob, or nothing. Actually, I never seen that before. I was just drifting along, lazy as could be, living just day to day—you know what I mean? Nobody ever told me no different. There is some people who don't understand what's going to be later on. That was me. But then something like probation comes along and maybe teaches them they can be different than they ever knew. They see what can happen to them—not only bad but good. The way I figure, no man ever knows enough about good things, only too much about bad things. Things like probation show people how many places there is in the world for people the same as them. That's a big thing, knowing that."

Michael broke off, and I asked him whether he had been surprised when the judge put him on probation. He shook his head. "I had my hopes that way," he said. "Right after I got left out of jail, I moved back to my mother's, and one day a probation lady come over there and talked to me, and told me to plead guilty and probably I would get probation. I'd planned on that anyways. I was caught with the stuff, and I figured if I tried to say I wasn't, they'd say I was a liar and send me away for sure. Like what happened with Joey. So that second time down in court I says I'm guilty—the first time, I got no chance to say a

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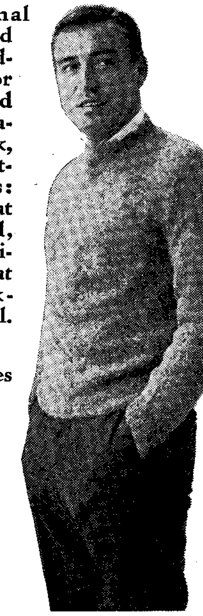

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word—and the Judge says 'Probation,' and after that they gave me a slip of paper and recommended me to see Mr. Smith. I went and saw him, and he told me what I'd have to do—report to him once a week, keep away from bad company, not drink, and all that."

"Did your parents come to court with you either time?" I asked.

Michael shook his head. "My stepfather was working. He's sort of a handyman. And my mother had to stay with the kids. I come down alone, and that first time they give me a Legal Aid lawyer. I don't recollect his name. I didn't have him more than maybe five minutes all told."

Smith leaned forward, cleared his throat, and said, "Tell me, Michael, what was your reaction to me at first?"

Michael considered the question for some time. Finally, he pointed a long, wobbly forefinger at Smith, and turned to the Judge. "To tell the truth, I didn't care for him overly," he said. "You see, Mr. Smith came up to my house once—maybe two weeks after I was on probation—without saying he was coming. I was working then. I had a job as a loader in a food warehouse downtown. Anyways, he comes and talks to my mother and asks her a lot of questions. When I got home and she told me about it, I was sore. If the truth was known, I was sore plenty. I thought he was a cop, really, and was trying to get something on me. I didn't want everyone—specially my girl—to hear I been in trouble. I just wanted to go and report, like Mr. Smith said to do, and that's all. But Mr. Smith, he was bound he was going to talk to my folks and dig into my past ground. It made me mad."

"Do you mean you didn't tell even your girl that you were in trouble?" the Judge asked.

"Not then," Michael answered. "I did before we got married, though."

"Fine," the Judge said. "I'm glad you did." Then he lit a fresh cigar and went on, "Now, Michael, you tell us that you didn't care for Mr. Smith at first. Am I right in thinking that your attitude changed?"

"Uh-huh," Michael replied. "You see, after that meeting you had with all those people that had been in trouble like me, I got to thinking. Mr. Smith, he really fathered me up. He didn't find me a job or give me money, or nothing like that, but it was a help just to think he was there. You can look up to somebody of that type when there's something you can't figure out. I mean, it helps people that don't have

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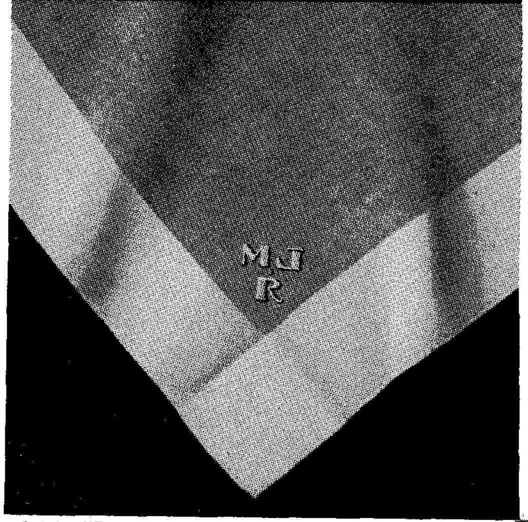

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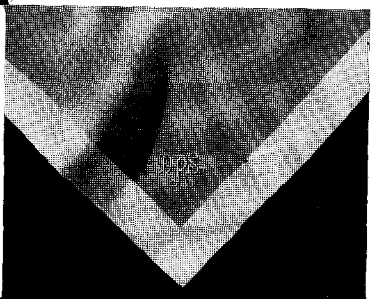

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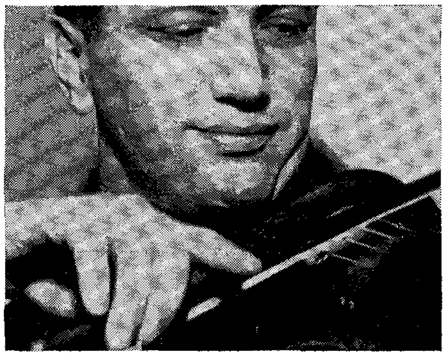

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a future they know about yet. It's the same with those people that was off probation. I heard one guy there say that when he got in trouble he was no good—a bum. And now, he said, he was making nine thousand dollars a year—something like that. That hit me. I mean, I seen something more about the future, if a guy can go from bad to good like that. Before that meeting, I didn't exactly understand what a probation officer was around for, besides for snooping. But when a couple people got up and told us their probation officer helped them and they went to him with things they didn't maybe want to discuss with their folks, I decided maybe it was O.K. Now, you go to your folks with some problem and they right off start figuring it's a lot worse than it is. They get scared because they *think* maybe you're a bad one and will go and get in worse trouble, and shame them, and all. I thought about it some after that meeting, and it came across to me that Mr. Smith wasn't my folks and wasn't cops. I mean, he was on my side."

"I might be able to add something here," Mr. Smith put in. "I think that Michael was deeply impressed at the meeting by those who had gone through the mill and reëstablished themselves in the community. Before that, he had been extremely distant toward me and resented any questions that he regarded as personal. Afterward, he opened up considerably. In fact, he voluntarily discussed personal problems with me, and he's even been in to see me two or three times since he was released from probation."

"That's the truth," Michael said.

"I'm very happy to hear that," Judge Cooper said. He glanced at his watch, and his pleased expression changed to one of startled dismay. "The time certainly has flown by," he said. "Unfortunately, I'm due in court in about four minutes." Rising, he shook hands with each of us, and said to Michael, "I can't tell you how delighted I've been to talk with you again. I'd like to wish you and your bride the very best of luck."

The amenities seemed too much for the youth. He smiled nervously and moved off toward the door. "I got to get going myself," he said over his shoulder. "It's Leila's birthday, and I promised I'd be home for lunch." With a wave and another glittering smile, he was gone.

SMITH and I left the room together and stood chatting in the corridor for a few minutes. After looking around

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Verve

to make sure that Michael was nowhere close at hand, Smith said, "I think that boy will be all right—with some breaks, that is." I remarked that, regardless of breaks, Michael already appeared to be on pretty solid ground. "It's hard to tell," Smith said. "All these youngsters tend to whitewash themselves. Shoplifting like that isn't something you just happen into as part of a game, you know. In my opinion, the chances are fairly high that if Michael hadn't been caught, he would have got himself in a real jam. There's a possibility that he will yet, of course, but I don't think so. He has some good stuff in him."

I asked Smith about Michael's background, and he said, "By and large, it was pretty unfavorable—superficially, at any rate. In the first place, the boy was born out of wedlock, and as far as I can make out, he never knew his father. When he was about five years old, his mother married another man, and had four children by him. I take it that there's no love lost between Michael and his stepfather. However, he seems to be quite fond of his mother. The worst thing about this case is the deplorable surroundings he was brought up in. Small wonder that as soon as he could he moved into a place of his own! When I went to see the family, I found all seven of them living in a fifth-floor walkup consisting of one small room, where the parents and the four younger children slept, and a kitchen, which also served as Michael's bedroom. No icebox and, of course, no bath. Believe me, the congestion, filth, and general decay were indescribable. I'd be very surprised if the place had been painted in the last twenty years. There were huge chunks of plaster missing from the ceiling and the walls, and stains—dried bits of food, they looked like—wherever small children could reach. An intolerably foul nest by any standard. The rent for this sty was twenty-two dollars a week—almost a hundred dollars a month. The stepfather is a hard worker, but he has never earned much. The only other income for all those people was an eleven-dollar-and-some-odd-cents semi-monthly check from the Department of Welfare."

Smith shook his head and sighed deeply, and then he continued, "Another discouraging aspect was Michael's school record. He has a good deal of natural intelligence, but it looks as if none of the people he came in contact with ever tried to develop it, and he certainly didn't do much to encourage them to. The report from his high school, for instance, stated that he was

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a confirmed truant, that his attitude was unsatisfactory, and that he had flunked every subject he ever took. To say the least, that didn't look promising. But then, on the positive side of the ledger, we found that he had never been a troublemaker in his neighborhood, that he wasn't a drinker or a user, and that he was obviously normal sexually. And, most significant, he was not and never had been a gang member. As a matter of fact, Michael is something of a loner. He seems to walk around a lot just looking at things and daydreaming. It may sound strange, but he once told me that when he had a job near Grand Central, he sometimes spent part of his lunch hour looking at paintings in the art gallery there. From what I could make out, he had no particular interest in art. He just happened to visit the place one day, and enjoyed what he saw. This sort of thing indicated that he wasn't basically a criminal type, and tended to bear out what he had told us about taking to shoplifting in a state of dazed weakness. I only hope he doesn't find himself strapped again someday and run into another Joey Crammer." Smith paused reflectively, and then added, "Still, the money problem isn't the only thing. You know, success, in one form or another, is everybody's watchword these days, and youngsters who can't succeed constructively, simply because they don't have the skills, often try to be big men in a destructive way. At times, it's hard to blame them. Considering the dismal, distorted lives these kids lead, I'm surprised that more of them aren't walking around with smoking revolvers."

I ASSUMED that my first talk with Michael would also be my last, but about a fortnight later, in one of those it's-a-small-world encounters, I ran into him in Grand Central Station. Or, rather, I ran past him, for I was on my way to pick up a train ticket for the forthcoming weekend and was in a hurry to get the errand over with. Heading down the stairway from the mezzanine, two steps at a time, I heard someone call my name, and when I stopped and turned, I saw that it was Michael. "I looked you right in the face," he said, laughing, as we shook hands. "Man, you wasn't seeing *nothing!*" I asked what he was doing in the neighborhood, and he replied, "Just killing time. I got to meet a guy over in Times Square pretty soon. There's a place upstairs here—the Grand Central art gallery, they call it—where there's a lot of pictures anyone can go and look at. So I figured

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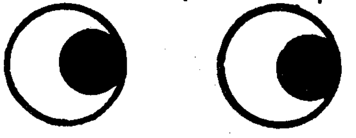

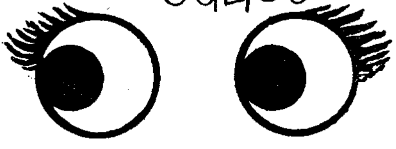

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I'd go up there for a space." If Smith had not tipped me off about Michael's habit of looking at paintings, this would have been a real surprise; as it was, I merely asked Michael if he spent much time looking at pictures. For a second, he appeared to be embarrassed by my question, but then he smiled, and said, "I used to go look enough. I mean, when I was working in the printing plant down the street. Now I just go when I'm passing by." He seemed about to drop the subject, but I said that I had never got around to visiting the gallery, and that if he didn't mind, I'd like to go along with him. "It's O.K. with me, if you want," he replied—a trifle dubiously, I thought. "But I can tell you there's nothing special there—just some pictures."

We took an elevator up to the sixth floor of the Terminal Building and stepped out into the foyer of the gallery. Michael pointed to a quotation from Whistler—"As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight"—that is inscribed over the doorway leading to the gallery proper, and said, "I like that some. It makes sense." We strolled into the first of the gallery's thirteen rooms, where Michael stopped in front of an oil portrait of a contemplative-looking colored boxer, with a robe thrown around his shoulders. "They use canvas for these, and oil paint," he said, a note of wonder in his voice as he touched the surface lightly. I asked him if he had ever done any painting himself, and he shook his head. "I never been interested in being an artist," he said. "I just like looking is all. Pictures like this make me feel different, sort of. You take a real picture—the kind they make with a camera, you know—and it's nice. But these pictures made on canvas with oil paint, they last longer. I mean, you leave here and you walk through the station and you get on the subway, you still maybe got the painting there with you. Only, it's inside you now." Michael moved past a number of other works, until he came to a small painting of a rutty road running like an ugly bruise up a snowy hillside and through a stand of birch. The landscape, done in rude whites, blacks, deep browns, and various shades of blue, somewhat in the manner of Monet's winter scenes at Argenteuil, seemed to fascinate Michael. He motioned me closer, to a distance of perhaps a foot from the picture, and said, "You see, it looks like nothing you ever seen if you get so near, but then here"—he stepped back a couple of paces—"off a ways, you have it all of a sudden. It's like a

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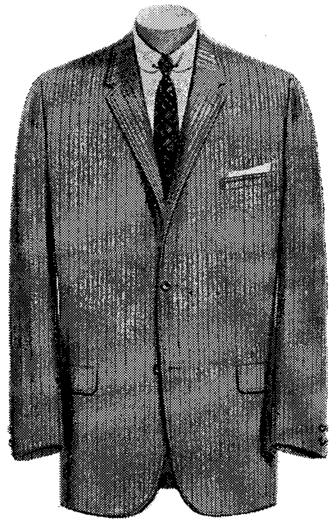

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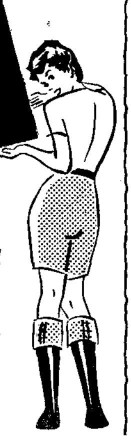

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real picture now." He remained in front of the picture for a good five minutes, repeatedly testing the Impressionistic technique, and marvelling each time the road and the birches materialized as he backed away from the painting. "You know," he said, finally, "I went to art class in school for a spell. Course, we didn't have no canvas or oil paint—just paper and crayons. I didn't come nowhere near these pictures." I inquired whether his art teacher had tried to help him, and he grinned. "To tell the truth, I can't say *any* teachers ever helped me in *nothing*," he replied. "I used to get the feeling they don't *want* nobody to learn. You know how it is—after you've read yourself blue, they give you a test to show how you never understood. Then you flunk, and they start the rigmarole over. The way things is, a guy can go to school for the rest of his lifetime and never learn enough to keep him awake. It's like a guy I used to have for a friend—ten years of school, and he couldn't sign his name. That's school for you." He waved a hand at the décor. "I mean, things got to get in*side* you—like pictures do. School never got inside me, I guess." He shrugged, and added, "Course, some of it wasn't so bad—like science. You can learn a lot about things from science—about people and insects, and stuff like that. Like in a restaurant you get a cracked coffee cup and you can't see nothing wrong with it except that crack. But you look at the cup under a microscope and you can see insects and things in the crack you wouldn't know was there if you just held it in your hand. That interested me in school. It made me nervous, too. I don't want no kind of disease."

At that moment, a young couple entered the room, and after one startled glance at them Michael hastily left. I followed, and caught up with him in the foyer. "I didn't mean to tear out like that," he said while we were waiting for the elevator, "but the guy that came in just then with the girl looked like a guy I knew in the Tombs. I got a good look at him on the way out and I seen that he wasn't, but just thinking he was got me kind of nervous. It put me back inside for a second." I asked if his brief stay in prison had really been as bad as all that. He didn't answer right away, but kept glancing abstractedly over his shoulder toward the gallery. Then, slowly, he turned to face me, and replied, "I can't say I enjoyed it overly. The guys in there with you keep talking about the same thing all the time—that's the worst. The same thing, about girls

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and drinking and telling stories they think is funny—over and over. It gets so you can't stand it. You like to go bats. Least, that's how I felt. Course, some guys don't care and just keep going into jail and coming out again like I do in my house. Guys like that is adversary people, through and through. But me—it's just not my road to travel."

The elevator arrived, and we rode down in silence. Then we started walking along the mezzanine, but after taking a few steps Michael stopped to look back, and said, "You know, I paid a visit to the gallery the day I got out of jail. Man, that day was something! It was like I was never on earth before. A guy I met inside got out the same time with me. He had some money, and he said, 'Let's go have us a feast.' I said O.K., so we took the subway to Grand Central and went on over to a place on Third Avenue for spaghetti. I had two spoons of it was all. Man, I sure didn't have no stomach for spaghetti. So I told this guy I had to be tearing, and I came up to the gallery to see the pictures."

—RICHARD HARRIS

•

"This is the first and probably will be the last time I am going to write to you, because actually, I hate movies, and I think movies are worse than ever," writes Samuel Goledman. "Right now, however, I am trying to recall the name of a film that starred my favorite actor, Humphrey Bogart. Perhaps you can tell me the name of this picture. It really is a big puzzle to me.

"I saw this film in 1951 or 1952. In it Bogart played the part of a violent writer who is wrongly suspected of a murder. The female role was very important, too, but I can't remember who played the part. She was in love with Bogart, but at the end she walks out on him."

I remember the picture well. It was a Hollywood story and was released the same year as "Sunset Boulevard," which received more publicity and acclaim. However, I liked the leading lady was Gloria Grahame (very good), and it was superbly directed by Nick Ray, who is now an ex-husband of Miss Grahame. Write again if you have a problem.—*Sidney Skolsky in the Post.*

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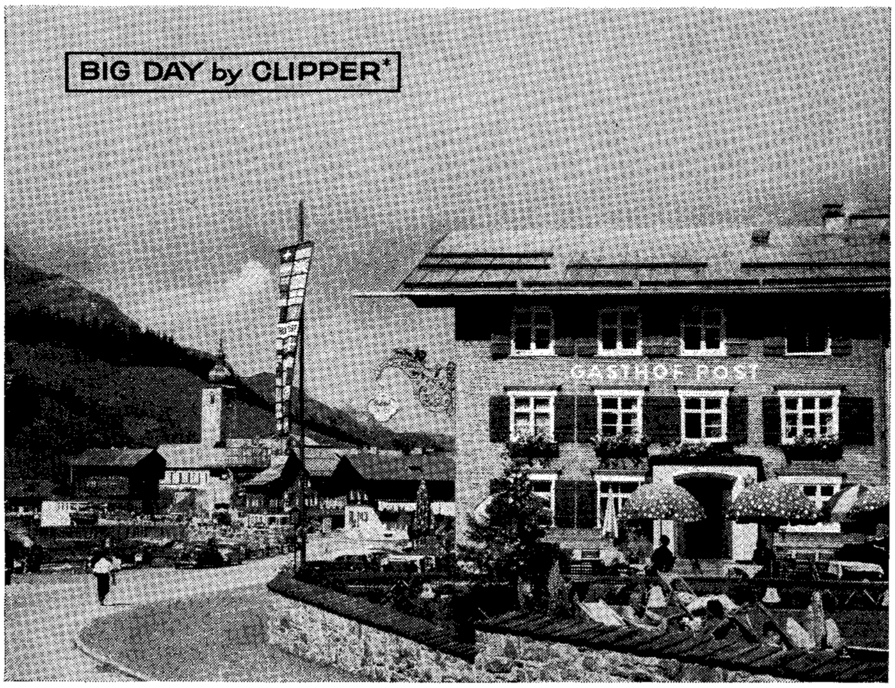

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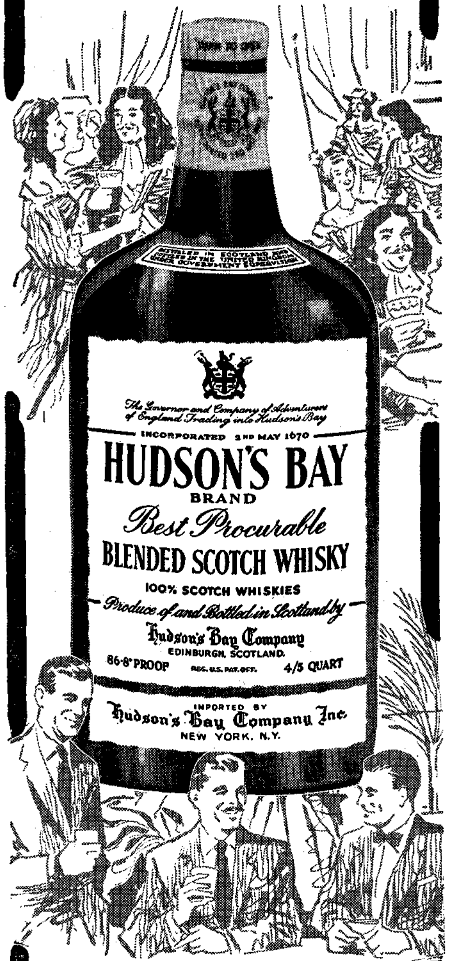

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LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 28

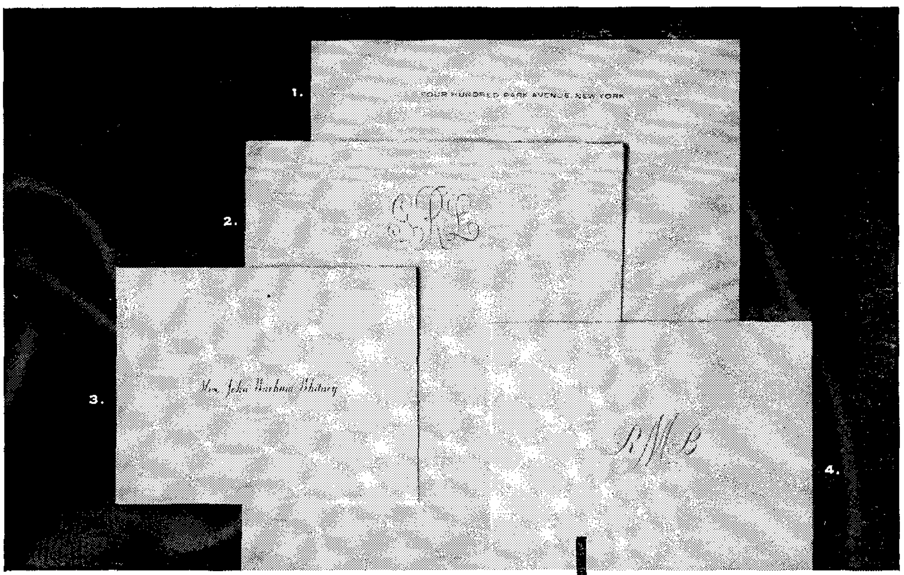
IT looks as though August had become the traditional month for Europe to feel nervous about wars or money. This August, true to form, the Government is facing its worst foreign-exchange crisis since the same month in 1955. The devaluation of the French franc, the too robust and bounding health of the German mark, and the persistent rumors, firmly denied here, that the pound is also about to receive a fresh chalking down have been causing acute depression in financial circles, busy keeping an anxious eye on Wall Street and a profoundly uneasy one on the new Russian power maneuvers in the Middle East. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Thorneycroft, has just had a meeting with representatives of the nationalized industries' employers and trade-union leaders to see if they can talk their way to some solution of the domestic inflationary deadlock, which is deplored by all parties, though none, it seems, has the political courage to take the first unpopular steps toward breaking it. What they said to each other was not made public, but the press, which apparently had correspondents under the table, managed to drum up a column or so of authoritative guesswork. The Trades Union Congress, due to meet shortly, is expected to repeat—loud, clear, and in public—its rejection of any notion of a wage freeze. For many ordinary citizens, the spectacle of Bonn's vigorous economic good health has revived some chilling memories, too, as they picture industrious, disciplined Germans quietly pegging away, their noses held firmly to the disinflationary grindstone by their government—a lesson, however, that precious few sections of the community show signs of digesting to date, for either patriotic or any other reasons.

THE reactions to the recent sharp personal criticism of the Queen are still rumbling through the news pages and correspondence columns of the press and being discussed by Her Majesty's subjects with heated passion or with more objective calm, as the case may be. What has, of course, helped to keep the topic alive and provided its distinctly special touch is that the criticisms were made not by a Socialist, in which case they would most likely already have been forgotten, but by a Tory member of the House of Lords, who acted, as he insisted, with the good of the monarchy loyally uppermost in his mind. It certainly seemed to large numbers of angry commoners that the tone of some of Lord Altrincham's remarks concerning the Queen's style of public speaking, her love of racing, the composition of her immediate court circle, and the amount of time she takes off from her wearing job was ungallant, to say the least—though plenty of furious Britons said considerably more—since the Sovereign is unable to answer back. His more serious case was hardly helped along by the support it received from Lord Londonderry, in a letter that the Socialist *New Statesman* happily printed without disclosing the fact (the newspapers next morning promptly did, though) that the second critical and outspoken peer was a nineteen-year-old Etonian reported to be principally devoted to jazz piano-playing. Lord Londonderry has now publicly recanted and apologized to the Queen in a statement to the press.

The interesting thing that emerged from this unofficial national debate, which ended by being one on the whole topic of the difficult modern functions of royalty, is that there are undoubtedly many loyal and thoughtful English who would indeed be glad to see the Queen and her family spared a little of the commercial glare of publicity in which they now move, as well as to see some of their more tedious and irrelevant chores relaxed and a bit of fresh air blown into the stuffier recesses of palace protocol. Many people admiringly feel that the most forceful ventilating influence there is the Duke of Edinburgh, whose breezy common sense and intelligence make short work of red-tape trimmings. His clearheaded insistence was probably behind the recently announced innovation of sending the heir to the throne before long to boarding preparatory school (the Duke's old one), like any other little boy of fairly well-to-do parentage, though the flood of gurgling popular-press items that followed showed how thin his chances are of ever being treated as an ordinary little boy.

The idea, put forward by the anti-Altrincham section, that the crown should be above all criticism was hotly contested by his defenders, who snapped that, thanks to press-exploited mass publicity, the admirable and hard-working Royal Family were on their way to becoming a sort of mystique—the new "opiate of the people," administered in daily doses. The notion that the throne should be sacrosanct, incidentally, would have seemed new and strange to many of the Queen's not so distant predecessors—including her great-great-grandmother, Victoria—who were used to rougher treatment from the editors and cartoonists of the day. Mr. Punch, for instance, regularly brandished an irreverent truncheon in their direction without being threatened with horsewhipping or bullets, as Lord Altrincham was in the recent to-do. Rightly or wrongly, lots of Britons concluded that the Queen's staying away from the St. Leger this year was a sign that note had been taken of his criticisms, even though she has missed the meeting in other years since her accession without anybody's concluding anything at all. As a last, comic touch, many indignant citizens consider that the affair has pointed up the urgent need for the long-promised reform of the House of Lords.

LARGE crowds are flocking down nightly to Greenwich by road, rail or, best of all, Thames steamer to see the spectacle of "Son et Lumière"—financially sponsored by the *Daily Telegraph*, with the blessing of the Ministry of Works—which is being given through August and September in the magnificent architectural setting of the Queen's House and the Royal Naval College. This is the nighttime open-air entertainment, familiar to tourists in France, in which changing colored lights dramatically illuminate the walls and towers of some historic building while voices relayed by a stereophonic system recite the story of the place through dialogue and narrative, with accompanying music, trumpet fanfares, and such helpful sound effects as the neighing of horses and the clash of armed men. M. Paul Robert-Houdin, who produced the first of these pageants at the Loire château of Chambord in 1952, and since then has presented pageants at Blois, Albi, Versailles, and many other places in France, came over to produce and supervise the extremely complex electrical installation for the Greenwich show. The spectacle exports splendidly, including the name—"Sonny Loomyear," as spoken in the local patois. The classical columns and façade of the Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren buildings look superb as they blush and pale in the changing glow, viewed from the grassy slope of the natural amphitheatre, where the spectators sit with their coat collars



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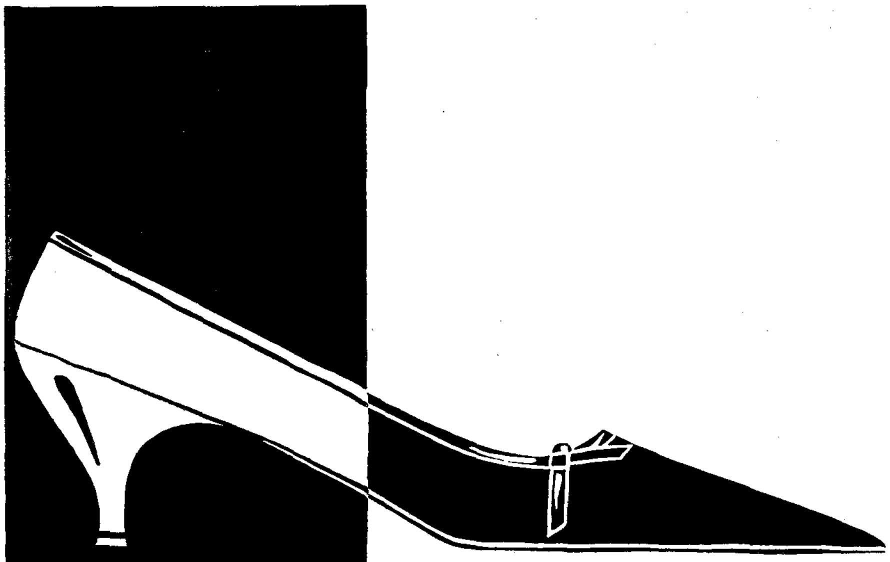

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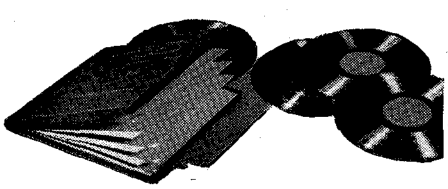

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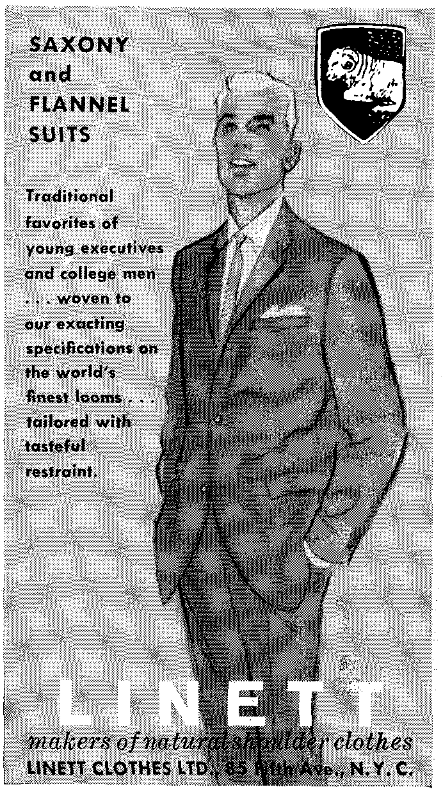
turned up, August having mostly failed to coöperate by supplying balmy night weather. A mighty lot of history gets packed in between ten-fifteen and the eleven-o'clock finale, starting with the Romans and Danes, who had settlements at Greenwich, and hurrying along to 1806, with Nelson's body being brought back from Trafalgar to lie in state in the painted hall. Sir Laurence Olivier is the best-known male voice, declaiming the part of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the brother of Henry V who built the original Greenwich palace, now no more. Henry VIII added armories and a tiltyard (the thundering hoofs of his charging horse, and his chuckling voice wooing Anne Boleyn in a more amorous moment, are among the most effective high spots of the evening), and Elizabeth I was born there (simply reported by a single dramatic lighted window). Any profits from the entertainment will presumably go to the improvement of the Royal Parks, especially to the upkeep of the fabric of the Greenwich buildings, and this has led to much hopeful talk of further "Son et Lumière" shows in English settings—for instance, in some of the great money-eating problem houses of the realm, such as Blenheim, or in the Oxford colleges, where the soft stone, which would take with such marvellous beauty to illumination, is perilously crumbling. Certainly its London début is proving a great holiday attraction.

On the way down, the popular thing to do is to stop at Greenwich Pier and look at the last of the old clippers, the famous Cutty Sark, which now lies snugly berthed in concrete, smartened up with a new figurehead and fresh-gilded carvings on her bows, and gleaming with spick-and-span paint. She is floodlit every night, and her great masts and rigging suddenly appearing over the quayside roofs make a breathtaking sight. She looks like some enormous, calm, and gloriously winged creature from another world, around which the little visitors, leaving their tiny cars along the quay and gaping up into the dizzy heights, swarm like ants. All in all, it makes a fine outing for a summer's evening.

THE Tate Gallery has just had a ten-day show allowing Londoners to catch a glimpse, if they were spry enough, of the exhibition of eighteenth-century British painting that the British Council got together and that is leaving shortly on a six-month tour of Canada and the United States. It was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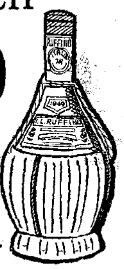

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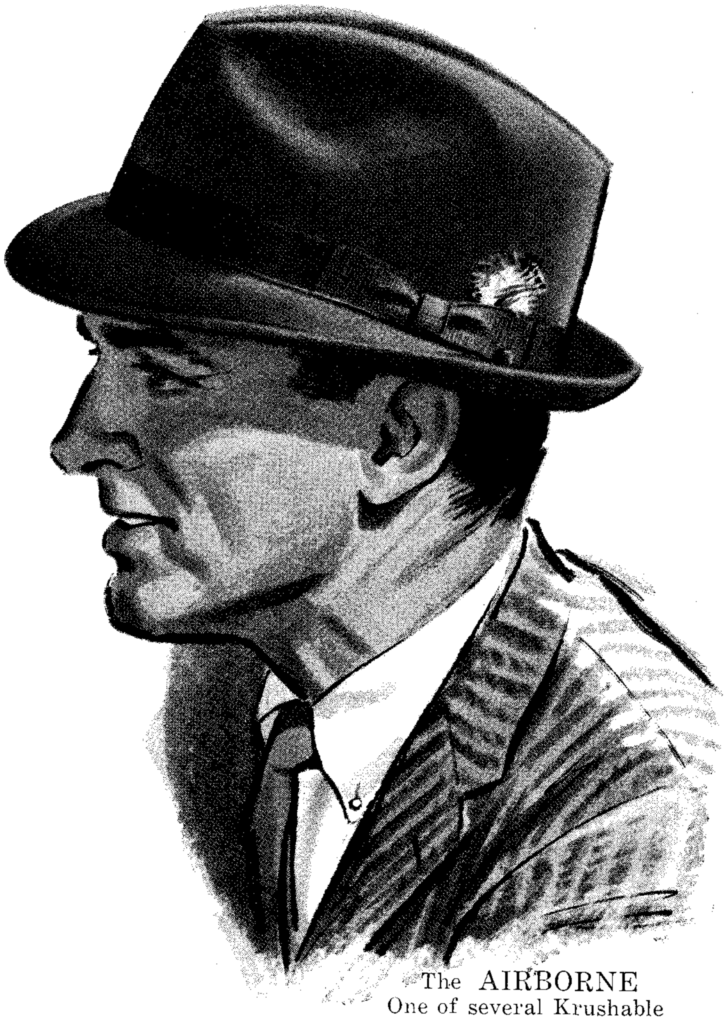

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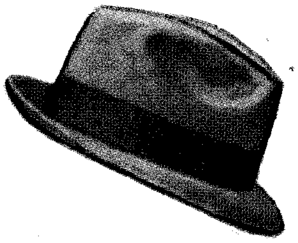

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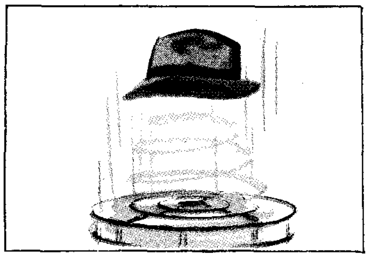

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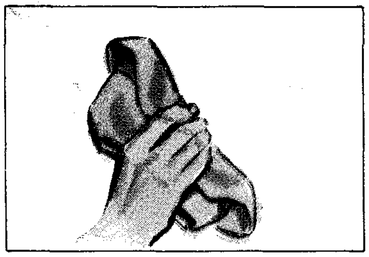

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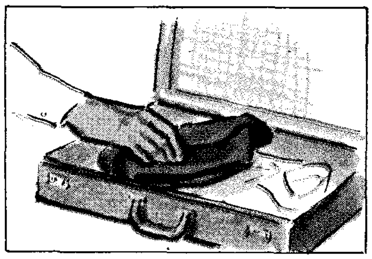

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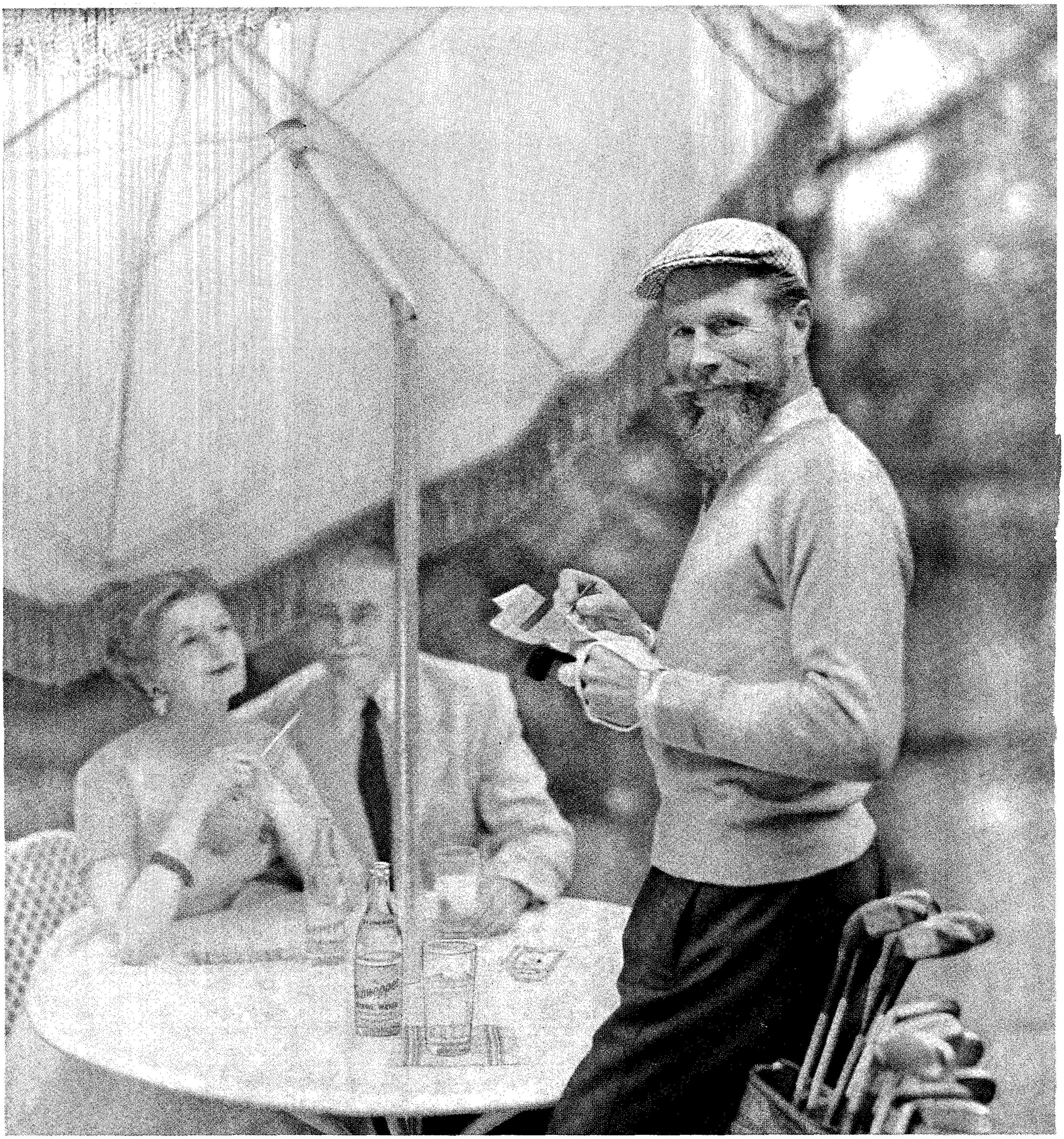
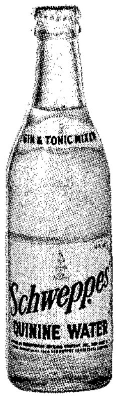


The Schweppesman conducts his own Gallup Poll!



ONE SUNNY MORNING not too long ago, Commander Whitehead decided that it would be a good idea to interview the members of a famous golf club as to just *why* they make such a fetish of ordering their Gin-and-Tonic with *Schweppes.*

What it all boiled down to was this: Schweppes *tastes* better. (One dear old lady was the lone dissenter. *She* liked the way the bubbles tickle.)

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Schweppes *tastes* better.

a treat for art lovers here, too, since thirty-seven of the seventy items have been lent from rarely seen private collections. The Gainsboroughs stand out above everything else; some of his sitters are his own handsome family, including his young daughter in a charming harvest portrait primly entitled "Miss Gainsborough Gleaning." There are also the Stubbs painting of the great racehorse Gimcrack, rolling a wicked eye in the clear early-morning light of Newmarket Heath; the famous Joshua Reynolds of the Duchess of Devonshire and her baby daughter engaged in mutual admiration; and some fine Allan Ramsays, including the portrait, lent by the National Gallery of Scotland, of Jean-Jacques Rousseau in a fur cap. The exhibition will be at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts in October; at the National Gallery in Ottawa through November and December; at the Toronto Art Gallery in January; and, finally, from the end of February through March, at the Toledo Museum of Art. The paintings make up an excellent combined reportage on an era—its blooming aristocratic and rustic faces, its equally blooming dogs and horses, its elegant buildings and interiors, and its beautiful, unspoiled country—and they are possibly the most important British tourists of their kind ever to take the Atlantic trip.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Irate supporters of small schools converged on the Iowa legislature Monday and offered these opinions on the school situation:

1. The morals problem is much less serious in a small school than a large one.
2. Colleges would just as soon enroll in their chemistry courses students who haven't taken chemistry in high school.
3. High school students will take the easiest courses if they are offered a wide selection.
4. A big school isn't necessarily superior to a small one.
5. Elimination of the small school would hurt the Iowa high school girls state basketball tournament.—*Des Moines Register.*

In short, the proposal is sheer madness.

•

First of all, there was the phenomenal drawing power of the Grumman Field Trip last summer, where the response was so wonderful that we had to cancel the trip at the last moment!—*The Pulse of Long Island, published by the Long Island Section of the Institute of Radio Engineers.*

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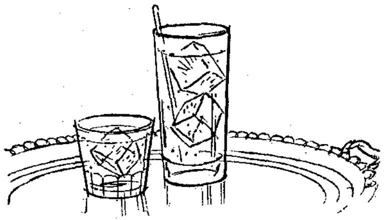

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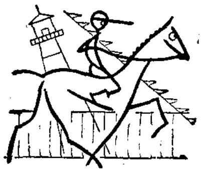

AFTER Saratoga, it is customary to take a survey of the current season and make invidious remarks. Nobody can deny that this season has been entertaining, and yet it is difficult to remember one in which there were so few horses a body could be really enthusiastic about. Right now, I'd look anyone in the eye and state boldly that Gallant Man is the best three-year-old (after all, he has won his last four starts, among them the Belmont and the Travers), but I am not surprised when I hear people say that Round Table could beat him (after all, Round Table, who finished third to Iron Liege and Gallant Man in the Kentucky Derby, rolled up a remarkable record at Hollywood Park this summer, winning five stake races and, in one of them, the Gold Cup, doing the mile and a quarter in the amazing time of 1:58⅗). Then, there's Gen. Duke, who ran so brilliantly in Florida last winter and is now coming back to the races after months in retirement. I imagine that the hope of having all three of these in the Woodward Stakes at Belmont on September 28th is what has prompted the Greater New York Association to double the prize money, making it a hundred-thousand-dollar event. With luck, it should be the race of the year.

Anyhow, Belmont will be in the picture from now until October 14th, when the meeting ends. This Saturday, there's the Sysonby, whose past winners include such good ones as High Gun, Tom Fool, Capot, and Citation. Next Saturday, it'll be the Jerome Handicap, for three-year-olds—first run in 1866. September 21st will be a sort of Ladies' Day, with the Matron Stakes for two-year-old fillies and the Beldame Handicap for older members of the sex. The weekend after that, we'll see both the Woodward Stakes and the Futurity. The October events include the Lawrence Realization, the Manhattan Handicap, the Champagne Stakes, the Jockey Club Gold Cup, and the Ladies Handicap. After that, Jamaica.

NOT being privy to the plans and stratagems of Calumet Farms, I hadn't dreamed that Iron Liege would start in the Clang Handicap, a six-furlong sprint at Chicago's Washington Park early last week, since he'd been running in long races all summer. But he did start, and he didn't do too badly. Carrying a hundred and twenty-one pounds, he finished second, only a neck behind Mrs. Ada Rice's Flight History, one of the lightweights, who ran in the lickety-split time of 1:10⅕. (Swoon's Son, who has apparently lost all his dash and go, was fifth; he's been racing on the grass, and that may have dulled his speed.) Flight History was ridden by Shoemaker, and it was his fourth win of the afternoon; Hartack was on Iron Liege. Incidentally, Flight History, who hadn't won in quite a spell, wasn't the first stunner that Jim Conway, who trains the Rice horses, had sent to the post at the meeting. Less than a fortnight earlier, he'd won the Arch Ward Memorial Handicap, a fifty-thousand-dollar number over the turf course, with Hoop Band, beating Manassas, who had never lost on the grass before, and ten others. Conway, who is up near the top in my book, is having his best season since the days when he was handling My Request, Miss Request, and other stars for Ben Whitaker. Not long ago, Conway remarked, "I think people have to have a real interest in horses to have any success training them." He has it.

AT Saratoga last week, the famous old Alabama Stakes was won by King Ranch's Here and There, who had previously taken only a couple of unimportant purses. Behind her were Snow White, the favorite; Outer Space, who had had a long string of victories early in the summer; and eight others, including Miss Blue Jay, winner of the Test Stakes at the Spa, who finished ninth, and Willamette, winner of the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont in June, who finished tenth. It was the last race for Here and There. That night, a fire broke out in the stable housing the King Ranch horses, and as they were being led out, she broke loose and dashed back into the flames. All the other horses were saved.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Army Times*]

ATLANTA GENERAL DEPOT, GA.—Col. Arthur H. Nelson has been assigned as QM supply officer here.

"The major thinks it would be better if his letters to the Pentagon weren't perfumed."

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*Memo received by an N.Y.U. professor, which will enable him to explain his paycheck to his wife*]

II. PROCEDURE FOR DETERMINING FACULTY MEMBERS' MONTHLY PAYCHECK

NOTE: The academic year starts September 1, therefore the first monthly paycheck will be dated October 1. Since the Teaching Load Report ordinarily has not been submitted by this date, the first check will include only an arbitrary figure based on 1/12 the base salary. The necessary compensating adjustment is then made in the succeeding check, as indicated below. Also note that the academic year consists of 9 months, the first semester lasting 5 months, from September through January, and the second semester 4 months, from February through May. Whereas the research portion of the faculty member's salary (exclusive of compensation for summer research work) is paid in 9 monthly installments over the 9 months of the academic year, the academic portion of such salary is paid in 12 installments over the full year. Thus it can be seen that if there is a change in the distribution of the teaching load for the second semester, one will, in the same month, receive one's old academic portion with the new research portion, such a condition existing until the last of the old academic payments (that is to say, the sixth since September 1) have been discharged.

1. Calculate October 1 check = $\frac{\text{Base Salary}}{12} = (\text{I})$
2. Using information from 1st term Teaching Load Report, calculate Base Research % (B) as in part I, step (2).
3. Calculate Base Academic % = 100-Base Research % (B) = (J)
4. Multiply Base Academic % (J) by $\frac{\text{Base salary}}{12}$ = monthly Academic salary for 1st six months = (K)
5. Multiply Base Research % (B) by $\frac{\text{Base salary}}{9}$ = monthly Base Research salary for 1st five months = (L).
6. Calculate Research Overload % = Total Research % (E) — Base Research % (B) = (M).
7. Calculate monthly Research overload salary = Research Overload % (M) $\frac{\text{Base salary}}{9} = (\text{N})$.
8. Calculate total monthly salary = Monthly Academic salary (K) + monthly base Research salary (L) + monthly Research Overload salary (N) = (O).
9. Calculate adjustment for October 1 check deficit = total monthly salary (O) — October 1 salary (I) = (P).
10. Calculate November 1 salary check = total monthly salary (O) + adjustment (P) = (Q).
11. December 1, January 1, and February 1 paychecks are for total monthly salary (O). Note that the February 1 check represents the last of the five research portion payments for the first semester, but not the last of the academic portions.

[EDITORS' NOTE: Because of space limitations, as well as other limitations, which we do not care to mention, we are deleting the remaining eleven steps in this calculation.]

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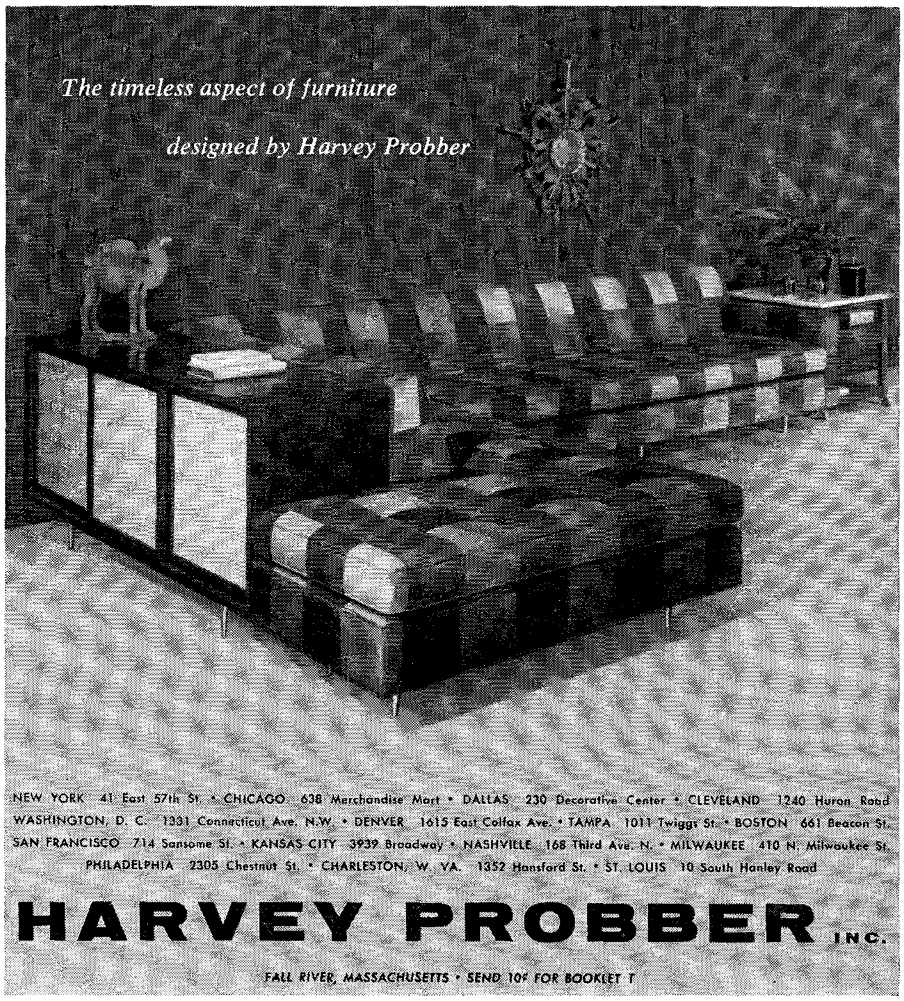
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BOOKS

Crying Spoils the Appearance

IF I had the job, which God forbid, of putting people through psychological tests, one of the first things I should ask them to do would be to compose a letter of advice to a junior, the choice of sex and age being left to the victim. The "You" imagined as the recipient will always be a projected "I" of the writer, and the age at which one sees oneself as in need of advice will be the age at which in fact one felt most in need of it, the time of one's greatest bewilderment and desperation so far.

"My Dear Dorothea" (Vanguard) was written in 1878. The writer, Bernard Shaw, is twenty-one and has recently arrived in London, having thrown up a steady job to embark on a literary career; the recipient is a girl of five. In Shaw's case, in addition to any psychological motives for such a choice, there is, of course, a technical literary problem that he is trying to solve. One of the most striking merits of Shaw's prose is its lucidity; if he sometimes makes a difficult question seem simpler than it is, he never confuses the profound with the obscure, and "My Dear Dorothea" shows how early he formed his ideal of a prose style. "How," one hears him saying to himself, "can I state the theory of the Social Contract in terms that a five-year-old child can understand?"

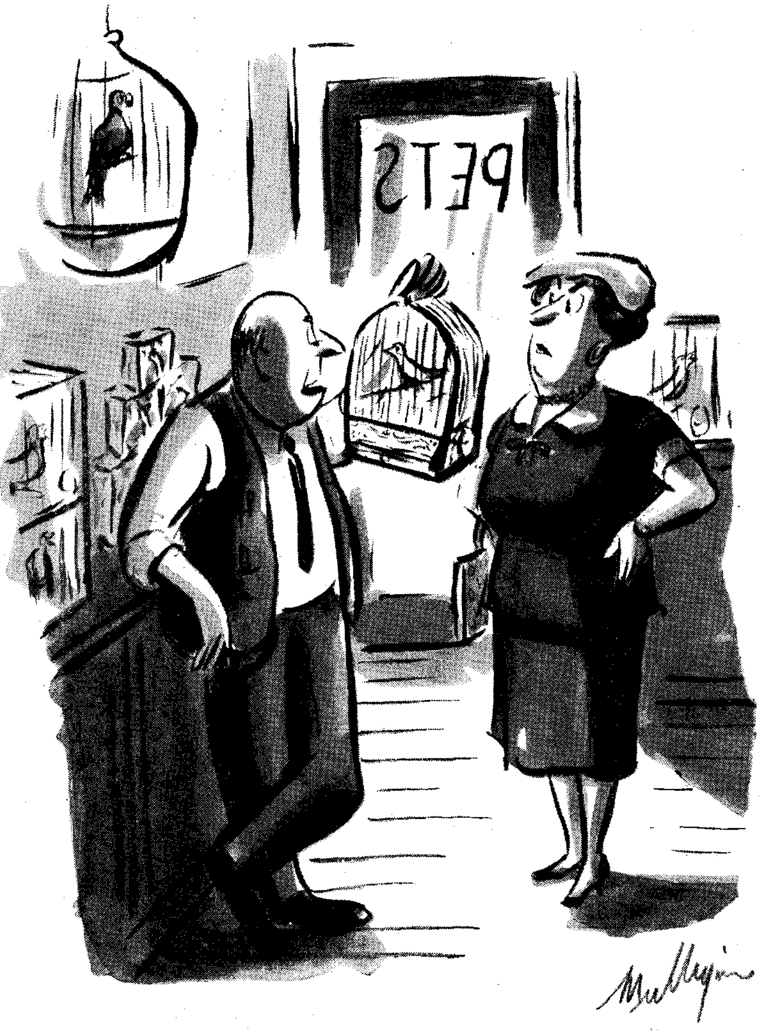
> You must know that this world in which we live is a very badly arranged one. Some people are born with a great deal more money and clothes than others; some are even born without any at all. Everybody likes money and clothes, and the consequence is, that the people who have none want to take some from the people who have plenty; and the people who have plenty are angry because they have not as much as the Queen. But if they were to steal whatever they wanted, and hurt those with whom they were angry, the world would be so full of thieves and murderers that nobody could live happily in it.
>
> As everybody wishes to be happy, they make an agreement together that each man and woman will keep whatever he or she has. They also agree that they will not strike or kill one another, and if any person breaks the agreement and robs, strikes, or murders another, all the rest shut him up in prison to prevent him from doing so any more. They do this by paying some men to watch for evil-doers and catch them: and the men who are paid are called policemen. I am sure you have seen them in the park talking to your nurse.

If I had been confronted with this anonymously, I think I should have guessed the author, but by the next page I should have had no doubt whatsoever.

> Elijah the prophet, a good man who never died, but went straight up to heaven in a horse-and-car, asked God to kill him because he could not bear to live. Jesus Christ was so melancholy that he never smiled, or took any amusement, except some boating occasionally.

Shaw is generally thought of as a late starter, who did not discover his proper métier till he was thirty-five or find his public till he was fifty, but a plausible case could be made out for regarding him as someone whose powers and view of life developed exceptionally early. His attempt to write novels was a mistake, it is true, but his dramatic and musical criticism cannot be thought of as mere steps on the way to becoming a dramatist; they are achievements in their own right, as mature and brilliant as anything he wrote. As for the plays, a reader who tried to date them by internal evidence might be able to identify the later ones by an increased liberty in their construction, but I doubt if either the style or the ideas would demonstrate that "Caesar and Cleopatra," say, was written much earlier than "Too True to Be Good." The clarity, the moral passion masquerading as irreverent *opera buffa*, the physical fastidiousness that is almost old-maidish are there from the beginning.

Shaw addresses his Dorothea as if she were an average little girl from an average middle-class home. If this were really the case, one can only say that the world would be an even more appalling vale of tears than it is. Dorothea has no one to play with but her doll. Her experience of human nature is limited to four beings. Papa is "a perverter of truth for gold," presumably a journalist, but he is so remote a figure that Shaw does not feel it necessary to give her any advice about her relations with him. Mama is "a frivolous and selfish woman" who, "having long exhausted the novelty of having a child of her own, thinks of you only as a trou-



"Well, if he doesn't sing, perhaps it's because you haven't given him a very happy home."

blesome and inquisitive little creature, whose dresses are continually torn and dirty, and whose face is too sticky to be kissed with pleasure."

The rules for dealing with Mama are never to let oneself feel affection, never to tell her one's sorrows, and to keep out of her way as much as possible, comforting oneself with the reflection that soon one will be sent to school and thus get rid of her. In the background are Aunt Tabitha, a spinster who presents little girls with religious tracts, and a henpecked godfather, Mr. Whenzentoul, who has an affectionate nature but is too timid and too stupid to bear with. A jolly household!

But there is worse to follow. To right and left of Dorothea's Real-Life Mum, Shaw places contrasted exceptions, the Daydream Mum and the Nightmare Mum. D.M. is always kind, though for a reason; N.M. beats. That is to say, the possibility, for good or evil, of parents' actually *loving* their children is ruled out.

The kind-unkind criterion is the one we very properly apply to others with whom relations are superficial on both sides, because we feel that it takes an exceptionally nasty nature to be unkind to strangers. When the temptation to be unkind is slight, it can be resisted by applying the same hedonistic calculation that Shaw's Daydream Mum applies: "She is kind because she remembers how she liked people to be kind to her." But intimate relations, in particular those in which there is any physical warmth, cannot be measured by this scale, for we know only too well that it is precisely toward those for whom we care the most that we are most likely to behave like toads, in defiance of both our reason and our conscience.

Oddly, when speaking of fairy tales, Shaw writes,

> You will find that the men who make the pictures seldom make the princesses pretty enough or the goblins ugly enough . . .

for is not this just the criticism one is inclined to make of Shaw's own work? One whose primary experience in childhood is of the indifference of adults must find a selfless love inconceivable and at the same time be spared a knowledge of the circle of Hell that is inhabited by Spiritual Vampires. (There is always Candida. To me she is a marvellously realized portrait of a fiend, but I suspect that Shaw rather liked her.)

To return to Dorothea, what does she possess that will enable her to cope with her utter loneliness and prevent

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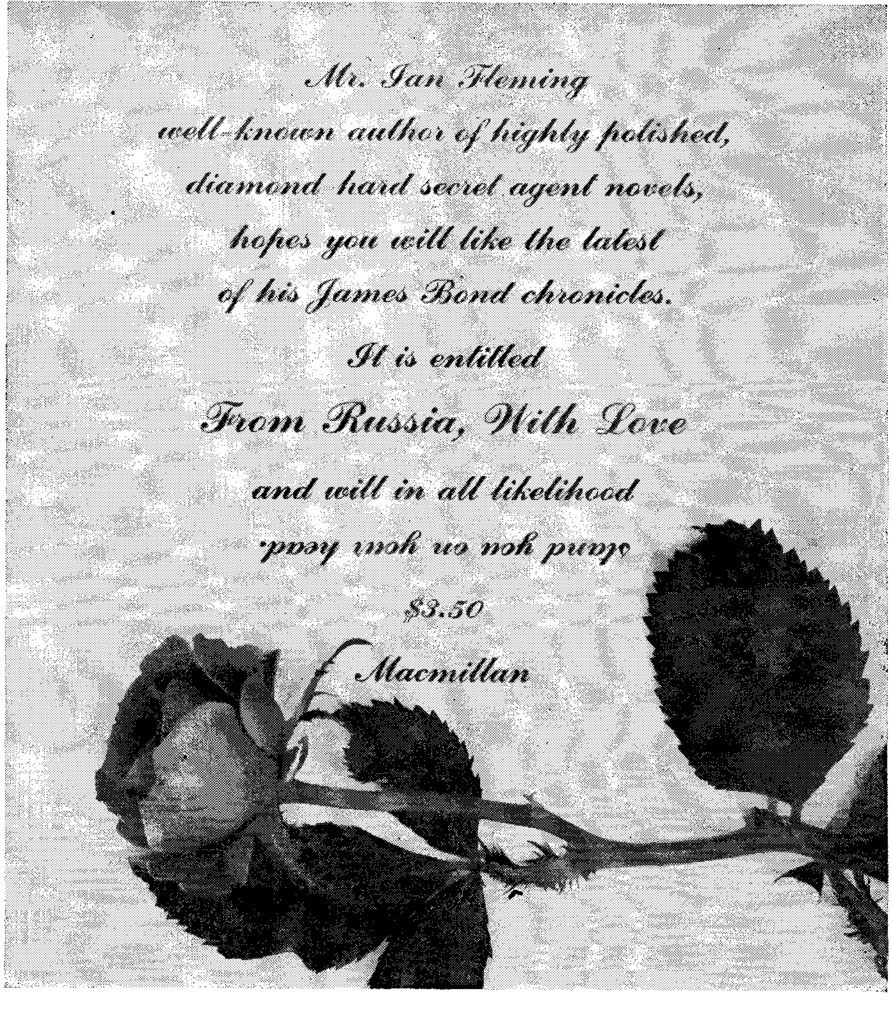

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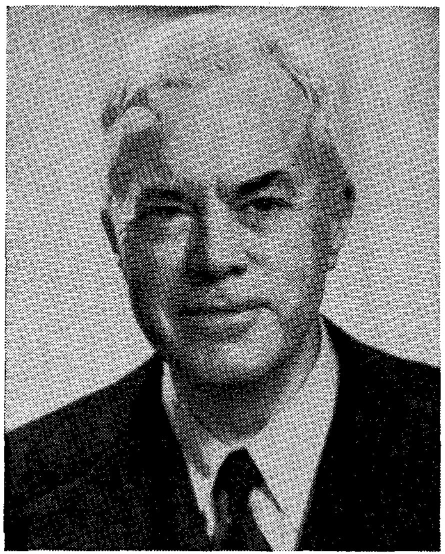

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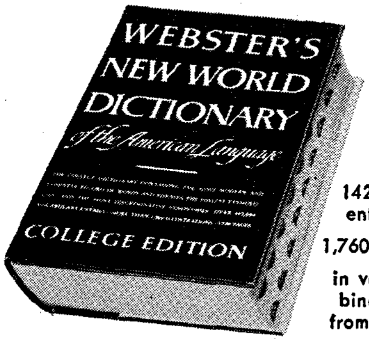

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her from becoming a helpless neurotic? Not, apparently, either pride of birth or physical beauty:

> You are but too prone to think little of that which you have, and to covet what is beyond your reach. . . . Whatever your birth may be, or whatever your face is like, remember that you cannot alter it: so it is useless to spend a moment in grieving over either the one or the other.

But intelligence, yes, in abundance:

> Even the wise people give wrong advice because they forget their own childhood, and think that children have no sense. But you, my dear Dorothea, know better than that. You often understand what the grown-up people are talking about, when they fancy that you are too young to mind them. I know how clever you are, and I advise you just as I would an older person.

And she has her doll—in other words, a talent that is death to hide and that is to be loved more, even, than Daydream Mum:

> You know more about your doll than anyone else. If you are told to dress her in red, instead of going at once to do it, you must first consider whether she likes red; whether it suits her complexion; whether it is the fashion or not; and so on. Then, if you think it the proper thing for her, dress her in it at once. But if not, let her alone; and remember for the future that the person who advised you to dress her in red knows nothing about dressing dolls. . . . You often think that other dolls are prettier than your own. But, in truth, your doll is the prettiest one I ever saw.

In speaking of the vices to which human beings are liable, it is clear, from his tone of voice when he talks of Greed and, by implication, the other Sins of the Flesh, that Shaw does not expect them to bother his Dorothea very much:

> Some girls think, for instance, that greedy people are selfish. This is not the case. They are only silly people trying to be selfish without knowing how. They make themselves ill, and are disliked by those who live with them; and the bad opinion of those around them makes them so unhappy, that they never enjoy themselves except when they are eating.

On the other hand, he warns her most seriously against three things: showing when she is unhappy, losing her temper, and telling the truth on inappropriate occasions:

> Crying is the worst habit you can possibly form. It spoils your appearance, and only gratifies those who inflict pain upon you. . . . Tears are only useful in exciting the compassion of persons who have something which you wish them to give you. And surely you would not care to receive a gift, as a bone is flung to a troublesome dog, merely to get rid of an annoyance. . . . Those who see you weeping will either

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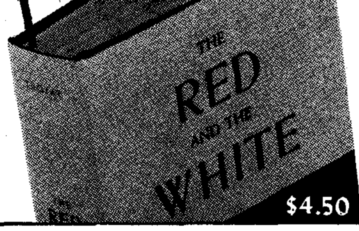

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> despise you or pity you. And pity is akin to contempt.
>
> People only lose their temper when they are angry. Therefore they think that in order to keep their temper, they must not get angry. But this is absurd; for people cannot help being angry when they are offended. It is when your anger makes you forget what you are doing, that your temper is lost. Then you say or do things which you are sorry for or ashamed of afterwards; you look like a savage or a wild cat; and everybody, seeing you in such a state, believes you to be in the wrong.
>
> You must also pretend to think that all your acquaintances' dead friends are in heaven, although you may privately feel quite certain that they are in hell. Indeed, you may lay it down as a rule for practising Hypocrisy, that unpleasant things which you may know about people should never be mentioned.

While warning Dorothea against these temptations, Shaw encourages her to regard as virtues her natural love of independence and her sense of being unlike others:

> Nothing is more important to your happiness than the habit, which you must try to form, of never wishing for anything that you cannot either buy or make for yourself. Everybody in this world is expected to take care of himself, and live without asking help from his fellow creatures. . . . Therefore, never ask anything as a favor, but only those things which you are entitled to have, or which you have deserved by your conduct.
>
> I am sure you would not like to be called commonplace. Therefore you must preserve your Individuality by never imitating others, or pretending to be what you are not.
>
> Also remember constantly this rule: the more you think for yourself, the more marked will your Individuality be. The more you allow others to think for you, the more you will resemble others. And just think how shocking the world would be if all people were as much alike as soldiers in a box are.

When she grows up and enters the adult world, she is cautioned, she should mistrust the Authorities:

> Remember that the schoolmistress is the natural enemy of all, and never on any account tell tales to her. No matter how badly any girl treats you, never complain of her unless she is much bigger than you and you cannot find any other remedy.

I do not think that Shaw would have made an exception for a Socialist headmistress.

"My Dear Dorothea" is only twenty-six and a half pages long, scarcely longer than some of the speeches in the plays, and, like them, should be listened to as one listens to an operatic aria. Writing on Shaw several years ago, I called him the Rossini of English Letters, and that is the impression his work still induces

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in me. Rossini, not his beloved Mozart. The music of the Marble Statue, which one hears at moments in Pirandello, Brecht, and even Cocteau, is beyond him, and his occasional attempts to write an adagio, to be grave and reverent, seem strained. Officially, most of his plays are about problems—social, economic, political—but in fact these problems are as much a useful theatrical convention as romantic love, the rules by which the Shavian *jeu d'esprit* is played, and ideas are to his prose what metaphors are to Shakespeare's verse. That is why his plays continue to hold the stage when the problems discussed are no longer an issue of concern. The headlong rush of the speeches, the dazzling intellectual *fioritura* intoxicate like champagne. A man's art is often a riposte to his nature, and it may well be that the most high-spirited and witty literature is created by melancholic temperaments. The peculiar interest of "My Dear Dorothea" lies in the glimpses it gives of Shaw as a sufferer. Comedy, it seems to say, is the noblest form of Stoicism.

—W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SAY YOU NEVER SAW ME, by Arthur Nesbitt (Scribner). This curious, moving, and exasperating first novel is not really a novel at all but a kind of long, deep-voiced prose poem, full of the moaning and stamping of Thomas Wolfe and Walt Whitman, on the loneliness and duplicity of a high-powered travelling salesman, Ed Fleet, who, sick with restlessness and ambition, finally leaves his wife and child, quits his firm because he cannot buy an interest in it, and disappears with a woman from Kansas City he has been having an affair with.

THE WORLD OF CARRICK'S COVE, by Gerald Warner Brace (Norton). A pleasant, loping exercise in nostalgia, set in the form of a memoir that deals with the growing up on a small Maine island of Ben Carrick, now eighty-two. It is nearly ruined, however, by the touches of disorder and sorrow that Mr. Brace earnestly injects into Carrick's early life, and by the static, if academically perfect, Down East prose.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!, by Max Shulman (Doubleday). A strained guffaw about the various social levels of a commuter town in Connecticut called Putnam's Landing and what happens to them when

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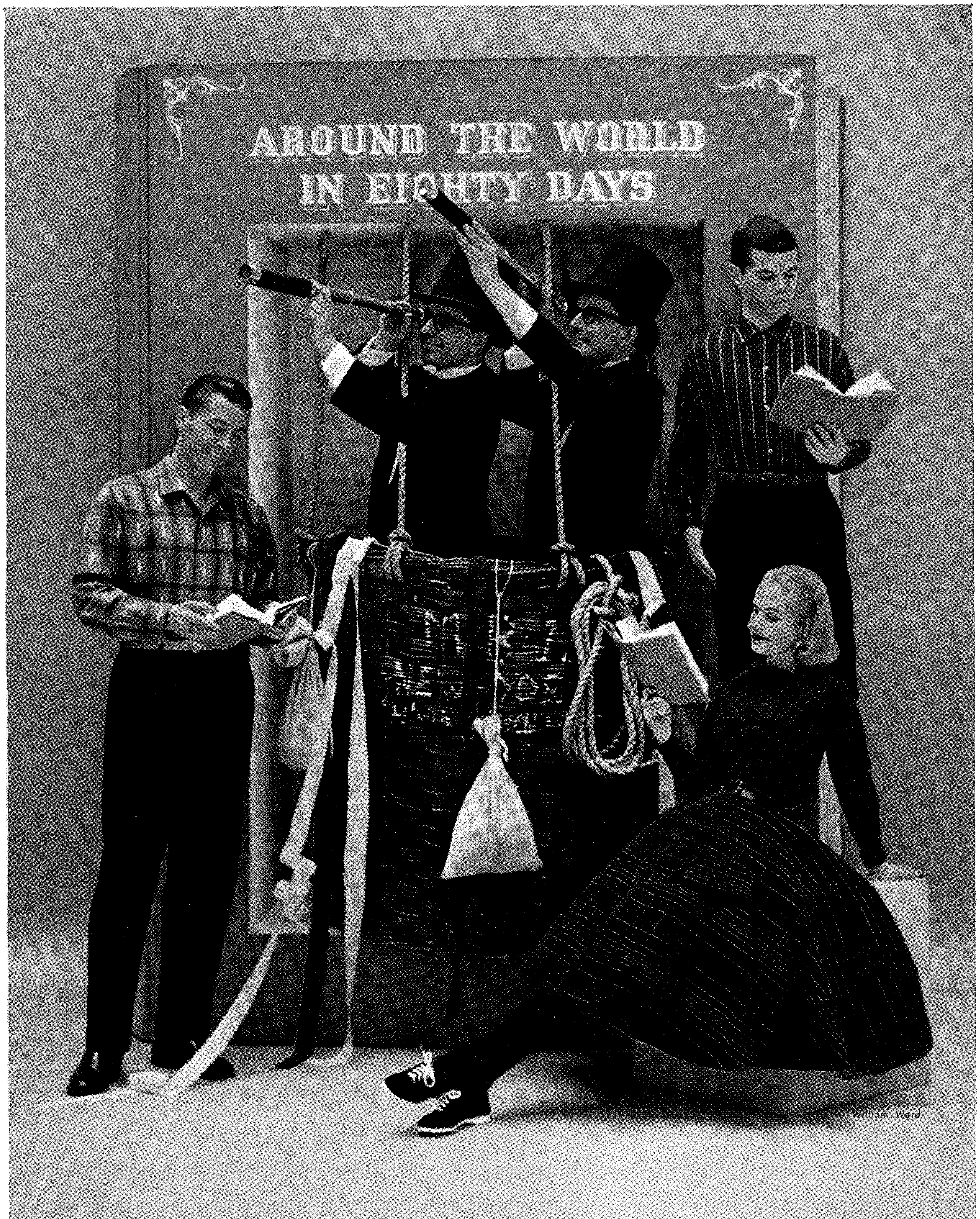

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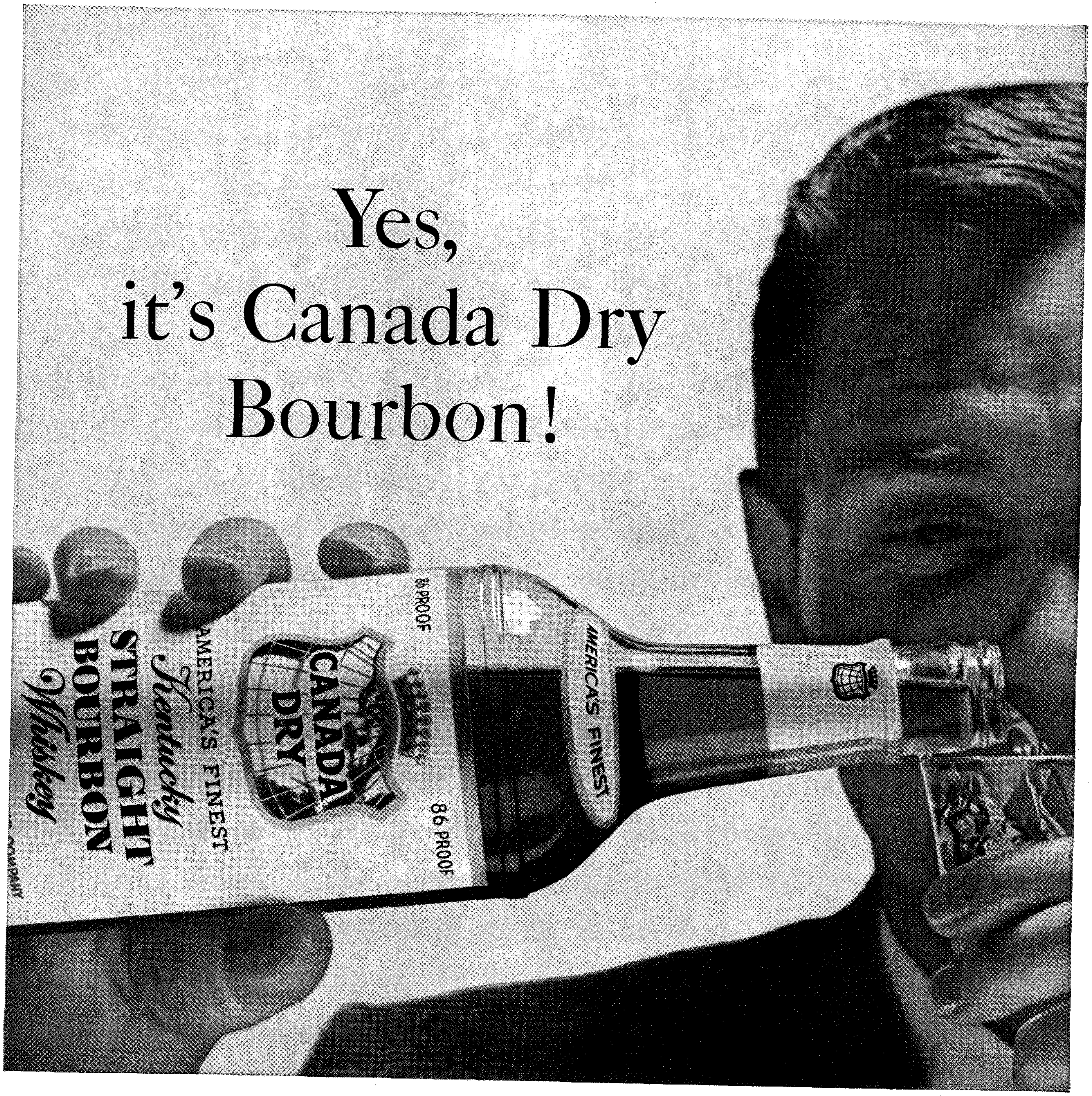
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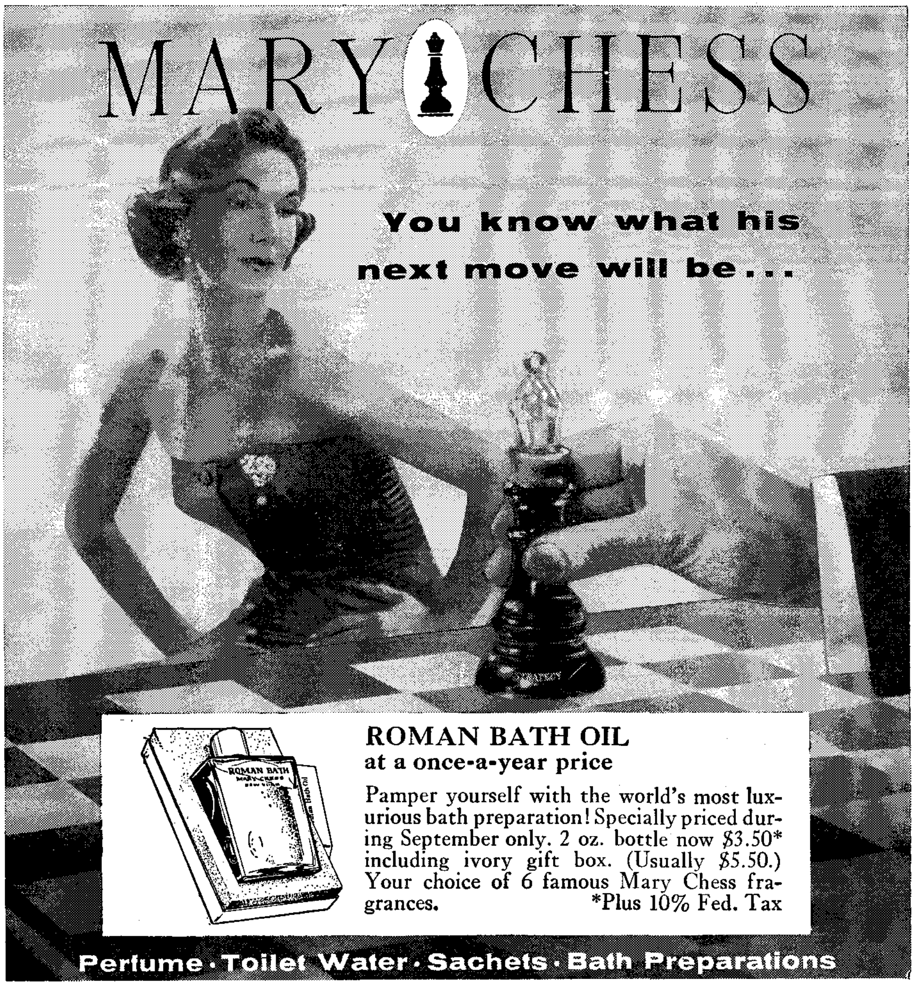
GENERAL

THE DAY THEY KILLED THE KING, by Hugh Ross Williamson (Macmillan). The king is Charles I, and this sprightly and scholarly little book takes him through his trial—which he stubbornly insisted was no trial at all, because no one on earth was competent to judge him—to his last, moving encounter with his young children and the beheading in Whitehall. Much of the story is told in the words of the participants, as they were put down by chroniclers and court clerks, and the whole sorry tale, including a picture of the King's character and his mulish insistence on the divine right of kings in a day of change, has an immediacy that one does not find in more formal histories. The author, a magazine editor and newspaperman, has a real talent for this sort of thing, as his "The Gunpowder Plot" and "Historical Whodunits" have already shown. His approach is essentially that of the devoted amateur, and the last days of Charles Stuart provide him with the perfect field for it. Illustrations.

PLATERO AND I, by Juan Ramón Jiménez, translated by Eloise Roach (University of Texas). The first complete version in English of the prose masterwork of the Spaniard who won the 1956 Nobel Prize for Literature. It consists of nearly a hundred and fifty pointillist sketches—few more than a page long—that provide a lyric portrait of life and death in an isolated Spanish coastal town. Platero is "a soft, hairy donkey: so soft to the touch that he might be said to be made of cotton, with no bones, [but] the jet mirrors of his eyes are hard like two black crystal scarabs," and it is to this companion—a creature as delicious as Marvell's fawn—that the author describes the sights and sounds and smells encountered on their rambles through shady streets and sunny country lanes. An exquisite book, rich, shimmering, and truly incomparable. Illustrated by Jo Alys Downs.

JOHN LOCKE, by Maurice Cranston (Macmillan). A biography of the great seventeenth-century English philosopher, and the first well-rounded one. (Several thousand of his documents, left to a cousin, were kept from the public eye for two hundred and forty years.) If Locke was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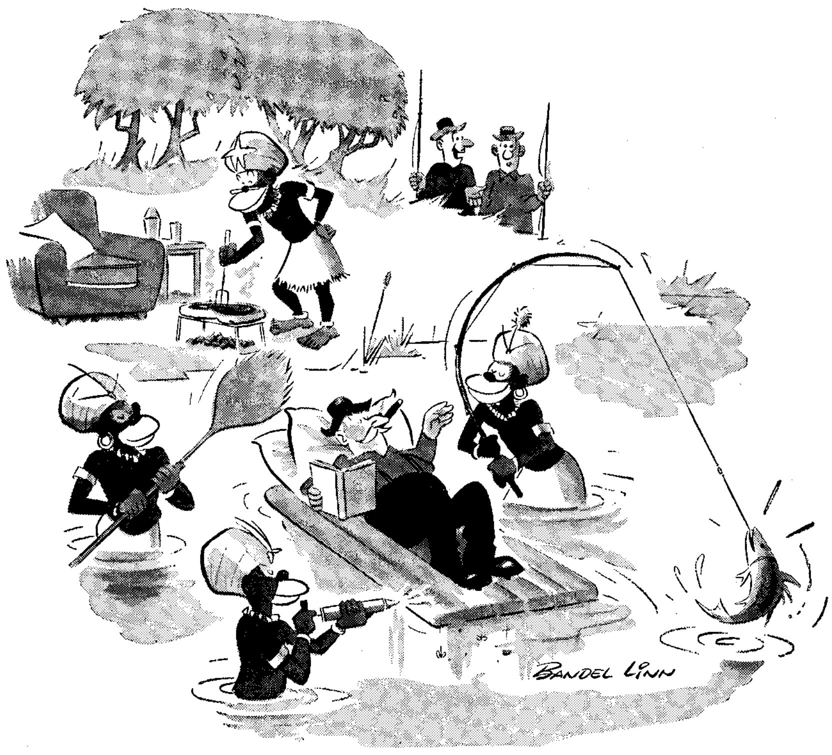

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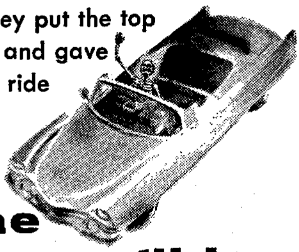

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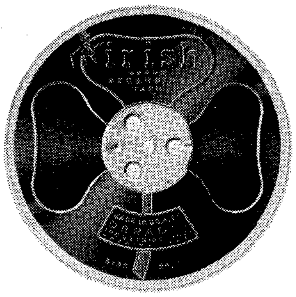
"the father of the Age of Reason" and "the father of modern empiricism" (and his paternity is fairly well established), he was often an absent-minded parent, for he was by no means the cold, rational, and unemotional man of his formal writings. He was a romantic, and cultivated the look of one; he was a "*mystificateur*," with a "positively Gothic" joy in mystery for its own sake (he wrote his journals in a sort of code and some of his letters in invisible ink); he advocated cutting off the ears of unlicensed beggars and flogging the poor; part of his comfortable income came from the slave trade; and his theories on the education of the young should make any living schoolboy count his blessings. And yet Locke was one of the transcendent geniuses of our civilization, and changed the thinking of the race. He was present during the making of a lot of history—the last years of Charles I, the Cromwellian Interregnum, the reigns of Charles II and of James II (during the latter he discreetly resided in Holland), the revolution that brought William and Mary to the throne, and the reign of Queen Anne—and helped make some of it himself. He was a doctor, and a pretty good one; he was also a diplomat, and a man thoroughly at home in theology, science, education, and economics. This biography of him is everything a biography should be.

RUSSIA AGAINST THE KREMLIN, by Alexandre Metaxas (World). An arresting book by a French journalist who spent most of last year in Russia. M. Metaxas speaks Russian without an accent and he looks like a Russian, which made things easier for him when he mingled with ordinary Russian people in restaurants, theatres, the subway, and the streets and parks. He reports that the Russian people are fed up with the "system"—with the commissars and party hacks, who have proved too inefficient and lazy to provide a decent, comfortable life for those they are supposed to serve. It is only a matter of time, M. Metaxas says, before the people sweep the whole cumbrous bureaucratic apparatus away in a "cold" revolution—Khrushchev, Bulganin, and whatever company they are keeping included. (He does not, however, predict a return to capitalism, for the Russians apparently want none of it.) The author seems not to have



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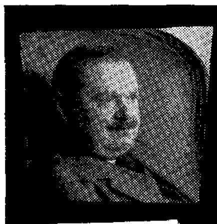

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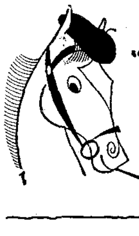

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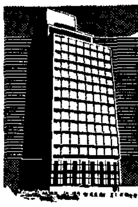

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given in to wishful thinking, for his evidence is impressive.

The Fabric of Society, by Ralph Ross and Ernest van den Haag (Harcourt, Brace). A sizable textbook, billed as "an introduction to the social sciences" and based on a course the authors taught at New York University. The book is everything a textbook should not be—cynical, witty, up-to-date, and shamelessly opinionated. The authors start with the microcosm of the infant and progress to the macrocosm of civilization, painlessly introducing the materials and methods of all the social sciences and many other branches of knowledge. They note that the thirteenth-century chronicler Salimbene anticipated modern theories of child care, call attention to neurotic symptoms in Eskimo poetry, explain why Liberace has less status than Landowska, reveal what led Karl Marx astray, ask why Brooklyn has been less productive culturally than Florence, show how Francisco Redi disproved the spontaneous generation of worms in putrid meat, explore the spontaneous generation of a price system in a prisoner-of-war camp, and generally have a high old time. Altogether, a rare treat. Ten dollars.

Queen of France, by André Castelot, translated by Denise Folliot (Harper). This intimate, almost keyhole narrative portrait follows the melancholy career of Marie Antoinette from her long-unconsummated marriage at fourteen, to her grisly end—a decapitated body dumped on the grass in the Madeleine cemetery—at thirty-eight. M. Castelot is severe enough. He shows us a supremely silly creature—insolent, headstrong, and ambitious only to be "the most fashionable pretty woman." But he is also fair—she was, at least to some extent, he says, a product of her anachronistic life, spoiled by her doltish husband and debauched by self-seeking friends—and he lets her mount the scaffold with undeniable majesty. A Literary Guild selection.

Cast Off the Darkness, by Peter Putnam (Harcourt, Brace). As a Princeton undergraduate, Mr. Putnam, apparently under the impression that he was a character in Fitzgerald, attempted to put a bullet through his brain but succeeded only in blinding himself for life. This autobiographical narrative tells that awful story bravely, and then fills in

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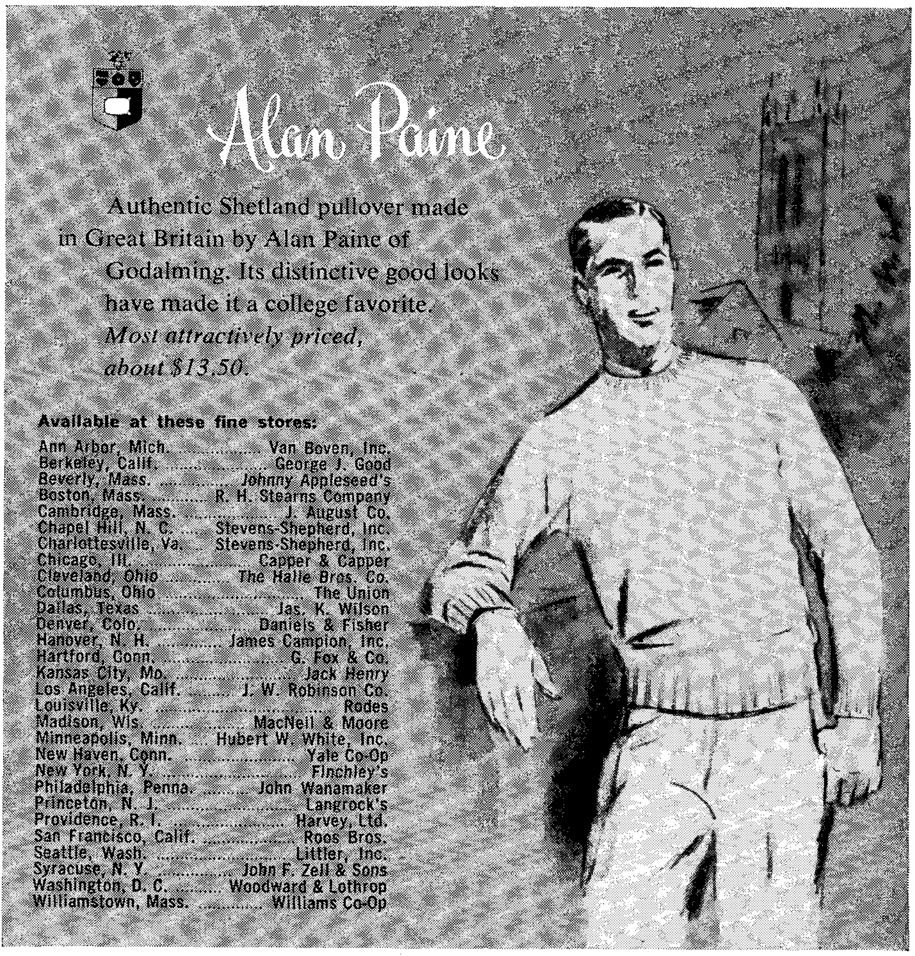

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The New Yorker's Gênet, commenting on its brilliant European success, says that FARAWAY is "a sort of magic tale" for readers who are "sick of sordid, slangy modern fiction. . . . It may well become a semi-classic."

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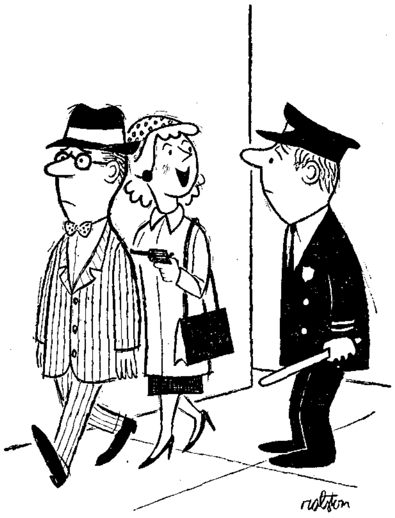
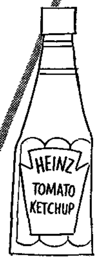
the details of his slow recovery, greatly aided by a Seeing Eye dog, and of his active life today as a writer and translator, a teacher with a Ph.D., a skier and athlete, a community leader, and a husband and father. It is a tremendous story, although Mr. Putnam somewhat overloads it with whimsey (his relatives throughout are called Goppy, Bimbi, and so on) and sentimentality.

THE EXPLORATION OF THE COLORADO RIVER, by John Wesley Powell, edited and with an introduction by Wallace Stegner (University of Chicago Press). Major Powell's journal account of his lightning thousand-mile descent of the then uncharted Colorado and its all but legendary Grand Canyon—accomplished with nine companions in the summer of 1869—is returned to print for the first time in more than forty years. Why it should have suffered this long oblivion is inexplicable, for the journey that Powell so resoundingly describes ("We are three-quarters of a mile in the depths of the earth, and the great river shrinks into insignificance, as it dashes its angry waves against the walls and cliffs that rise to the world above; they are but puny ripples, and we but pigmies, running up and down the sands, or lost among the boulders") is one of the greatest adventures in the annals of exploration, and without much doubt the eeriest. Mr. Stegner, whose introduction contains much useful biographical material, has limited his editing to the removal of expendable scientific data, and the publishers have happily included several of the Thomas Moran drawings that enlivened the original edition.

THE LAWLESS DECADE, by Paul Sann (Crown). Pictures and text celebrating the heady years between prohibition and repeal in America. The author, a New York newspaperman, is concerned here not with sober cultural history but with the scandals and aberrations of an age that was well endowed with both. He devotes a good bit of space to such matters as the Elwell, Snyder-Gray, Hall-Mills, Leopold-Loeb, and William Desmond Taylor murder cases; the rise and fall of Dion O'Banion, Dutch Schultz, and Legs Diamond; the Scopes trial; the Lindbergh kidnapping; the (alleged) kidnapping of Aimee Semple McPherson; the mores of the speakeasy; and the death and transfiguration of Rudolph Valentino. All



"He decided to take me out for dinner."



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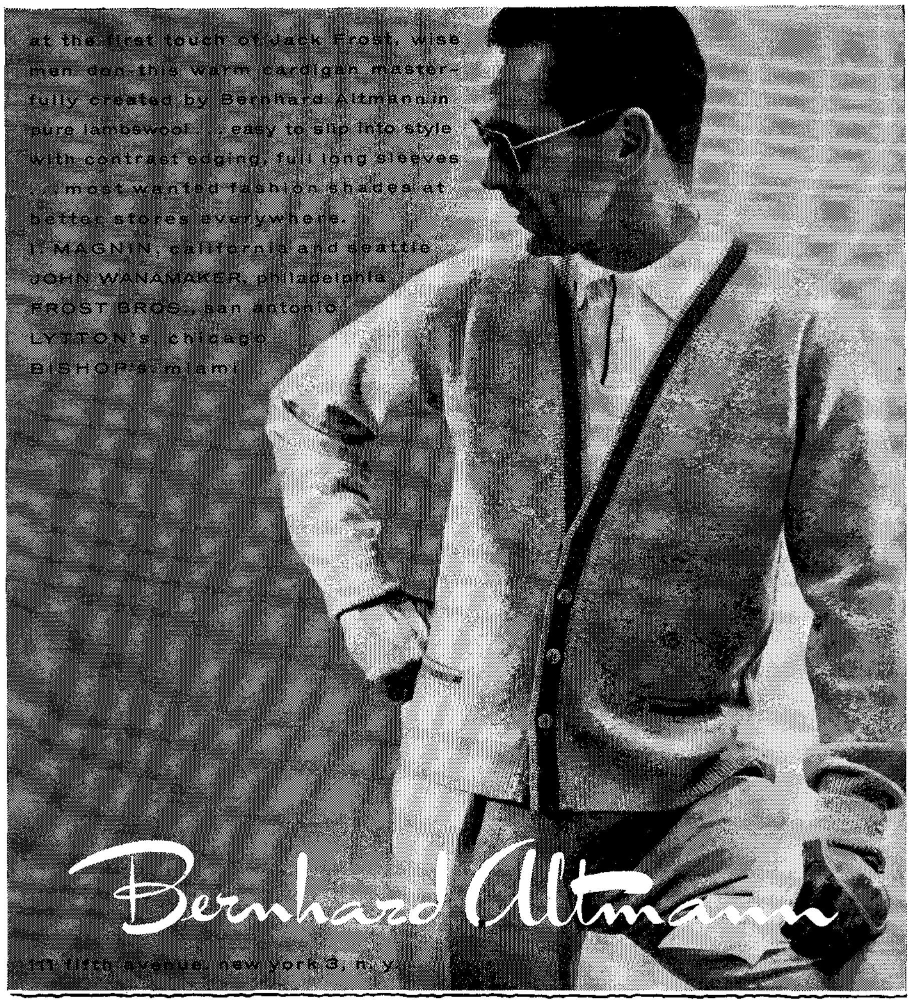
things considered, the writing is commendably restrained, but the pictures, assembled by George Hornby, are what count. Among many memorable shots is one of Dutch Schultz lying half naked on a hospital bed and examining the wounds that were shortly to kill him; one of Texas Guinan taking coffee with her arch-rival, Belle Livingstone; and one, put together by the *Evening Graphic's* geniuses of the composite photograph, of Daddy Browning woof-woofing at his Peaches, while a gander in the background comments "Honk! Honk! It's the Bonk!"

VANISHED CITIES, by Hermann and Georg Schreiber, translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Knopf). "Scattered over the globe are the sites of hundreds of cities which were founded, which flourished, and which met their end through war, fire, or flood . . . [but] in order to make more vivid glory and doom, growth and decay, we have chosen only cities that no longer exist or, if they still remain, live on in a form which has nothing in common with their past importance." A tempting introduction? A promise of unusual entertainment—of the history of civilization seen from a new perspective? No doubt about it. And when we turn to the table of contents and note the treasures in store for us—Angkor, Ys, Rungholt, Tiahuanaco, Spina, Karakorum, Tarshish, Harappa—our belief becomes a certainty. But, alas, we have been aroused and readied in vain. For while the authors, two Viennese venders of popular scholarship, have assembled their facts with the great-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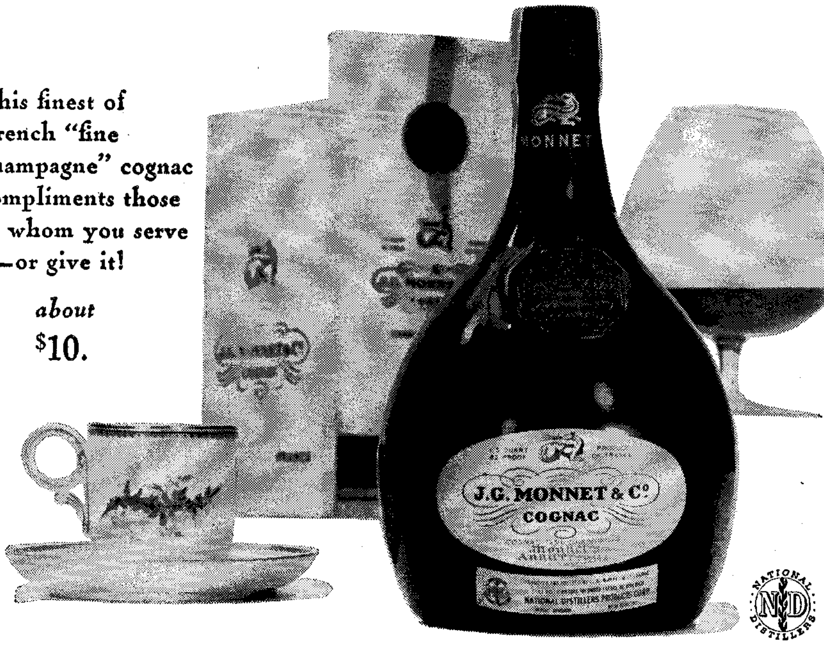

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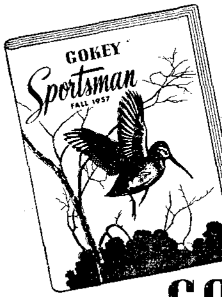

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est of care, the overgrown streets, the tumbledown walls, the fallen monuments, and the other relics through which they lead us refuse to quicken with any memory of human habitation. We sense no glory, we feel no doom. We see nothing whatever but rubble. Photographs, drawings, and maps.

Joseph Conrad: Achievement and Decline, by Thomas Moser (Harvard). A critique of Conrad's work. Mr. Moser believes that Conrad wrote his best novels early and that his fiction after 1912 was mostly vitiated by his inability to handle the uncongenial subject of sexual love. This book charts the imagery of menacing female sexuality, often identified with jungle creepers, in Conrad's writings, and if the author is sometimes owlish ("We must turn to William Faulkner to find a writer who has a truly creative interest in the question of incest"), he is usually quite perceptive, and nicely balances analysis with appreciation.

Problems of Art, by Susanne K. Langer (Scribner). Informal essays on Mrs. Langer's philosophy of aesthetics, which has been more ambitiously treated in her "Feeling and Form," and which is one of the most systematic and comprehensive philosophies of its sort to be promulgated by any contemporary thinker. Probably only professional philosophers are equipped to determine whether all the nuts and bolts in Mrs. Langer's edifice are tightly screwed together, but the general reader may admire it and find considerable stimulation in her comparisons of various manifestations of art.

The Parting of the Way: Lao Tzu and the Taoist Movement, by Holmes Welch (Beacon). The Tao Tê Ching, or Book of Tao, the best-known and most widely translated of all the Oriental classics, has, because of its mystical character and the somewhat cryptic nature of the archaic Chinese in which it is written, been subject to a variety of interpretations. Mr. Welch, who is obviously an accomplished Sinologist, as well as a remarkably charming and persuasive writer, has set himself the task of sifting and reconciling these interpretations, scrupulously winnowing out what Lao Tzu can be presumed to have meant and presenting a coherent account of his wise and gentle message. From this study of the book itself he goes on to recount the curious process of degeneration

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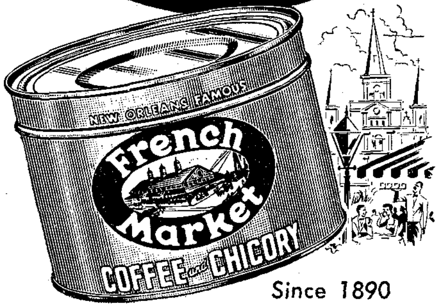

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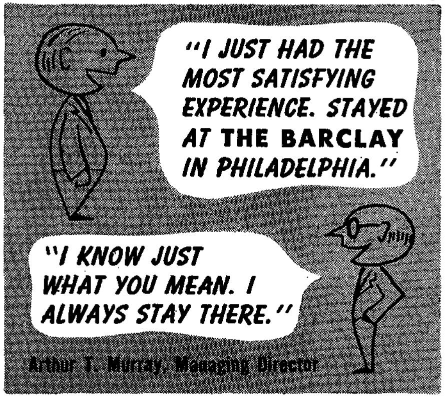
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that popular Taoism underwent in China, where for centuries it was mixed with necromancy, alchemy, and various hygienic superstitions, and ultimately became, in practice, the most corrupt of religions. In his final chapter, Mr. Welch makes some suggestions about what the noble doctrine of philosophical Taoism may or may not mean to the modern world. His book clarifies a large area of literature and history that up to now has been a mystery to the West, and it makes fascinating reading even for those whose interest in the subject may be casual.

PERU, by G. H. S. Bushnell (Praeger). A volume in the fine new Ancient Peoples and Places series. Dr. Bushnell, the curator of the Cambridge University Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, summarizes all that is known about prehistoric Peru, from the first hunting culture, some thousands of years B.C., to the Inca empire conquered by the Spaniards. Since his portrait of Peru is based entirely on archeological evidence, the book is restricted to material culture. It is quite a material culture, however, and its marvels of weaving, pottery (including one shape that looks suspiciously like a spittoon), sculpture, architecture, and public works certainly justify all that digging. Line drawings, a map, and seventy-one breathtaking photographs.

YALLAH, by Peter W. Haeberlin and Paul Bowles (McDowell, Obolensky). This stunning book is a photographic study of the deep-Sahara civilizations—in desert Algeria, in Niger Territory, around Lake Chad, and in the Mandara Mountains—whose isolation has so far protected them from (in Mr. Bowles' phrase) "the white colonist with his hypocrisy, cynicism, and opportunism." The pictures are the work of a Swiss who died in 1953, at the age of forty-one, and was, beyond any doubt, one of the great photographers of our time. Bright as sunlight, sharp as print, shimmering with beauty and horror, they show, as only art can, what we could never have seen alone. The captions, by Mr. Bowles, are short but nicely explanatory, and he also contributes an excellent introduction. The title is an Arabic word meaning "Let us be off." Ten dollars.

ATLAS OF TREASURE MAPS, by F. L. Coffman (Nelson). An alluring companion to the author's recent "1001 Lost, Buried, or Sunken Treasures." The volume is of ample

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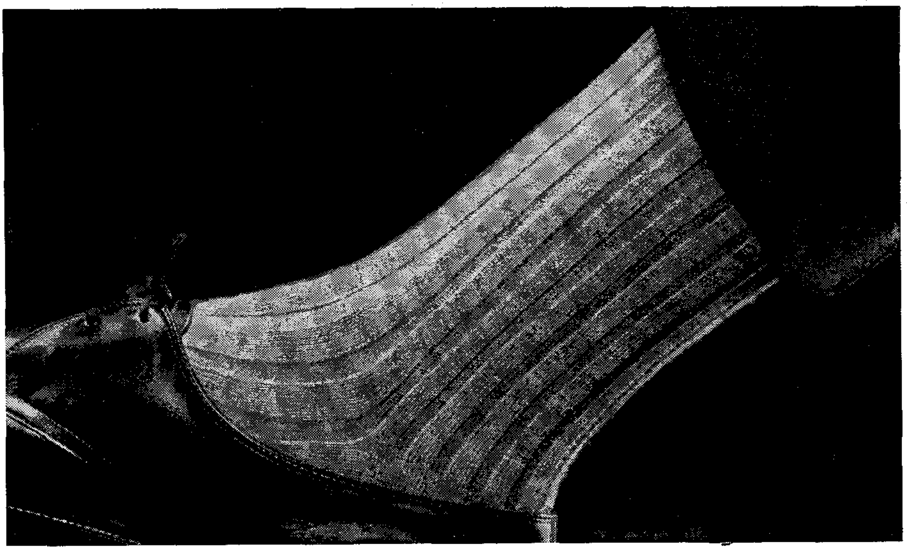

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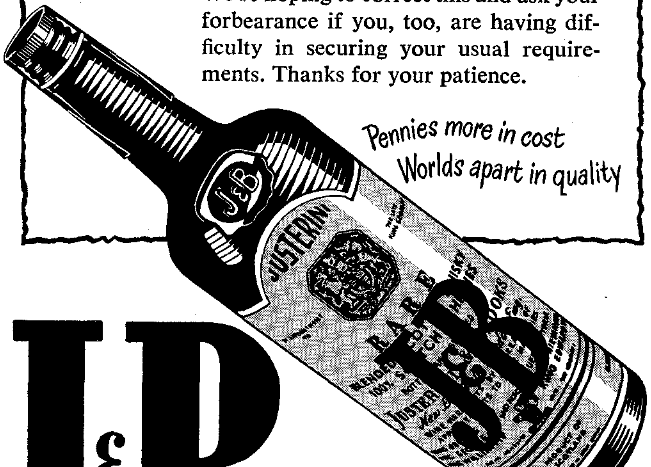

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size (twelve by seventeen inches), it contains forty-one detailed maps (twenty-five of them double-page), and it describes and roughly locates ("James W. Brooks. Schooner. Sunk 1/17/04. Southern point of Lookout Shoal") some three thousand authenticated "treasures" along the Atlantic coast of North America, in the Caribbean area and the Gulf of Mexico, in the American Southwest, in the Great Lakes region, and in the British Isles. "What is the grand total including buried and misplaced treasures on land?" Mr. Coffman asks in a mouth-watering introduction. "If we count only those treasures whose origin and existence have been authenticated, the total approximate value is 275 *billions* of dollars."

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Birmingham* (*Mich.*) *Eccentric*]

WING LAKE FARMS—Mr. and Mrs. George S. Dixon and children David, 18, John, 16, Peter, 11, and Vivien, 9, are settled in their home on Dakota circle, having moved from Birmingham three weeks ago.

Dixon is an attorney in the law firm of Matheson, Dixon and Brady in Detroit.

Mrs. Dixon has hobbies of oil painting and sculpturing and does the publicity for the Birmingham WNFG. Mrs. Dixon also enjoys gardening and both are active members and participants in the Ridgedale Players.

Friday evening the Dixons were surprised by 56 members of the Ridgedale Players with a housewarming to end all housewarmings.

Relaxing in the tranquility of their lovely waterfront home, they looked up to see a Greyhound bus parking in their driveway. Suddenly, swarms of people, all their friends, descended upon their house and grounds with the most amazing array of props imaginable.

As they went about their assigned tasks of readying the Dixon home for the party to come, they ignored the family entirely. No one even spoke to them.

The visitors "redecorated" the interior of the house and the yard with the props, then boarded the bus and left.

In about half an hour, the driveway filled with cars and all the same people had returned for the party via their own transportation. This time they were very friendly and the party was on. They brought all the food and a lovely gift of a hand-wrought copper wallhanging.

Cocktails, a midnight swim and dinner completed the party.

But that was not the end. The next day a special delivery arrived in the form of a long, involved document. It turned out to be a legal petition, drawn up by members of Dixon's law firm and previously signed by all the neighbors, asking them to leave. As Mrs. Dixon says, "they didn't forget a thing."

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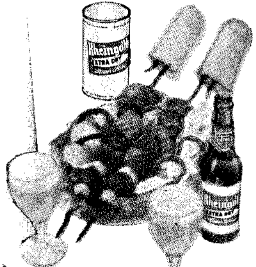
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

It's beer as beer should taste!



Always refreshing–never filling

It takes the pleasant dryness of Rheingold Extra Dry to bring out the clean, clear, *real-beer* taste that's never sweet, never bitter—never duplicated. And this distinctive *real-beer* taste has made Rheingold the largest-selling beer in New York.

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,* BREWERS FOR 120 YEARS. ESTABLISHED 1837.

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IMPORTED Elegance
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Schenley
O.F.C.
IMPORTED
Canadian
Schenley
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CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OFC

THE WORLD SENDS NOTHING FINER TO AMERICA. Imported O. F. C. Canadian Schenley is the one for distinctive lightness and elegance of flavor. O. F. C. means Old Fine Canadian—try it tonight.

Any bottle that says **Schenley**
says *Elegance*

IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, SIX YEARS OLD, 86.8 PROOF. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C.